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**BRITISH THEATRE.**

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**VOL. XXII.**

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THE MOST ESTEEMED

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| ALBION QUEENS, . . . . . | BY BANKS.   |
| TAMERLANE, . . . . .     | — ROWE.     |
| CONFEDERACY, . . . . .   | — VANBRUGH. |
| DRUMMER, . . . . .       | — ADDISON.  |

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1797.

BRITISH THEATRE

ENGLISH PLAYS



7 JU 52

ALBION QUEENS.



*In White and on the 1*

*Engraving, 1791.*

*M<sup>rs</sup> POWELL & MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

*Douglas—Behold her kneeling!*

*London, Printed by J. Bell, British Library, Strand, 25 June, 1791.*



Every place

London, Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand July 1791.

Price 3s.

7 JU 52



THE  
**ALBION QUEENS;**

OR, THE DEATH OF  
**MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.**

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A  
TRAGEDY.

*BY JOHN BANKS.*

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ADAPTED FOR  
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION

AS PERFORMED AT THE  
*THEATRES-ROYAL DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.*

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REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,  
*By Permission of the Managers.*

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"The Lines distinguished by Inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

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**LONDON:**

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M DCC XCI.



THE  
MARRIAGE OF

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

BY

JOHN B. LEWIS

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN



LONDON

Printed and Published by J. B. LEWIS, at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.  
Beware of cheap copies.  
1844

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## JOHN BANKS.

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OF this gentleman the particular history is not known. Thus much however is noted, that he was an Attorney at Law, and of the Society of NEW INN. That falling out with a profession which he most probably deemed disreputable and dry, he became a dramatic writer by chance, and continued so from necessity.—To such a claim how frequently have the *pure* springs of poetry welled forth with fertilizing plenty in their flow; and how frequently, on the other hand, have they issued contaminated by dirt, and no more profitable than

“ The green mantle of the standing pool.”

He produced the following tragedies :

|                             |         |       |
|-----------------------------|---------|-------|
| <i>Rival Kings,</i>         | - - - - | 1677. |
| <i>Destruction of Troy,</i> | - - -   | 1679. |
| <i>Virtue Betray'd,</i>     | - - -   | 1682. |
| <i>Island Queens,</i>       | - - -   | 1684. |
| <i>Unhappy Favourite,</i>   | - - -   | 1685. |
| <i>Innocent Usurper,</i>    | - - -   | 1694. |
| <i>Cyrus the Great,</i>     | - - -   | 1696. |

By the fourth and fifth of these compositions he is now occasionally remembered.

As a writer, if he be considered with reference to the excitement of *feeling*, he certainly possesses strong claims, but the causes of this effect must be sought after in circumstances foreign both from his sentiment and his diction.

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## THE ALBION QUEENS,

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Called originally the *Island Queens*, was among the few tolerable pieces to which originally licences were refused. The author, however, printed it

“ To shame the rogues.”

and upon the stage it at length found its way.

The title tells all that can be known from the play—and this, where surprise is meant to be excited, is a ground of strong objection to historical dramas.

The *ALBION QUEENS* in diction is turgid and incorrect; the flights of *BANKS* are the frenzies of fancied sublimity, soaring among the comets of irregular imagination.

Much of his exuberant bombast is retrenched in the representation. The noisy declamation of the ranting tragedian has still an ample field to

“ Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,

“ The very faculties of eyes and ears.”

The characters of both these queens seem to be at length clearly understood. Abilities of the first class at that time were the qualifications of both—but a *GOOD WOMAN* would conceive it a prophanation to have it said, her heart was not better than either that of the one or the other.

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PROLOGUE.

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*WITH* force and sound too long you have been teaz'd,  
Tho' some are with such wretched joys most pleas'd;  
But we, this night, in other paths shall move,  
That lead to honour, innocence, and love:  
A queen distress'd, to touch the ladies' eyes,  
A noble prince, that for her beauty dies;  
A British Queen, lamenting their sad fate,  
And mourning over the unfortunate.  
Who is there here, that could so cruel be,  
As not to mourn at their sad tragedy?  
To see such honour and such beauty fall,  
And England's queen mourn at their funeral.  
Our noble Britons, tho' for arms renown'd,  
Have for the fair a tender pity found;  
And in the midst of slaughter still took care  
Not to destroy, but guard the tender fair.  
Then let this night your courages be seen,  
And guard the British and the Albion Queen.

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Dramatis Personat.

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COVENT-GARDEN.

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|                  |   |   |   |   | <i>Men.</i>     |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|-----------------|
| Duke of NORFOLK, | - | - | - | - | Mr. Wroughton.  |
| DAVISON,         | - | - | - | - | Mr. Lestrangle. |
| MORTON,          | - | - | - | - | Mr. Fearon.     |
| CECIL,           | - | - | - | - | Mr. Hull.       |
| GIFFORD,         | - | - | - | - | Mr. Thompson.   |

|                      |   |   |   | <i>Women.</i> |
|----------------------|---|---|---|---------------|
| Queen ELIZABETH,     | - | - | - | Mrs. Jackson. |
| MARY Queen of Scots, | - | - | - | Mrs. Hartley. |
| DOWGLAS, the Page,   | - | - | - | Mrs. Bulkley. |

Ladies, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

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## THE ALBION QUEENS.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

CECIL and DAVISON discovered.

*Cecil.*

REMEMBER, Davison, thou rising star !  
Who took thee from thy lowness, made thee shine  
A living monument of thy mistress' favour ;  
" Then plac'd thee on this height, whence to look down,  
" Men will appear like birds or insects to thee :"  
Remember too, " thou now art in a sphere  
" Where princes to their favours set no bounds,  
" And their rewards, though large and bottomless,  
" Yet" statesmen have no mean betwixt  
The extremest pinnacle of height and ruin.

*Dav.* Wisest and justest that in courts e'er dwelt,  
Great oracle of Britain, prince of statesmen,  
Whom men nor angels scarce can praise enough !  
" Nor divine Plato ever spoke like you ;  
" Plato, on whose sweet lips the muses sang,  
" And bees distill'd their honey in his cradle."

*Cec.* No more ? 'tis worse than death for me to hear

A fawning cringer or submissive praiser.

I should suspect thee, did I not believe

Thou art as far beyond a sycophant,

As I'm above the reach of flattery.

Thou art my equal now, nay more, my friend ;

Thou art an honest man, " of parts, a compound

" That I have chosen 'mongst the race of men,

" To make a phoenix in the court."

*Dav.* The pow'rs above, the strongest guard of kings,  
Still place such men about our royal mistress.

*Cec.* But now especially she needs their aid.

" Now when the madness of the nation's grown

" To such a height, 'tis to be fear'd. Death walks

" In masquerade, in strange and many shapes :

" The court, that was the planet that should guide us,

" Is grown into eclipse with these confusions ;

" Fears, jealousies and factions crowd the stage :

" Two queens, the like was never seen before,

" By different arts oppose each other's interest ;"

Our virgin constellation shines but dim,

Whilst Mary, Scotland's queen, that northern star,

Tho' in a prison, darts her rival light.

*Dav.* The champions of her faction are not few ;

Men of high birth and titles plead her cause,

'Mongst whom, the gallant duke of Norfolk's chief,

A prince that has no equal in his fame,

" A man of power and wealth, to be reclaim'd,

" For his own sake, as well as for the queen's :"

And should he plunge himself too deep in this,

England may chance to lose the best of men.

*Cec.* The queen's peculiar safety be thy care ;

Therefore the secretary's place be thine ;

" In which high post, as from a perspective,



"Thou mayst discover all her foreign foes,  
 "And home conspiracies, how dark soe'er."  
 But most of all, let Mary be thy fear,  
 And what thou hear'st inform me of: I'll act  
 But in thy shape: be thou my proxy still.

*Dav.* Not Cromwell ever trod with so much care  
 The subtle steps of the most famous Wolsey,  
 As I the dictates of the wiser Burleigh—  
 The Scottish regent yesterday arriv'd,  
 With new discover'd plots to accuse his queen: 60  
 And since, (to poise these heavy articles)  
 The duke of Norfolk is from Mary come,  
 And both are to have audience strait—Behold  
 The man I speak of.

*Cec.* Wait you on the queen.

[*Exit Dav.*]

*Enter NORFOLK.*

Your grace is welcome from the queen of Scotland.  
 How fares that sad and most illustrious pattern  
 Of all misfortunes.

"*Nor.* Dost thou pity her?

"Oh, let me fly, and hold thee to my bosom,

"Closer, and far more dear than ever bride

"Was held by hasty bridegroom in his arms!

"*Cec.* My lord, you make me blush.

*Nor.* "Should the hyena thus bemoan,

"And thus the neighbouring rocks but echo him,

"My queen, I would devour the precious sound,

"And thus embrace him from whose lips it came,

"Tho' wide and gaping as the mouth of hell."

My lord, I came to seek you; I've a secret

T' unfold, which, while I keep it, weighs me down, 80

And when 'tis out, I fear it will undo me.

*Cec.* Then hold it in your breast; let me not know  
What is not fit for you to speak, nor me to hear.

*Nor.* Now, only now's the time: the traitor, Morton,  
The false, usurping regent, is return'd,  
With all the magazine of hell about him.

The queen, my lovely Albion Queen's in danger;  
And if thou wilt not strait advise thy friend,  
Mary's undone, and Norfolk is no more.

*Cec.* What is't, my lord?

*Nor.* First wear the looks of mildness,  
Such as forgiving father's do to sons:  
Yet 'tis no treason, unless love be treason.

*Cec.* Out with't, my lord.

*Nor.* *Wilt thou forgive my bold aspiring hopes*  
*If I confess I love the queen of Scotland?*

*Cec.* Ha, love her! "how?"

"*Nor.* How should she be beloved,  
" But as mild saints do to their altars bow,  
" And human patriarchs kiss the copes of angels?" 100  
"*Cec.* Love her! for what?"

*Nor.* Not for a crown, I swear.

Oh, hadst thou seen her in that plight as I did,  
And hadst been Alexander, thou hadst kneel'd,  
Thrown all thy globes and sceptres at her feet,  
And given a crown for ev'ry tear she shed!

*Cec.* I dare not hear you out.

*Nor.* You must; you shall;

Nor let your ears be deaf alone, nice statesman!

" And see yon chrystal champion o'er our heads,  
" Throng'd with immortal warriors to her aid,  
" Whose voices, louder than the breath of thunder,  
" And swifter than the winds, proclaim" to "earth  
" Bright" Mary's wrongs and my eternal love.

*Cec.* My lord, you've said too much ; I dare not hear you.

*Nor.* Is pitying the distress'd, and loving her  
Whom none but envy hates, a crime ?

*Cec.* You would not marry her ?

*Nor.* Not marry her !

Yes, tho' she stood on Ætna's sulphurous brink, 120

Tho' its dread mouth ran o'er with liquid fire,

" And mounting flames higher than Phœbus shot,"

I'd swim the burning lake to make her mine.

*Cec.* For pity, recollect your banish'd reason ;

Consider what you've said ; it must undo you :

" The danger's greater far than I can feign."

Do you not know that she's accus'd of treason ?

That for the royal crown our mistress wears

She yet stands candidate, against all force,

And hopes to snatch it from her rightful head ?

*Nor.* By those eternal rays that bless the world,

'Tis malice foul, as that bright orb is clear.

Oh, Cecil, tell me what thou truly think'st !

" Thou hast a soul with shining wisdom crown'd,

" Whose virtuous honest steps whoever tracks,

" May challenge to be blest : Oh, tell me then !"

Can Scotland's queen with such a guilt be stain'd ?

*Cec.* I dare not utter every thought that pains me,

Nor can I longer with my oath dispense,

An oath that charges me, for life, to hold 140

No dangerous secret from the queen — Farewell ;

Repent, my lord, and urge this thing no more ;

For 'twould be fatal, should our mistress know it.

*Nor.* The queen must know it, you shall tell her too ;

" Therefore I came, that thou shouldst intercede,"

You, from whose lips the queen takes nothing ill.

*Cec.* Not for the crown she wears would I acquaint her.

Beware ambition, sir;  
The queen has jealousy to give't a name,  
Disloyalty, ambition is the least.

*Nor.* Rash man! thou wrong'st the faithfull'st of her subjects:

I'd touch a scorpion rather than her sceptre:  
Her proud regalias are but glittering toys,  
And the least word, a smile from Scotland's queen,  
Is worth whole pyramids of royal lumber.  
We only ask for love and liberty:  
Give us but these, we'll quit her all the rest;  
For where love reigns so absolute as here,  
There is no room for any other thought.

*Cec.* My lord, consider what you'd have me say— 160  
I dare not speak nor think of it—Farewell.

*Nor.* Tell her, or, by my desperate love, I swear,  
"I'll shout it in her ears, were she hemm'd in  
"With basilisks, or were she queen of furies;  
"Love, mighty love, should lead me and protect me.  
"And by those powers that pity the distress'd,  
"If she'll not hear me," I'll proclaim yet louder,  
And trumpet to the world the hated sound  
Of royal Mary's wrongs. [Going.

*Cec.* My lord, my lord, come back; to save your life,  
(For nought but death can follow such a rashness)  
Restrain your passion but a few short moments,  
And I'll acquaint her favourite, Leicester, with it.  
"Twill be more welcome from his mouth than mine;  
Him I will arm with reason for your sake,  
As shall the least incense the queen's displeasure.

Queen ELIZABETH, MORTON, DAVISON, *Women, Gentlemen,*  
*Guards, all discovered at the Throne.*

Behold she appears; the Scottish regent too.

*Nor.* Confusion seize him!

*Cec.* Besure, my lord,

Whate'er you see, and hear, contain yourself. 186

*Qu. El.* Alas, my lords! when will you cease complaining?

And when shall this poor bosom be at rest?

To see you still thus persecute my soul,

My cousin, sister, every thing that's dear;

"No, rather bury me beneath the centre,

"Or, by some magic, turn me into stone;

"Men fix me like a statue, high as Atlas,

"Round me such gaping monsters as yourselves,

"And underneath be this inscription written,

"Lo, this was once the curs'd Elizabeth,

"The queen of wolves and tygers, not of men.

"*Nor.* What's this I hear! 'twas some immortal spoke.

"Down all ye stars, and every gaudy planet,

"And with your lambent brightness crown her head."

*Mor.* The parliament of Scotland, mighty queen,

(Begging protection of their infant king)

Have sent me to your majesty.

*Qu. El.* What king, what queen have you, but royal  
Mary?

I'll hear no more; go home, and tell your masters,

And the crown'd property, your cradle prince, 200

That here his mother, Mary, shall be own'd

His queen, and absolute, while I am so.

*Mor.* Most gracious queen—

*Qu. El.* You shall be heard—My lord, [To *Nor.*

You're welcome, welcome, as you most deserve;



The noblest subject, and the bravest friend  
That e'er adorn'd a throne—How does the queen?  
How fares my excellent and royal sister?  
Oh, quickly tell me!

*Nor.* Desolate she is:

Alas, I tremble, fearing 'tis a crime  
To stab your ears with such a doleful accent!  
“ Could I draw half that pity from your majesty,  
“ As she extorted from the prison walls,  
“ Then she might hope; for they would echo her,  
“ And sometimes weep at the relation.”

*Mor.* I beg your royal hearing, now, before  
The duke has charm'd you with a syren's story,  
By the impartial right of embassies,  
And justice, that still waits upon your throne,  
I humbly claim first to be heard.

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*Qu. El.* You shall.

Say what you please, my lord, you have my leave;  
Beware there 'scapes no malice from your tongue.

*Mor.* So thrive my hopes, as there is nought but truth,  
And grounds most just in what shall be alledg'd.  
Our queen, most mighty princess, Europe knows,  
Has long been wrapp'd in such a cloud of crimes,  
That have eclips'd the lustre of a crown.  
Who sees into her life——

*Qu. El.* My lord, I do command you cease; “ or if  
“ You speak one word again to blot your queen,  
“ I shall suspect, as all the world has done,  
“ You had a hand in that vile regicide:  
“ Why were the traitors else too black to name,  
“ Suppos'd by all contrivers of the murder,  
“ By you protected from the cry of justice?”  
If you have nought else to say, be dumb for ever.

*Nor.* Let justice now be silent, whilst from high  
Astrea looks, and wonders at her oracle.

[*Aside.*

*Mor.* Your majesty must give me leave to speak,  
And plead the right of nations for my guard—  
Your subject I am not.

241

*Nor.* Audacious traitor!

*Mor.* If innocent, why is she then a prisoner?  
If guilty, why against the law of nature,  
And clamours of a kingdom, your ally,  
Do you bar the gates of justice, and secure her?

*Qu. El.* To such a daring insect as thyself  
I give no other answer, but my will.

But as thou represent'st a power above thee,  
I tell thee, proud ambassador, 'tis false;  
My throne's an altar with soft mercy crown'd,  
Where both yourselves and monarch may be bless'd,  
And all your wrongs be equally redress'd.

“ At home was she not scandal'd and betray'd?

“ Nor dignity, nor tender sex was weigh'd;

“ She flew to me for refuge from a crown,

“ As safer in my castle than her throne.”

*Mor.* Nay, then, I will be heard.

260

If your confederate's danger will not wake you,  
Then your own kingdom's must. Behold a letter,  
By Navus wrote, and sign'd with her own hand,  
Sent to the noblemen, her friends in Scotland,  
Wherein she does asperse your majesty  
With treachery, and breach of promise to her;  
But bids them be of courage, and expect her;  
For now she is assur'd of other means,  
Some mighty man, your subject, by whose aid,  
She hopes to be releas'd, and suddenly.

*Nor.* Most wise, discerning princess, did you hear?

“ Hear this bold man, how loud he mouths at princes?”



The base, degenerate coward, dreading you,  
Now turns his back, but worries still a queen.

*Qu. El.* Let him be heard.

*Nor.* O stop the traitor's mouth !

Hear not a monarch by her rebel stain'd :  
By that bright throne of justice which you fill,  
'Tis false, 'tis forg'd, 'tis Lucifer's invention.

*Qu. El.* My lord—

280

*Mor.* We've letters too, and witness,  
To prove that Allen, Inglesfield, and Ross,  
Have bargain'd with the Pope and King of Spain,  
To excommunicate her son and you,  
And give a resignation of both crowns,  
To that most catholic tyrant for his service.

*Qu. El.* Defend me, powers ! this is a mountain treason !

*Nor.* Prodigious monster !

*Qu. El.* Are you not amaz'd ?

My guard, my faithful Cecil, " more my friend !  
" Thou art my Delphos, to whose oracle,  
" Where should I have recourse, but unto thee,  
" Whose bosom is my guide, whose breast my council ?"  
What think you now, my lord ?

*Nor.* 'Tis all conspiracy !

*Cec.* Rest, and refer this matter to your council ;  
Something may be in this, but more design.

*Mor.* If all's not true, I'll give my body up  
To torments, to be rack'd, and die a villain :  
Or stand the test with any he that dares.

300

*Nor.* Quick, let me take him at his word—  
Oh that I had the in some desert wild,  
As far from man as thou art from humanity,  
" Where none could save thee but thy fellow-monsters !  
" I'd crush the treason from thy venom'd throat,  
" As I would do its poison from a toad.

" *Mor.* My lord——

" *Qu. El.* My lord of Norfolk, you are to blame,

" *Nor.*" I beg your Majesty to grant the combat;

And I, as champion for that injur'd saint,

I, Thomas Norfolk, with this arm, will prove

That Mary, queen of Scotland, is abus'd,

" That she is innocent, and all is forg'd;

" Nay, 'till I have made him own to all the world,

" That he's not born of noble blood, but that

" Some ruffian stept into his father's place,

" And more than half begot him.

" *Mor.* Gracious queen——"

*Qu. El.* If Norfolk can so suddenly forbear

That noble temper was so long admir'd,

And trample o'er so rudely, in my presence,

The dignity of crowns and law of nations;

I can as soon recall the lavish bounties,

That made this madman equal with myself;

Nay, were you duke of all your fancy'd world,

Your head as high as your aspiring thoughts——

Confess 'tis frenzy, so go home and rest;

But take this caution, sir, along with you——

Beware what pillow 'tis you rest upon.

*Nor.* If to proclaim the innocence of her

Who has no liberty to do't herself,

Be such a crime, take then this life and honours,

They're more your majesty's than his that wears them;

But while I live, " I'll shout it to the skies,"

*I will aloud proclaim,*

" Whilst echo answers from this ball of earth,"

Queen Mary's wrong'd, queen Mary's innocent!

*Qu. El.* And must I endure all this?

Hence from my sight, be gone, be banish'd ever.

*Nor.* I will obey your anger ; but, alas !  
You'll hear my message first from the sad princess.

340

*Qu. El.* What said she ?

*Nor.* Here is a letter from that guilty fair one ;  
She bid me thus present it on my knees.

*Qu. El.* Before I read it, you may speak, my lord.

*Nor.* Mark but the superscription—is't not to  
" Her dearest sister, queen Elizabeth ?

*Qu. El.* It is."

*Nor.* But had you seen her write it, with what love,  
How with a sigh she perfum'd every word,  
Fragrant as eastern winds, or garden breezes,  
That steal the sweets of roses in their flights :  
On every syllable she rain'd down pearls,  
And said, instead of gems, she sent you blessings ;  
For other princely treasure she had none.

*Qu. El.* Alas, what mean'st thou, Norfolk ?

*Nor.* Then she sigh'd, and said,

Go to the queen, perhaps upon her throne ;  
Tell her, mine is an humble floor, my palace  
An old dark tower, that threat'ning dares the sky, 360  
And seems at war with Heaven to keep day out :  
For eighteen years of winter, I ne'er saw  
The grass embroider'd o'er with icy spangles,  
Nor trees majestic in their snowy robes ;  
Nor yet in summer, how the fields were clad,  
And how soft nature gently shifts the scene,  
From heavy vestment to delightful green.

*Qu. El.* Oh, duke, enough, thy language stabs my soul.

*Nor.* No feather'd choristers of cheerful note,  
Salute my dusky gate to bring the morn,  
But birds of frightful omen. " Screech owls, bats,  
" And ravens, such as haunt old ruin'd castles,

" Make no distinction here 'twixt sun and moon,  
 " But join their clattering wings with their loud creaks,"  
 That sing hoarse midnight dirges all the hours.

*Qu. El.* Oh, horror ! Cecil, stop thy ears and mine.  
 Now, cruel Morton, is she guilty now ?  
 She cannot be ambitious of my crown ;  
 For though it be a glorious thing to sight,  
 Yet, like a glittering, gaudy snake, it sits,  
 Wreathing about a prince's tortur'd brow :  
 And, oh, it has a thousand stings as fatal.  
 Thou hast no more to say ?

380

" *Nor.* I found this mourning excellence alone.  
 " She was asleep, not on a purple bed,  
 " A gorgeous palate, but upon the floor,  
 " Which a mean carpet clad, whereon she sat,  
 " And on a homely couch did lean her head :  
 " Two winking tapers, at a distance stood ;  
 " For other light ne'er bless'd that dismal place,  
 " Which made the room look like some sacred urn,  
 " And she, the sad effigies of herself.

" *Qu. El.* No more ; alas ! I cannot hear thee out—"  
 Pray, rise my lord.

*Nor.* Oh, ne'er till you have pity.  
 " Her face and breast I might discover bare ;  
 " And looking nearer, I beheld how tears  
 " Slid from the fountains of her scarce clos'd eyes,  
 " And every breath she fetch'd turn'd to a sigh.  
 " *Qu. El.* Oh, I am drown'd ! I'm melted all to pity. 400  
 " *Nor.* Quickly she wak'd, for grief ne'er rested long,  
 " And starting at my sight, she blush'd and said,  
 " You find me full of woe ; but know, my lord,  
 " 'Tis not for liberty nor crowns I weep,  
 " But that your queen thinks me her enemy."

*Qu. El.* " My breast, like a full prophet, is o'er charg'd,  
 " A sea of pity rages to get out,  
 " And must have way."—Rise, Norfolk, run, haste all,  
 Fly, with the wings of darting meteors, fly  
 " Swift as the merciful decrees above  
 " Are glided down the battlements of bliss :  
 " Quick, take your queen's own chariot ; take my love,  
 " Dear as a sister's, nay, a lover's heart,"  
 And bring this mourning goddess to me straight ;  
 " Fetch me this warbling nightingale, who long  
 " In vain has sung, and flutter'd in her cage ;  
 " And lay the panting charmer in my breast ;"  
 This heart shall be her gaoler, and these arms her prison,  
 And thou, kind Norfolk, see my will obey'd.

*Nor.* *I fly to execute.*

[Exit.

" Oh, run, and execute the queen's commands, 421  
 " Prepare her golden coach, and snow white steeds,  
 " The pattern of that innocence they carry. [*Ex. second Gent.*  
 " And fly more swift than Venus drawn by doves.  
 " Should all the clouds pour down at once upon you,  
 " Make your quick passage through the falling ocean :  
 " Not the dread thunder, let it stop, nor lightning stay you."

*Mor.* Madam——

*Qu. El.* No more, you shall have justice, sir,  
 The accuser, and the accus'd, shall both have justice.  
 Why was I born to empire, to a crown,  
 Now when the world is such a monster grown !  
 When summer freezes, and when winter springs,  
 When nature fades, and loyalty to kings !

" *Nor.* When first the fox beheld the awful lion,  
 " He trembl'd, couch'd, and saw his lord, with fear ;  
 " Kings once were gods, but now like men appear ;  
 " 'Tis for the royal fur, they hope to win,



"The ermin might be safe, but for the skin :  
 "If kings have any fault, 'tis but the name,  
 "And not who wears it, but the crown's to blame."

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

NORFOLK *solus.*

"SHOUT the loud world, sound all the vast creation,"  
 Let proud Augusta, clad in robes of triumph,  
 Through her glad streets, with golden trumpet sound,  
 "And echo to the ocean that she comes :"  
 Maria comes, proclaim it to the world ;  
 "Let the four winds from distant corners meet,  
 "And on their wings, first bear it into France,  
 "Then back again to Edina's proud walls,  
 "'Till victim to the sound th' aspiring city falls."

*Enter* MORTON.

*Mor.* My lord, I come to find you.

*Nor.* Pardon me ;

The mighty joy that has since fill'd my breast,  
 "And left no room for other tongues ;" has made me  
 Forget that you and I were foes.

*Mor.* And I, my lord—

"Brave spirits should be stirr'd to wrath,  
 "As seldom as the centre is with earthquakes ;  
 "Not like the sea disturb'd with every blast :"

I came to speak with you but as a friend.

Last night when laid to rest, prepar'd for slumber,

That gives soft ease to all but sorrowful

And guilty minds, a sudden dread assail'd me——

“ Inspir'd by some superior power that aw'd

“ And stole quick passage to my cruel bosom.”

My barb'rous zeal, for a more barb'rous cause,

Began to slack, whilst true remorse and pity

Surpriz'd my soul, and held it for the queen.

*Nor.* Oh, may they ever hold possession there!

*Mor.* They shall; all she's accus'd of is no more,  
But that she strove to cast her fetters off:

“ The lion, when he's hunted to the toil,

“ Spares not himself, nor foes within his reach,

“ But wounds his bristly hide, and tears the ground,

“ And all for precious liberty he roars:

“ Freedom, which Heav'n and Nature gave to all;

“ But cruel man, and yet more cruel laws, deny.”

What if some nobleman should be found out,

A subject of this realm, to wed our queen?

For here are subjects of estate and rank,

May weigh their coronets with princes' crowns.

40

*Nor.* Some such there are, if she would think them worthy.

*Mor.* She must, and will, she has no other hopes.

“ Steering thus wise in a Sicilian streight,”

Your jealous queen will then be freed from fears

By such a match, who all her reign has dreaded

Her marriage with some prince of France or Spain,

So to convey her title to the crown

To the worst enemy this nation has.

*Nor.* Name but the man who dares aspire to be  
Her kneeling slave, much more her royal husband?

Say, is't not Leicester?

*Mor.* All, but yourself——

Would first have nam'd the duke of Norfolk.

“ *Nor.* Ha!



*Mer.* Wonder not, sir."

*Nor.* I ne'er can be ambitious of a throne;  
But if I were, I swear to thee, oh, Morton!  
I would prefer the lovely Albion Queen  
To crowns, to empire, or ten thousand lives.  
Queen, did I say? the name's too great, too distant, 60  
And sounds too mighty for a lover's hopes.

*Mer.* The planets all above, and men below,  
Have mark'd you out to be that happy man.

*Nor.* Oh, were she not a queen,  
But born of Sylvan race, her royal seat  
Some mossy bank, instead of Scotland's throne:  
Under no canopy but some large oak;  
"A crook in that bright hand that once a sceptre sway'd,  
"And coronet of flowers her temples wreathing,  
"Whilst round her all her bleating subjects fed;"  
Glad I would be to dress me like a swain,  
Beg from her looks alternately my doom,  
Mingle our smiles, and mix our woes together,  
Sit by her side freed from the chains of power,  
And never think of curst ambition more.

*Mer.* Come, come, my lord, "you wrong your hopes to hide  
"This secret from the only man can serve you.  
"I know you love the afflicted queen; confess,  
"And," soon as she's arriv'd, I'll wait on her,  
Fall on my knees, nay, prostrate on the earth, 80  
Implore my pardon of that injur'd saint,  
And make it my request for all her subjects,  
To take you for her husband, and our king,  
And for her dower, her crown and liberty.

*Nor.* By all my shining hopes, if thou art real,  
And mak'st us one, as we're one soul already,  
I will reward thee with that crown thou proffers't,

And thou shalt reign for infant James, and me;

" But, if I find thee false —

" Hear, mighty Vengeance, and aid me with thy scorpions,

" Lend me thy surest thunder thus to grasp,

" Give me the strength and rage of Hercules,

" That I may take the monster in these hands,

" And when he proves a traitor, shake his body."

The queen's approaching, one of us must part,

It is not fit we should be seen together;

You will go wait upon the queen of Scotland.

Oh, Morton! be thou faithful, and be great.

[Exit.

*Mor.* Farewell; greatness I'll owe unto myself, not thee.

" Mary, like a proud fabric, safely stands,

100

" Supported by great Norfolk as a column;

" Saw but this pillar off, the building falls.

" This hot-brain'd heedless duke, to save the queen,

" Runs, blind with love, himself into the gin;

" Thus, when the king of beasts, hears his lov'd mate

" Roar in the toil, with hopes to free her strait,

" Scours to her aid, and meets the self same fate."

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, CECIL, attendants and guards.*

*Qu. El.* My lord, the queen's already in our walls,  
And passing through the city to our palace.

*Mor.* I hope this meeting will be kind and lasting,  
And prove as joyful to your majesty,  
As is our welcome queen to all your subjects.

*Qu. El.* My lord, what mean you? Who has welcom'd her?

*Mor.* I mean the shouts, the joyful ring of bells,  
Bonfires, that turn'd the night to shining day,  
Soon as your orders were dispatch'd to bring her.

*Qu. El.* Were they so much transported at the news?

*Mor.* No doubt to please your majesty they did it.

*Qu. El.* It does not please me ; why was I not told it ?  
 " I would have added water to their flames, 120  
 " Dug up their wharfs, and sluices, at their gates,  
 " To quench their saucy fires."

*Mor.* 'Twas ignorance——

*Qu. El.* 'Twas insolence !  
 But how behav'd the queen ? Inform me, Morton ?  
 Did she not look as one that came in triumph,  
 Deck'd with the spoils of all my subjects hearts ?  
 Didst thou not read upon her guilty cheeks,  
 Strugglings, to shew a false dissembl'd grief ? [*Shouts here.*  
 Ha ! in my ears ! and at my palace doors,  
 " Thus they would dare me, had they forts and cannons."  
*Mor.* This sounds, as if the queen were near.

*Enter* DAVISON.

*Qu. El.* Speak, Davison ; what means this shouting ?  
*Dav.* The queen is come ; these thund'ring acclamations  
 Proclaim your people's joy, where'er she passes.  
 It was your royal pleasure, I should meet  
 This wish'd for princess, ere she reach'd the town,  
 But could not pass it for the gazing throng ;  
 So numerous, that, had your majesty beheld them,  
 You would have wept, as Xerxes o'er his armies, 140  
 To think, perchance, that in a few short years,  
 None of those god-like creatures would be living.

*Qu. El.* Thou art mistaken ; for had I been there,  
 I should have smil'd to hear the giddy rout,  
 That in one moment will their prince adore ;  
 And sacrifice the next.

*Dav.* Mistake me not, nor your kind subjects' loves ;  
 I hope they did not mean it to offend.

*Qu. El.* Proceed ; did they not strive to give thee way ?  
 Not for my sake, nor for my dignity and place ?

*Dav.* Alas ! 'twas past their power ! I might as well  
Oppose my breast against a gushing torrent,  
Or driven the ocean from its deep abode,  
As stem the multitude—but mark what follow'd ;  
For this was but the curtain to the scene.  
You look displeas'd, I doubt I've said too much,  
And fear I've done them wrong.

*Qu. El.* I'll hear ; go on.

*Dav.* The queen no sooner did appear, but strait  
The obedient crowd shrunk back at her command, 160  
“ Making a lane to guard on every side ;  
“ Not Æolus with his commanding breath,  
“ Did the unruly waves so soon control,  
“ As she with her mild looks the rout dispers'd.”

*Qu. El.* 'Tis well ; and what am I, ungrateful people ?

*Dav.* But when she spoke, they hung like cluster'd grapes,  
And cover'd all her chariot like a vine ;  
“ The loaded wheels, thick as the dust they hide,  
“ And swarm'd like bees upon her coach's side.  
“ Matrons and virgins in her praises sung ;  
“ Whilst tuneful bells in grateful changes rung ;  
“ All harmony from discord seem'd to flow,  
“ And shouts from tops of towers, meet shouts below ;  
“ Nurses, when they with joy, her face had seen,  
“ Would, pointing to their children, shew the queen :  
“ Whilst they (ne'er learn'd to talk) for her would try,  
“ And the first word they spoke, would Mary cry.”

*Qu. El.* 'Tis false ; thou wrong'st my subjects,  
They durst not do this ! Durst not, did I say ?

My people would not.

[*Shouts here.*

What's this I hear ?

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Are these the perjur'd slaves, that at my sight,  
Have left their callings, young men left their sports,  
“ The old their crutches too would fling away,

“ And halt to see my face ?” The bridegroom at the altar,  
That had his bride by th’ hand, at my approach,  
Left the unfinish’d rites to see me pass,  
And made his eager hopes wait on his queen.

*Dav.* And there are millions yet that so would do.

*Qu. El.* No, I’m forgot ; a new thing has their hearts :  
I am grown stale, as vulgar to the sight,  
As sun by day, or moon and stars by night.  
Oh, curse of crowns ! oh, curse of regal power !  
“ Learn you, that would such pageantry adore,  
“ Trust whining saints, the cunning harlot’s tears,  
“ And listen when the perjurd lover swears ;  
“ Believe the snake that woman did delude,  
“ But never, never trust the multitude. *[Shouts here.*

“ *Cec.* Run, and proclaim the queen’s commands to all,  
“ On penalty of death, they cease this shouting. 200

“ *Qu. El.* No, let them stun me, kill me ; yet, vile traitors !  
“ Ye shall have her ye long for, in my throne ;  
“ False queen ! you shall enjoy your sister’s crown ;  
“ But it shall be with stings of scorpions guarded ;  
“ And a worse plague to thee, than mine is now ;  
“ It shall be in the Tower, there thou shalt sing  
“ Thy Siren’s song, and let them shout in answer : do :  
“ I’ll teach you how to flatter and betray—  
“ Run, seize the queen, like lightning strait obey.

“ *[Offers to go out and comes again.*

“ Where wou’dst thou go ? Where would thy fury drive thee ?  
“ What has my sister, what has Mary done ?  
“ Must she be punish’d for my subjects’ crimes ?  
“ Perhaps she’s innocent of all this joy,  
“ And bears the sound with greater pain than I.  
“ Where shall I wander ? In what place have rest ?  
“ The cottage floor with verdant rushes strewn,  
“ Is easier than a wretched monarch’s throne. *[Shouts here.”*



*Dav.* The queen is just on entrance.

*Qu. El.* Does it please ye ?

Behold she comes, meet and conduct her in ; 220

Why stay you here ? Each do his office strait,

And set her in my place ; my crown present her,

And with your hollows echo all the rabble.

The deed is done, that Mary is your queen :

“ But think not to be safe, for when I’m dead,

“ Swift as on dragon’s wings from high I’ll fall,

“ And rain down royal vengeance on you all.” [Exeunt.

*Enter Queen MARY, DOWGLAS, two gentlemen, four ladies.*

*Qu. M.* Come, poor remainder of my lost estate,

Once I was served in pomp, had many friends,

And found no blessing in the gaudy crowd ;

But now I am beholden to my fate,

That after having plunder’d me of all,

Left me the gleanings of so kind a few ;

“ Friendship to misery is reviving food.”

*Dow.* What will betide us now ?

*Qu. M.* Come near your mistress,

Methinks your queen, and her poor humble train,

Look like a crew of shipwreck’d passengers,

Shuddering and wet, thrown on some land by night,

Without a friend to cheer, or fire to warm them. 240

*Dow.* Like them perhaps, we are cast upon a shore

Where no kind creature lives to pity us,

“ But wolves, dread basilisks, and gaping monsters.”

Alas ! what meant those shouts of joy to mock us ?

Is this the court of fam’d Elizabeth ?

“ And this the throne where she was serv’d with throngs ;”

Is this our welcome ! “ where’s her glittering train ?

" Here are no crowds, no face of either sex,  
" But all abandon'd, like the place we came from."

*Qu. M.* Sure it was all a dream, was it not, Dowglas?  
Thou little angel that preserv'st thy queen,  
Appear'd like mercy, and unlock'd my prison;  
But I, ungrateful, " and my fortunes worse,"  
Took thee, young rose, from thy own faithfull garden,  
And planted thee within a cold dead soil,  
To nip thy youth, and with my sorrows kill thee;  
But shortly I'll release thee from my woes,  
And leave thee to enjoy, when I'm dead,  
What thou ne'er found'st in me; Content.

*Dow.* Surely the queen will see you now y'are come, 260  
Else we do walk enchanted, and this place  
Is not Whitehall, but Pawlet prison still.

*Qu. M.* Lend me your hands, for I am faint and weary,  
My feet too tremble, and methinks the floor  
Sinks under them; and now it fares with me,  
Like a poor mariner, that has been condemn'd  
To a close bark, a long and tedious voyage,  
Who, coming to the shore, scarce feels the ground,  
And thinks the earth doth like the ship go round.

*Dow.* Here sit you down a while.

*Qu. M.* What, in her chair?  
Then she indeed may say I am ambitious;  
Ambitious of her crown, which I am not? [*Sits on a stool.*]  
Now you upon the floor encompass me.  
So, this is as it should be, is it not?  
Thus have we oft beguil'd the time at Fotheringay—  
Lend me a glass, and pr'ythee tell me truly,  
How do I look.

*Dow.* To see yourself, is strait to banish woe,  
And make you happy for that day: I am sure 280

It does your servants when they look on you ;  
 You are so good, so perfect, and so fair,  
 Beauty and sorrow, never was so near  
 In any but in you.

*Qu. M.* Alas ! thou flatter'st me. [*Reaching the glass.*]

*Dow.* In all the fatal time of your confinement,  
 You really saw yourself ; or, if you did,  
 'Twas through such dismal clouds of " garb and " sorrow,  
 You scarcely knew that visage so adorn'd ;  
 " But now 'tis hard to tell which strives the most,  
 " Your dress or beauty to adorn each other.—  
 " Behold else.

" *Qu. M.* Give it me—ha ! d'ye mock me !  
 " Who looked in the glass ?

" *Dow.* Madam."

*Qu. M.* Alas ! these cannot be thy mistress' eyes,  
 Mine were dim lamps that long ago expir'd,  
 And quite dissolv'd and quench'd themselves in tears :  
 " These cheeks are none of mine, the roses look not  
 " Like tempest-beaten lilies as mine should ;  
 " This forehead is not graven with the darts  
 " Of eighteen years of sharpest miseries ;  
 " Nor are these lips like sorrow's blubber'd twins,  
 " Ne'er smiling, ever mourning, and complaining—"  
 False glass ! " that flatters, and undoes the fond :"

[*Throws away the glass.*]

False beauty ! " may that wretch that has thee, curse thee,  
 " And hold thee still detestable as mine."  
 Why tarriest thou to give me yet more woe ;  
 " The earth will mourn in furrows at the plough,  
 " Birds, trees, and fields, when the warm summer's gone,  
 " Put their worst looks, and sable colours on :  
 " The sullen streams, when the least tempest blows,

" Their crystal smoothness in a moment loose ;  
 " But my curst beauty, this malicious charm,  
 " No time, long griefs, nor blasts of envy harm."

*Enter Duke of NORFOLK.*

*Nor.* What do I see, the person or the shadow  
 Of the most royal majesty of Scotland !  
 And these the weeping mourners of her fortune ?  
 " Bright as Diana with her starry nymphs,  
 " Descending to make fertile sea and land, 320  
 " T' enrich the waves, and bless the world with plenty."  
 Oh, rise ! most charming of all creatures, rise !  
 " Or you bright heavenly roof, that weighs the world,  
 " Will turn the scale, and mount the globe above it."

*Qu. M.* Who sees the needy traveller on foot,  
 When he approaches to his long'd for inn,  
 Welcom'd, caress'd, and shew'd the fairest room,  
 And richest bed to rest his weary limbs ?  
 Or who beholds the beggar on his straw,  
 Crying for alms, before the rich man's door,  
 And bids him rise ? Go, duke, and shun this wretch ;  
 Fly Mary's face, " for such and worse is she."

*Nor.* Rise, charming excellence ! Or by yourself,  
 The greatest oath that I can take,  
 " I'll bear your precious body in these arms,  
 " (Forgive the sacrilegious violence)"  
 I'll place you in that proud imperial chair,  
 " Beneath whose scornful feet you meekly lie ;  
 " Nay, I would do't, were this she-tyrant by ;  
 " Though she stood here, and dar'd me with revenge, 340  
 " I'd seat you in that place in spite of her."

*Qu. M.* May all that's great and good forbid.

*Nor.* The powers above, and mortals all below,  
 Would praise me for that deed—Who can behold

England's bright heiress, queen of France and Scotland,  
 Whose veins thus treasur'd with the sacred blood  
 "Of Fergus, and a hundred Albion kings,"  
 Lie thus neglected, in a state thus mean!  
 Who can behold it, and at once be loyal?

*Qu. M.* Oh, tempt me not with thoughts of any state,  
 But this that I am in; it was a vision,  
 The world till now was but a dream to me.  
 When I was great, I always was in danger;  
 Giddy, and fearful, when I look beneath;  
 But now with scorn I can see all above me,  
 Happy in this, that I can fall no lower.

*Nor.* Oh, say not so, for pity of mankind,  
 Lest fate descends in battles, plagues and fire,  
 To scourge the earth for so profane a sight,  
 And treating thus the majesty of queens.

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"Had I the thunder, Nature's self should wreck,  
 "The frightened world should at my burthen groan,  
 "Whilst thus I fell with my immortal weight,  
 "Thus at your feet, and crush'd its soul away.  
 "But as I am Norfolk still, the meanest wretch,  
 "Let me dig out of thee a grave, and say,  
 "As raving Aristotle to the sea,  
 "Since I can't conquer thee, thou bury me."

*Qu. M.* Speak, gallant duke, and shew me if you can. [*Rises,*  
 Where shall the wretched fly to be at rest?

"It was but yesterday I 'scap'd the wreck,  
 "And now so soon again set out at drift,  
 "To rocks, wide seas, and vast extended ruin;  
 "That nothing but a miracle can save me."

*Nor.* Oh, could I dare but whisper it in your ear,  
 Or claim the sacred promise once you made,  
 Here you should meet that calm repose you want  
 In Norfolk's grateful breast.



*Qu. M.* Oh, name not love !

Love always flies the wretched and abandon'd, 380  
And I am both ; sorrow has play'd the tyrant ;  
Plow'd up this once fair field, where beauties grew,  
And quite transform'd it to a naked fallow ;  
That you had once my word 'tis true, but 'twas  
When I had hopes to be a queen again ; —  
I thought to give you with some charms a crown  
Which you deserve, but now they all are fled,  
I am not worth the taking, cease the thought.

*Nor.* You are above all wealth, all queens to me,  
Your glorious head was shadow'd with a crown,  
“ A brighter body seem'd but coarsely clad  
“ With robes of majesty, like stars o'er-clouded—  
“ Those cast away, the cherubim appears,  
“ Bright as the world was in its infant years ;  
“ Eas'd of this sumpture, take your happy flight,  
“ The lighter by the load of ponderous crowns,”  
You bear the badge of Heaven where'er you go,  
And beauty's mine, more worth than all below.

*Qu. M.* Where shall I fly ?

*Nor.* “ To Scythia, wilds of beasts.

400

“ Or,” any where but this accursed court ;  
To Scotland fly, where the repenting Morton,  
(Whom real pity of your matchless sufferings  
Has turn'd a saint) has writ to all the states  
To meet, receive you, and approve your choice.

*Qu. M.* First let my virtue with my mind consult.

*Nor.* Nay, while we think, we stumble on our graves,  
Or prison “ else,” you know not what the queen,  
And your vile foes are now consulting of.

*Qu. M.* To fly suspected, is to make me guilty :  
Yet she condemns, and shuns me like a monster,  
Denies what to the meanest criminal she grants,

*2*

Nor. A moment will undo us.

“ Qu. El. Whilst fears and hopes to be victorious strive,  
“ Like seas with bold contrary winds oppress,  
“ They rouse the quiet ocean in my breast.”

*Enter DAVISON and guards.*

Dav. The queen, my mistress, to her royal sister,  
The wrong'd and beauteous majesty of Scotland,  
Sends by her slave the dearest of all loves,  
Not such as wanton fickle lovers give, 420  
But such as royal friendship owes to virtue;  
She lovingly intreats you would accept  
Of this her guard.

Nor. Ha!

Dav. Not as a restraint,  
But to protect your life against your foes,  
Which still she prizes dearer than her own.  
Without are officers prepar'd to wait you  
To an apartment nearest to herself.  
My lord, it is the queen's command,  
You leave this place, and instantly attend her. [Exit.

Nor. Immortal Powers, a guard!

Qu. M. Haste, noble duke, prevent her threat'ning rage.  
Plead for yourself—behold I am not worse  
Than when you saw me first at Fotheringay.

Nor. Oh, rigid caution! Virtue too severe!  
You have done a cruel justice on yourself,  
And quite undone your Norfolk.

Qu. M. Give me your hand;  
I will be yours, or never be another's, 440  
“ That as my heart!” but, oh, most gallant Norfolk!  
Some time allow to weigh the nice regards,  
Of jealous honour in a prince's breast;  
Cruel example, cruel greatness awes

Her sex and monarchs with the hardest laws—

Farewell.

[Exit.

*Nor.* Oh, tyrant law! more cruel greatness still;  
Man till forbidden knew not what was ill;  
And till ambition sow'd the fatal strife,  
Husbands were blest, each bride a happy wife; 450  
" Virtue once reign'd, and then was so renown'd,  
" Valour made kings, and beauty oft was crown'd ;"  
Merit did then much more than interest plead,  
The happy pair but lik'd, and soon agreed ;  
" But now love's bought, and marriage grown a trade,  
" Estate and dower are in the balance weigh'd ;"  
Love still was free, till pride got in by stealth,  
And ne'er a slave till undermin'd by wealth.

[Exit severally.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter MORTON and DAVISON.

*Morton.*

Now, famous Davison, 'tis in your power  
To be the genius of our threaten'd nation ;  
And the protector of your crown and laws ;  
" A glorious merit offers to espouse you,  
" And make your name in England's cause renown'd ;"  
Your mistress must not see the queen of Scotland,  
This you must study to prevent, for 'tis  
To give a dagger to a lunatick !  
How does she hold her yesterday's resolve ?

*Dav.* Just as I fear'd ; for in her bed-chamber  
Early this morn, I found the duke of Norfolk,

Upon his knees petitioning for the queen;  
At first she started, whilst her eyes shot flames,  
And bid him in a fury straight begone;  
Then, with an elevated tone, she cry'd,  
What, must I ne'er be kneel'd to but for her:  
" All knees, all hearts, must bend to her alone;  
" Whilst I, like the dull slavish animal  
" That bore the goddess' image on his back,  
" Am worshipp'd only for her,"

20

*Mor.* Said rarely!

*Dav.* Then on a sudden call'd him back again,  
Blotting a tear that fell in spite of her,  
And bid him go to the distress'd poor queen,  
Sending her ring, and with it many a sigh;  
Tell her, said she, though jealousies of state  
Forbid that we should meet; not many days,  
Not many hours, I am resolv'd to live,  
Unless I hold her in these arms for ever.

o *Mor.* Then all my fears again return.

*Dav.* The duke

Rose from the ground, exalted and inspir'd,  
Leaving the queen with Cecil and myself;  
But soon on us, presuming to advise her,  
She thunder'd, as th' immortals on the giants,  
And made us feel what 'twas to war with heaven:  
" Then in a rage she darted from her closet,  
" And threw the door so hard with such a fury  
" (As I have seen her father Harry do)  
" That made us tremble."

40

*Mor.* What would you advise?

*Dav.* I know not, for she wearies her attendants,  
And fain would shake them off; " surveys each chamber,  
" And measures every apartment in the palace

"A hundred times."

I know the cause, and though her soul's too proud,  
And would not stoop to see the Scottish queen,  
Yet she seeks all occasions out to meet her;  
"And therefore loiters like a miser's ghost,  
"About the treasure that it lov'd on earth."

*Mor.* This mighty duke must be lopp'd low, or fall;  
"His towering branches are too vast and high,  
"Under whose tops our queen securely lies,  
"And mocks the just avenging storms above."  
He thinks he's clear'd from all accounts of guilt;  
But I have that will set him in arrear,  
Ne'er to be paid, and ne'er to be forgiven.  
I'll to the duke.

[*Exit.*

*Dav.* And I'll go seek the queen.

[*As Davison is going out, Gifford meets him.*

What art thou that has haunted me so long? 60

"Thou look'st as if thou mean'st to draw my picture;  
"I saw thee in the presence of the queen,  
"Which as I left thou follow'dst me,  
"And still survey'st me with a curious eye.  
"What would'st thou with me? Say, what art?"

*Gif.* A man;

And, what indeed is rare in such a place,  
A miracle at court; an honest man.

*Dav.* That were, in truth, a wonder.

*Gif.* I am a priest.

*Dav.* How dar'st thou shew thy head within these walls?  
I'll have thee seiz'd.

*Gif.* Thou had'st better, if 'twere possible,  
The guardian-angel of thy mistress seize:  
I'm hir'd to kill the queen.

*Dav.* Oh, monstrous villain!



*Gif.* I am no villain, but a scourge to villains.

*Dav.* Oh, horrid! most unheard-of impudence!  
Durst thou say this to me that am her servant?

*Gif.* Because you are, therefore I sought you out; 80  
I came not here to act it, but reveal it:  
“Hell could not rest, and know it.”

*Dav.* “Thou sayest well;”  
What dire companions in this tragedy  
Hast thou? Who set you on?

*Gif.* Oh, they are mighty!  
Nor was the queen alone to have felt the blow.

*Dav.* Is not the queen of Scotland in the plot?  
Speak as thy virtue prompts thee, “and the throne,  
“Thy innocence, and heaven, be all thy guard.”

*Gif.* I know that for her sake this was contriv’d,  
Am witness too she was consenting to it.

*Dav.* Wert thou alone to act this monstrous treason?

*Gif.* No; five bold traitors more, beside myself  
(Curst that my name should e’er be read for one),  
All made of nature’s roughest, fiercest mould,  
Have enter’d in a damn’d association,  
“ (Start all that’s human and divine to her) ”  
To kill the queen! to murder majesty,  
Their several instruments of fate, in sport, 100  
They made the guilt of chance; to one by lot  
A sword fell to his share, the next a gun,  
The third a pistol, poison had the fourth,  
The fifth chose water for the deed, who was  
If all the rest had fail’d, to have sunk her barge,  
Rowing some evening, as her custom is,  
From Greenwich: and this dagger was my lot.

*Dav.* Thou’st gain’d a glorious and immortal credit.

*Gif.* I can produce what will amaze you worse;

" No necromancer ever shew'd the face  
 " Of a suspected stealer in a glass,  
 " As I " the lively figures of these monsters,  
 In glorious ostentation of the deed,  
 Painted on tables, set in gold, with Babington  
 High in the midst, and in his threat'ning hand,  
 Grasping the weapon that should kill the queen.

*Dav.* Oh, villains! didst thou ever see queen Mary?

*Gif.* Yes, and have seen her letters to the Pope,  
 To the confederates, and to Babington.

*Dav.* To Babington! Say! does she write to him? 120

*Gif.* To him!—I am the intrusted messenger.

*Dav.* Dost know them to be her's? Who gave them to thee?

*Gif.* Her secretary, Curl.

*Dav.* But are you sure they are the queen's own hand?

*Gif.* Her hand I know, and this I'm sure's her writing.  
 To me they are first deliver'd to convey. [*Producing letters.*  
 And henceforth, as they come into my hands,  
 To you I'll bring them.

*Dav.* Do so; which I'll open,  
 And cause them to be neatly counterfeited,  
 Then send the false, and keep the true one's by me.  
 But hold, we are perceived; come, follow me,  
 And, when time serves, I'll bring thee to the queen. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Queen MARY, DOWGLAS, and attendants at the other  
 door, and sees DAVISON and GIFFORD.*

" *Qu. M.* Shew me the unfrequented'st gallery  
 " To walk in; for we have not chang'd our state,  
 " We only have a little larger prison."

*Dow.* Ha!

*Qu. M.* What ails the guardian genius of his queen?  
 Why this disorder? Wherefore didst thou start?

*Dow.* Saw you that fellow, madam ?

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*Qu. M.* Yes ; why ask'st thou ?

*Dow.* I know not ; but a sudden horror seiz'd me  
At that man's sight——

Was not that Davison and he together

In private talk ? Ah, madam, Davison !

A spy of quality, a leger here

Of plots against your sacred innocence.

By your unspotted soul ! just such a person

(I wish he's not the same) I often saw

With Navus, during your imprisonment :

Oh, my prophetic heart warns and foretells me ;

There's mischief gathering in your scarce-clos'd wound.

*Qu. M.* There's no fear ; for my kind sister's love,

And my own innocence, shall conquer all

That hell or malice can invent against me.

*Dav.* What mean these drops ? Oh, stars, what meant this  
shaking ?

Your prophets never wept, nor trembled so,

For pity, when they told the fate of kingdoms.

Ah, brightest star that e'er adorn'd the world !

Take, take young Dowglas' counsel, and retire !

160

Oh, shun the barb'rous place, and fly this moment.

*Qu. M.* What dost thou mean ?

*Dow.* I know not, but am pull'd

By some strange destiny, that seems to you

As if I rav'd ; but blest were you 'twere madness.

Last night, no sooner was I laid to rest,

“ But just three drops of blood fell from my nose,

“ And stain'd my pillow, which I found this morning,

“ And wonder'd at.

“ *Qu. M.* That rather does betoken

“ Some mischief to thyself.

“ *Dow.* Perhaps to cowards,  
 “ Who prize their own base lives; but to the brave,  
 “ ’Tis always fatal to the friend they love.  
 “ Mark farther: I was scarcely fallen asleep,”  
 But you were represented to my fancy,  
 Deck’d like a bride, with Norfolk in your hand;  
 The amorous duke, that smiles with every glance,  
 Whilst you return’d them with more piercing darts:  
 But strait it seem’d to lighten, and a peal 180  
 Of dreadful thunder rent you from each other,  
 Whilst from the cieling, painted o’er like heaven,  
 Methought I saw the furious queen of England,  
 Like angry Juno mounted on a cloud,  
 Descend in flames; at which dread sight you vanish’d.

*Qu. M.* These are but starts of an o’erwatchful soul,  
 Which always represent to us asleep,  
 What most we fear or wish when we’re awake.

*Dow.* Ah! my best mistress! on my knees I beg,  
 Though the brave duke be as renown’d as any  
 That e’er the ancients first chose out for gods;  
 “ Though never man so rivall’d all the sex,  
 “ And left them bare of virtue, like himself;”  
 Yet for your precious life’s sake, that’s more worth  
 Than thousand dukes, break off your marriage with him,

*Qu. M.* My little guardian angel, thou hast rous’d  
 And beat a war within my breast, between  
 The interest of my love, and preservation:  
 Thou know’st ’twas long consulted, and at last  
 Concluded best for my uncertain state; 200  
 Leicester and Cecil both have given their words,  
 And Morton too, to gain the queen’s consent.

“ *Dow.* There’s Morton in it, therefore go no farther.

“ *Qu. M.* Thou would’st not have me wed the gallant duke,

" Yet thou would'st have me fly. Where shall I fly?  
 " I dare not go to Scotland, that lays wait  
 " To catch me in a hundred snares of death;  
 " And into France I must not, will not go;  
 " For then my sister might with reason say,  
 " I went for help to drive her from her throne."

*Dow.* See where he comes; just in the moment. Fate,  
 Lo, your ill stars against themselves are kind,  
 And send to warn you, that you might avoid it.

*Qu. M.* What shall I do? Say, Dowglas! Lo, I stand  
 Like one that in a desert lost his way,  
 Sees several paths, yet knowing not the right,  
 Stands in amaze, and fears to venture any.

*Enter NORFOLK and MORTON.*

*Nor.* What! what in tears, thou mourning excellence!  
 Shed not the precious balm in vain; " but spare it,  
 " To heal the world, when nature is a dying, 220  
 " And chaos shall be threaten'd once again;  
 " O save those pearls to buy large empires for us:  
 " And when we have liv'd long centuries in love,  
 " To purchase twice as many years from fate."

*Mor.* Weep you, when love and hymen gladly wait  
 To banish grief for ever from your breast?

*Qu. M.* Morton, I will proceed no further in this marriage,  
 My lord, I fear it will be fatal to us.

*Nor.* What do I hear!

*Qu. M.* By all my hopes I must not.  
 Most gallant Norfolk, to your generous love  
 I owe my freedom, nay, what's more, my life,  
 And Mary's heart is but the least return  
 That she can make: but if that heart proves fatal,  
 A wretched load to curse with woes the owner,



And sink the noble vessel that it freights,  
Pity forbids me then to be so cruel—  
Think I deny you for your own dear safety;  
Think I deny myself—run, fly, forsake me,  
Seek not for shelter in a falling tower, 240  
But leave me to be wretched here alone.

*Nor.* "Should all the fiends break loose and stop my way,  
"And yon blue marble roof and stars descend,  
"To crush me in my hopes; I'd on this moment  
"And perish with my love, but I'd enjoy her."  
Give me thy trembling hand; the whitest lily  
Set in the fairest garden of the world,  
Chaster and purer than the virgin snow—  
If 'tis a sin to blot out with a tear;  
Oh, could it speak, 'twould expiate its crime,  
"And say my soul still wants a rougher language,  
"To chide my Albion Queen."

*Qu. M.* Cease, Norfolk, cease.  
By all your hopes of happiness and mine,  
Your kinder genius, not my own, foretels  
This deed will be the ruin of us both:  
First break it to the queen; gain her consent.

*Mor.* That is already done;  
Leicester long since implor'd her royal leave, 260  
She knows it, and in not forbidding it,  
Her silence may be taken for a grant.

*Qu. M.* Delay it but a day, and let me haste,  
(If shame, your cruel foe, will give me leave)  
And ask the queen's consent.

*Mor.* You yet create new hazards,  
And still forget the queen denies to see you:  
Besides, that were to wake some new surmise  
Of state; perhaps she'll then demur on the request,

And call your foes to council ; but, if done,  
And past prevention, she'll not blame the deed.

“ *Nor.* Oh, gallant Morton ! let me hold thee thus ;  
“ More pitiful than sighing virgins are,  
“ And kind as interceding angels, thou.”

*Mor.* Go quickly then and tie the sacred knot,  
Due to your interests, due to matchless love.

“ Elizabeth shall jealous be no more,  
“ Nor fearful then that any foreign prince  
“ Too soon should join his kingdom to your right,  
“ And claim your lawful title to the crown—”

Go instantly—howe'er she seems to frown, 280  
She'll smile within her heart when once 'tis done.

*Nor.* By all your woes now felt, and joys to come,  
And more, by all your precious vows, I charm you.

*Qu. M.* Why do ye hold me ? Where d'ye hurry me ?  
To be your fate ! To be your enemy !

*Nor.* Remember, oh, remember Fotheringay !  
Forget not what is heard, and echoes still,  
Your oft repeated vows, and Norfolk's groans.

*Qu. M.* Some pitying angel from above look down,  
And shew me straight the path that I must follow.

*Mor.* Away ; the sun sets forth like a gay brideman with  
you.

*Qu. M.* Come, then, conduct me, since I must.  
And now ambition, empire, all be gone,  
I leave you with your heavy weight, a crown ;  
*And if I err, bright register above,*  
*Mark, with forgiveness, all my fault was love.*

*Mor.* Curs't accident ! The queen is here.

*Qu. M.* What's that you say ? Oh, take me from her sight :  
“ Joy and pale fear within like giants fight ;”  
Hope bids me go : my trembling heart forbids : 300

But who can love and reason both obey?

"Do what you will with me, away, away." [Retire.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, CECIL, DAVISON, lords, attendants, guards. Queen ELIZABETH sees Queen MARY and NORFOLK going off on the other side.*

*Qu. El.* Ha! see, my lords! behold!

Is that the queen and Norfolk so officious?

Traitor!

*Cec.* May it please your majesty, it is.

*Qu. El.* Bid him come back. See, she comes with him too,  
My lord, how durst you to approach that hand?

Nay, talk with an offender against your queen,

And slight thus plain my absolute commands?

*Qu. M.* Alas! let not the noble duke for me be blam'd,

Nor bear a weight so heavy as your anger,

"When I am thought by you the foul aggressor!"

He only met a poor abandon'd wretch,

Lost in a wild, and put her in the way;

For here I wander by myself forlorn,

Know few, and taken notice of by none.

"*Qu. El.* She has a royal presence, awful form!

"By those bright constellations o'er our heads,

"Which story feigns were charming women once,

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"There is not half that beauty in those orbs,

"Nor majesty on earth.

[Aside.

"Think you, my lords,

"That she appears so beautiful as I am'd?

"Give me a glass—Ha! how's this jewel plac'd!

"What a vile curl and awkward patch is here!

"Look but on her! And yet, methinks,

"She's much beholden to her sable dress,

"As through a sky of jet stars glitter most.

" *Cec.* Not to deny the charms of Scotland's queen,  
 " Yours rival hers, and all the sex.

" *Qu. El.* Nay, now you grossly flatter me, my lord;  
 " 'Tis long of such mean sycophants as thou  
 " That princes are so wretched, ne'er to know  
 " The errors of their persons, or their minds."

*Qu. M.* What, not a word! Am not I worth one word!  
 Now, stars, I dare you now to do your worst,  
 You cannot curse me more now if you would.

*Qu. El.* Ha! she shoots magic from her very looks,  
 And every word's a charm that lulls my rage 340  
 " Like falling drops of mild and gentle rain,  
 " They wear into this breast of adamant."  
 Assist me now, my courage, pity, friends;  
 Support me all! How shall I bear it now?

*Qu. M.* Nor yet a look! Not one kind look upon me!  
 No token that I once was Scotland's queen!

*Qu. El.* Hear'st thou this, Burleigh—cruel Davison!  
 " Ye seed of rocks, ye brood of wolves and tygers!  
 " Y've turned me into stone, more monstrous than your-  
 selves!

" If I but look on her, she awes my sight;  
 " Like a loath'd fiend I dare not see the light."

*Qu. M.* Did I ever think our meeting would be thus!  
 Thus Mary and Elizabeth should greet!

" So do the Christians with the Pagans treat.  
 " The brave Plantagenet with Ottoman,  
 " The golden eagle with the silver crescent,  
 " But never thus the white cross with the red.

" *Nor.* This needs must charm, were she more fell than  
 woman——

" She melts, yet fain would hide it—Happy sign!"

*Qu. M.* The friendly ocean, when the world was made, 360

Took care to join our kingdoms near together,  
And shall not we our loves and tender hearts?  
We, who one happy loving island holds,  
Of the same sex,  
And one rich blood travels through both our veins.  
Should we thus meet, and at a distance talk?

*Qu. El.* Support me, Cecil, *I sink with shame.*

"*Qu. M.* Theauteous Margaret, your royal aunt,  
" Whose right and lawful grand-daughter I am,  
" Met not my grand-father, the valiant James,  
" With such a scornful and neglected brow;  
" For if she had, I never had been born,  
" And you not known the hated queen of Scotland,  
" *Qu. El.* Come, lift me from the place where I am rooted,  
" On wings of angels bear me to her arms."

*Qu. M.* Whate'er may be the effects of nature's power,  
In your hard breast; I'm sure that part of you  
That is mine, torments me to get forth,  
Bounds upwards, and leaps from me to embrace you.  
My whole blood starts!——

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*Qu. El.* And mine can hold no longer——  
My sister—Oh!

[*Run and embrace.*]

*Qu. M.* Can this be real?

*Qu. El.* Throw thy lov'd arms, as I do mine, about thee,  
And never feels less joy than I do now——  
" Oh, 'tis too great, it is unspeakable;  
" Cleave to my breast, for I want words to tell."

*Qu. M.* Then injuries farewell, and all my wrongs,  
Forgiveness now, and pleasures fill my breast.  
They were not half so great when I espous'd,  
And threw these arms about young France's neck,  
And laid me down the queen of half the world.  
I feel the blood of both our ancestors;



The spirits of Tudor and Plantagenet  
Glow through my veins, and start up to my lips,  
To parley with, to wonder and to kiss  
Their royal brothers hovering upon thine.

*Qu. El.* Witness, ye powers! Take notice how I love her!  
Worship this token, as glad saints receive  
Ambassadors from heaven. 400

*Qu. M.* Oh, let me go!  
Give my wild joy some breath, "some room to walk in;  
" Oh, I shall burst into a thousand pieces!  
" As many atoms as my queen has charms—"  
A thousand years of pains is not enough  
For this one moment of seraphic joy.  
That she is kind, and thinks me innocent?  
Innocent! That one word's far above  
The wealth of crowns, nay, all but you and love.

*Qu. El.* Ah, royal sister! urge my guilt no more,  
But blot it from thy breast, as I from mine.  
Down on your knees—all that regard my frowns:  
Behold your queens, both Scot and English here;  
Hear, thou wide ocean, hear thy Albion queens:  
Let my dread voice far as thy waves be heard,  
From silver Thames to golden Tweed proclaim,  
With harmony of drums and trumpet's sound,  
Not me, not her alone, not one, but both;  
Sound Mary and Elizabeth your queens.

*[Kettle-drums and trumpets sound and beat here; then all rise again from kneeling.]*

*Qu. M.* Oh, be less kind! lest fate should snatch my joys, 420  
And hoard them up for an immortal treasure,  
"For they're too great for mortal sense to bear."

*Qu. El.* "I do her wrong to keep her from new joys:  
"Each moment shall beget, each hour bring forth

“ Fresh pleasures, and rich welcomes, to delight her.  
“ Prepare her table, deck the bed of state,  
“ Let her apartment shine with golden arras,  
“ Strew perfumes in her way sweeter than incense,  
“ Rare as the sun draws every morning up,  
“ And fragrant as the breath upon her lips;  
“ Soft music sound where e’er she wakes or sleeps,  
“ Music as sweet, harmonious, and as still,  
“ As does this soft and gentle bosom fill.”  
Thus let us go, with hand in hand combin’d,  
The white cross with the red thus ever join’d.  
England with Scotland shall no longer jar;  
And Albany with Albion no more war:  
But thus we’ll live, and walk thus every day,  
’Till from the verge of life we drop away:  
So have we seen two streams, with eager pace,  
Hasten to meet, and lovingly embrace, 440  
Making one current, as we make one soul,  
’Till arm in arm they in the ocean roll. [Exeunt.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter CECIL and DAVISON severally.*

*Cecil.*

“ WEEP, Davison, and drown thy head in tears;  
“ Or let thy tongue, for eloquence so fam’d,  
“ Be mute for ever; once like angels sounding,  
“ To charm the ears of our offended monarch.”  
The gallant duke, the darling of his country,  
The Scipio, the delight of all mankind,  
The nation’s glory, star of shining virtue,

Is lost. You came from searching of his closet  
We are his friends; say, have you any hopes!

*Dav.* Oh, none! The false and treacherous Morton,  
That fir'd the duke's fond passion for the queen,  
Then, like a villain, to his foes betray'd him:  
This serpent of delusion has discover'd  
Whate'er the brave and generous-hearted man  
Did in his harmless mind entrust him with,

*Cec.* What token, or what circumstance of treason,  
Amongst his papers found you?

*Dav.* Very little,  
Besides his aim to wed the queen of Scotland.  
“ Yet one thing points some colour of a guilt;      20  
“ It did appear he furnish'd her with money,  
“ To aid her friends in Scotland; who, you know,  
“ Now at this time invade our English borders.  
“ Here is the paper, which, alas, was found  
“ Under the quilt, beneath poor Norfolk's bed,  
“ Plac'd there on purpose, as suppos'd by all,  
“ By Hickford, a domestic of the duke's.  
“ Who, apprehended, has accus'd his master.”  
Read here a list of several lords, his friends,  
As Arundel, Southampton, and some others,  
All order'd to be taken.

*Cec.* Cruel chance!  
What temper holds the queen in this extreme?

*Dav.* Fiery, and cool, and melting in a breath,  
At one she sighs, and pities the fall'n man,  
And the same moment rages and upbraids him.

*Cec.* Oh, she must worse be stung before to-morrow!  
“ How will she bear herself, when she shall know  
“ The foul conspiracy of Babington?”

Place Gifford ready as the queen comes forth;

'Tis dangerous to conceal it any longer.  
Methinks I pity less the fate of Mary,  
Now it has cost the ruin of the duke—  
See where he comes! Would Cecil had no eyes;  
Yet he bears manly up, rears his stout head  
Like a bold vessel in a storm, and scatters  
Bright beams of majesty through all his clouds.

*Enter Duke and guards.*

Room for the duke—

*Nor.* Room for the duke! Room for no duke, no substance  
now;

The emblem of dissembling greatness rather.  
Man is the truest dial of his fate;  
His prince's favour, like the sun at noon,  
Shews not a thing so beautiful and gay;  
But as the planet sets, too soon he spies  
His growing shadow painted on the ground;  
Oh, Cecil! thou and Leicester have undone me;  
Brought by thy cruel caution to my ruin,  
And by the traitor Morton thus betray'd.

*Cec.* These tears be witnesses, I never meant it.

*Nor.* I must believe you, yet you are 60  
Too good a statesman, and too nice a friend.

*Cec.* By all that's just, you wrong the love I bear you—  
Behold the queen—I'll gain your life, brave duke,  
Or hazard now my own.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, MORTON, gentlemen, guards, ladies.*

Most merciful, most royal, and belov'd!  
Behold your Cecil bends, who ne'er yet su'd  
To you in vain—Oh, spare the gallant duke,  
Who, in this act of adoration, vows

Henceforth to prove the faithfull'st of your vassals,  
And from this hour to abjure the queen of Scotland.

*Nor.* Hold, Burleigh, hold; proceed not for the globe;  
If the least word that I'll abjure the queen  
'Scapes from thy mouth, by my bright hopes 'tis false.  
Thus I'll ask pardon, though I never wrong'd you. [*Kneels.*  
'Tis but a word, and I'll do it again :

For kings are like divinities on earth,  
Whom none can serve, but must sometimes offend.  
But to deny my love, and to disclaim her !

Oh, ye bright powers, abjure my Albion Queen !

First let me grovel in some loathsome dungeon, 80  
And feed on damps and vapours like a toad.

" What, to save my life ! a hated skull !"

Had I as many heads as I have hairs,  
Reap'd from this body like a field of corn ;  
Yet, after all, not one should be so base.

*Qu. El.* You'll find, bold duke, this one has said too much,  
" And done more than a thousand heads can answer."

Go, send him to the Tower :

I'll have him try'd to-morrow ; and, if guilty,

Beheaded straight ; send his ambitious head

To travel for that airy crown it wish'd for ;

And tell me, when 'tis off, if then it talks,

Or calls out for his Albion Queen to help him.

" Oh, where, my soul, is there a friend that's just ?"

" Or, after him, a man that I can trust."

[*Aside.*

*Nor.* You need not doubt it ;

That dying martyr who invokes her name,

Calls for more aid than all the queens on earth ;

" She is herself thy genius ; but for her,

" This isle had been like flaming *Ætna* found. 100

" Or, as the world was, in a deluge drown'd."



*Qu. El.* She's false, and thou a most ungrateful traitor!  
Here's Morton, Cecil, all the world can tell  
Thou did'st aspire to marry her, and get my crown.

*Nor.* By my immortal hopes I am betray'd,  
And she's abus'd by traitors——  
No, Cecil wont, no honest subject dares;  
But Morton, as the worst of furies, may.  
“ Oh, she's so good, so innocent and mild,  
“ That, Scotland, wert thou curst to that degree,  
“ Should all thy scatter'd seeds yield nought but poisons,  
“ And pregnant women bring forth none but Mortons,  
“ Thou hast aton'd for all those plagues in giving her.”

*Qu. El.* Away with him; “ and let me never see  
“ That head again, but on a pinnacle.”

*Nor.* Be witness, all ye powers, I bear it mildly;  
And, for my fate, I kneel again and bless you:  
May you live ever; and, for Norfolk's death,  
No dire remorse disturb your balmy rest;  
But may your soft eternity glide on, 120  
In dreams of paradise, and golden slumbers.  
But for the injur'd queen inspir'd I rise,  
And tho' a threaten'd prophet, yet dare speak:  
Whene'er she falls, may her accusers all  
*The stings of conscience feel within their breast,*  
*And never know the transport of the blest:*  
“ Prometheus' vultures in their bowels feel,  
“ And with their king of traitors roar in torments.  
“ But thou, a queen, that judg'd this royal martyr,  
“ Loud cherubins to earth your guilt shall sound,  
“ Which worse than the last trumpet shall rebound;  
“ Wake or asleep her image shall appear,  
“ And always hollow Mary in your ear.” [Exit guarded.]  
*Cec.* Now Davison's the time.

*Dav.* May't please your majesty—  
What shall be done with the offending queen?

*Qu. El.* Nothing, bold saucy penman, I say, nothing—  
Send Norfolk to the tower; but, on your lives,  
I charge you, use no violence on her.

Make not such haste; too soon you'll break this heart.

Then glut yourselves with slaughter of my subjects. 141

*Cec.* Then so much for the duke—Call Gifford in.

*Enter GIFFORD.*

If you are steep'd as in a lethargy  
Of love, and o'er-grown mercy to the queen,  
And will not let your eyes behold your danger,  
Then we, who are your watchful servants, must.  
Behold and hear; for 'tis so loud and plain,  
That 'twill astonish ev'ry sense about you.  
This man, this honest man, whose statue ought  
To be set up in gold in all our streets,  
Inspir'd from above, discovers that himself  
With five bold ruffians more, were all set on  
By Mary Queen of Scots, to murder you.

*Qu. El.* To murder me!

*Dav.* With sacrament they bound it,  
More horrid than e'er Cataline invented,  
Who t' enslave Rome, ty'd it with human blood.  
First view the monsters pictur'd to the life,  
Each with their several instruments of fate  
Way'd in his hand, with which to hell they swore, 160  
"If either of them fail'd," to write your doom.

"*Qu. El.* Protect me, angels!

"*Cec.* What, does this make you start?

"Do these strange hieroglyphics raise your wonder?

"The slave that fir'd the gaudy fane at Ephesus,

" Deserv'd to be a saint to these : he strove  
 " But for an odious credit after death ;  
 " But these, alas ! presumptuously defy  
 " Heaven and the world to anticipate the blow,  
 " And tell mankind they glory in the deed."

*Qu. El.* What's here ? A Latin sentence, which their  
 chief

Does seem to bellow from his hellish mouth.  
 These are the men whom danger only leads—  
 Here is thy face makes one among the ruffians.

*Gif.* With horror I confess it.

*Qu. El.* Tell the rest.

*Gif.* I will ; but wonder when you hear what men  
 Of several stations join'd to do this mischief :

" The elements are not so aptly mix'd  
 " To make a perfect world, as they to act a deed 280  
 " Would startle nature and unfix the globe,  
 " And hurl it from its axle-tree and hinges."

The first is Babington ; rich, and of birth  
 Might lift him to be rank'd amongst the nobles ;  
 Young, proud, and daring, fiery and ambitious.

*Qu. El.* I know the gentleman ; of Derbyshire ;  
 He came to me for leave to go to France.

*Gif.* The same.

*Qu. El.* Oh, horrid ! who can read a villain ?  
 How subtly nature paints, hides a false heart,  
 And shrouds a traitor in an angel's garb !  
 The next.

*Gif.* Tilny—a courtier.

*Cec.* What, the queen's own servant !

*Dav.* I know him too ; his father's only hopes,  
 Heir to a great estate. Oh, parricide !

*Gif.* This Barnwel—turbulent and precipitate,

A bloody-minded wretch, fit for the deed ;

“ Of Ireland.

“ *Cec.* I believe each word thou say'st ;

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“ Without his country it could have been no plot.”

*Gif.* Savage—a ruffian of the worst degree,

And never to be painted as he is ;

Stew'd in a brothel-house, and tann'd in blood.

*Qu. El.* Oh, queen ! oh, Mary ! where's thy refuge now ?

*Gif.* The fifth is Charnock, student of the law.

Lastly, to make the compound great, myself.

*Qu. El.* I've heard too much ; hence, and he dumb for ever !

Oh, for the quiet that my mind has lost !

Strip me of glory, titles, and renown,

I'll give them all for that so blest repose

Last night I felt. “ Deny me not this prayer ;

“ Curse me with madness, blast me with diseases,

“ Turn all these hairs to snakes upon my head,

“ To hiss me from the stage of mortal life ;

“ Melt this loath'd diadem with lightning down,

“ Not as it ran before it was a crown,

“ And to a desert let me strait be sent ;

“ I'll suffer all, make her but innocent.”

*Cec.* 'Tis fit you double all your strength about you, 220  
And let the queen immediately be seiz'd.

“ *Qu. El.* 'Tis false ! she is abus'd, and this is forg'd :

“ She is not, nay, she shall not guilty be,

“ See, monster, fury, traitor, altogether Jesuit !

“ Be sure thou prov'st this crime upon my sister,

“ Be sure thou dost, without the smallest doubt,

“ Or I will rack thee with ten thousand tortures :

“ No, I will have thee long, long years a dying ;

“ Feed thee by weight, to starve a grain a day,

" Whilst thy vile flesh whole ages shall decay,  
 " And spirits by slow degrees distil away.  
 " Yet, oh, 'tis all too little to recall  
 " That wealthy mass of quiet thou hast lost me !  
 " *Cec.* 'Tis the request of all your faithful subjects,  
 " That you'd be pleased to seize the queen of Scotland,  
 " Lest she should act what is but yet design'd."

*Dav.* Your sacred life's in danger every hour :  
 For your poor kingdom's sake, and for your own :  
 For all your nation's lives depend on yours.

*Qu. El.* Rise——

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Let the conspirators be apprehended.  
 Of whom this Gifford gives you information.

*Cec.* And not the queen?——

*Qu. El.* Oh, spare my sister's life !  
 If nothing but a queen's blood will content you,  
 Take mine, ye barb'rous hunters.

" *Cec.* Alas !

" *Qu. El.* Begone ! why was this hid from me so long ?  
 " If this were real, I had soon been dead,  
 " And then ne'er felt the blow, 'cause unsuspected.  
 " But now ten thousand deaths are not so painful  
 " As this curs'd life, which thou dost strive to save.  
 " My soul's in torment, reputation, all  
 " In this loath'd act, which thou wouldst have me do.

" *Cec.* Whose soul, whose reputation will be rack'd,  
 " And censur'd with severest pains hereafter ?  
 " If by your fond neglect you lose that life,  
 " Intrusted by the powers to guard your nation,  
 " And leave your laws and liberties betray'd ;  
 " Your people all a prey to foreign monsters, 260  
 " Die, and bequeath the dagger in your breast,  
 " To brood, and get an hundred thousand more,



" Perhaps as many as your subjects throats.  
 " Nay, we must speak, think what you will, and weep;  
 " For, not to tell you, 'tis to be more cruel.

" *Qu. El.* But how shall I be censur'd,  
 " To throw this charming guest so quickly from  
 " My bosom, and then shut her in a grate?  
 " 'Twas but last night she had another prison.

" *Cec.* There's now no time for answer or dispute:  
 " Either resolve her fate, or bear your own."

*Qu. El.* Begone, I charge you, tempt your queen no more.  
 Woman was form'd of mildness, love, and pity:  
 Take from me first the softness of my sex.  
 Were I the hot, revengeful monster, man;  
 A man, a savage, fierce Hyrcanian tyger,  
 Yet I could not be so cruel.

*Cec.* Then since you'll shut your ears to all safe counsel,  
 Bear witness, you celestial Powers, and you,  
 My queen, I have discharg'd my duty, 280  
 And clear'd myself of your approaching danger.  
 But ere that dreadful day of your eclipse,  
 Come, Davison, let thee and I go wander;  
 Far we'll remove, where such a horrid deed  
 Shall neither blast our eyes, nor reach our ears.  
 England, farewell; I've serv'd you well and long;  
 We'll not stay here to be good-counsel's martyrs,  
 And to be torn in pieces by the rabble,  
 When you are dead, which we forewarn'd you of:  
 Tho' ne'er so just, and cautious of your fame,  
 A king's miscarriage is the statesman's blame.

*Qu. El.* Stay, I command you——  
 Arrest a crown! impeach a sovereign queen! [Aside.  
 Here, take my crown, depose me first, or kill me;  
 Let Gifford's dagger do its fatal office:

Then like a nest of tyrants you may reign,  
And under public laws do public wrongs ;  
“ But royal power can never be so cruel.”

*Cec.* Behold she comes. Command we apprehend her.

*Qu. El.* You have my leave ; do with us as you please. 300  
But, tyrants, send me straight, where, by your power,  
These cruel eyes may never see her more. [Going off.

*Enter Queen MARY and DOWGLAS, Ladies and Gentlemen.*

*Qu. M.* Turn, turn, your face, and give one long'd-for  
look,

My charming queen ! the morning's gone, and yet  
I have not seen those eyes, that bless the morn.  
Hide not those looks where beams of justice shine,  
And pity sits enthron'd with majesty.  
I hear the duke of Norfolk's in displeasure !

*Forgive the brave unhappy man.*

Why sighs my queen ? Why bend your royal head,  
As loth to grant ? Can mercy, ha ! can I too plead in vain ?  
Nay, then I'll bind you with these chains of love :  
Lean my sad cheek on yours, and mix your tears with mine.

*Qu. El.* Now rescue me, or I am lost.

*Dav.* Guards execute your orders on the queen.

We beg your majesty, for love of fame,  
By your unbiass'd rule, and charms of justice,  
Rouze your imperial courage, and display  
An awful and offended majesty.

*Cec.* For now your wisdom, crown, and life's at stake ?  
Nay, and the lives of all your faithful subjects, 321  
For this one precious moment of your conduct.

*Qu. M.* I will obey ; your orders fright not me,  
Nor stir my soul, so lately us'd to wrongs,  
What is my crime ? Yet wherefore do I ask ?

" For chains look lovelier far about these arms  
" Than diamonds ; and tears hang on my neck  
" More beautiful than strings of oriental pearl."

*Qu. El.* Ah, cruel princess, we are both undone !  
You've robb'd your sister's breast of all its treasure,  
More than my crown, you've robb'd me of yourself.

*Dav.* Mary, late queen of Scotland, y'are impeach'd,  
By the name of Mary Stewart, of high treason ;  
For plotting to usurp your sovereign's crown,  
And hiring Babington to kill the queen.

*Qu. M.* Hear thrones and powers that guard the innocent !  
The Gorgon is at last disclos'd to view.

What, kill my sister ! hurt your precious life !

Oh, monster of invention ! cruel falsehood !

And, oh, vile calumny, begot in hell !

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Nay, then I see my ruin is decreed ;

The duke must die, and I must suffer too.

But, cruel foes, had you no way but this,

To blast me with eternal infamy ?

And canst thou, canst thou close thy eyes against me ?

" Oh, bright vengeance ! is there none in store ?

" Will Fate that Providence from me debar,

" When every living insect claims a share ?

" Will you lock fast your adamant doors,

" Now, when a queen, an injur'd queen implores ?

" *Qu. El.* Incroaching pity stop thy flowing torrent,

" And ebbing nature sink to that extreme

" Of cruel Brutus, that condemn'd his son ;

" For this is now my trial."

*Qu. M.* Say, amongst you,

Who is that man or devil, that dare accuse me ?

*Dav.* The traitor has confess'd his guilt, and yours,  
With letters that you sign'd to do the deed.

*Qu. M.* Hear, hear, just powers, and all your guard of kings?  
 "Hear, royal maid, for virgin pity fam'd!" 360  
 Heard you how they did slander majesty?

And can you bear it? Half these veins are yours,  
 My royal title, tender sex the same,  
 Doubly of kin, in royalty and blood;

And can you hear your sister, hear yourself so stain'd?

*Qu. El.* Oh, blame not me, but curse the fate of princes;  
 We are but guardians of our subjects' rights,  
 And stewards of our own, none bound so fast  
 To keep the laws they make, as the creators selves.

Alas, I am like one that sees far off,  
 Have all the wishes of a friend to save you,  
 But ty'd by oath, and cannot stir to help you!

*Qu. M.* This Babington, *who ne'er yet curs'd my sight,*  
 Must be some villain hir'd to do this treason,  
 And lay it upon me. But bear me witness all, and you,  
 That of disjointed atoms form'd the sun,  
 The shining heavens, the planets and the world,  
 So wonderful and glorious as they are,  
 Who sees into the soul, and all its walks,  
 Thro' this dark mould, transparent as a glass! 380  
 Oh, may these fatal eyes, worshipp'd like stars,  
 Drop from this visage, once like Heaven ador'd,  
 And leave this face a death's-head, to be shunn'd;  
 Or may this horrid hand, this hand, or this,  
 That once was fragrant with the breath of kings,  
 That kneel'd to kiss this wrong'd, this innocent hand,  
 May it drop from me, like a wither'd branch  
 From this vile stock, and never sprout again,  
 If e'er I will'd the deed, or sign'd such letter.

*Qu. El.* 'Tis time for me to go; is't not my jailors!  
 I have seen more than any tyger could.

Oh, pity'd queen, farewell !

*Qu. M.* Is then your boasted love debas'd to pity ?  
Oh, stay, and mingle kindness with your justice !  
I beg not for myself, but for my fame,  
To die's no pain, but to die branded is a thousand deaths.

" *Qu. El.* Enough ; 'tis cruelty in me to go,  
And worse to stay.

" *Qu. M.* Yet I intreat you stay.  
" Are you so cruel to believe me perjurd ? [ Holds her.

" *Qu. El.* Yet loose, for pity of us both, let go : 401

" The world has not so griev'd a wretch as I ;  
" And thou lay'st hold upon so weak a bough,  
" That the least weight will sink me quite with thee.

" *Qu. M.* Hear me, thou deaf and cruel queen ! Ah, no !  
" Thou mild as babes, and tender as their mothers !  
" Hear me but this, this once, this last—What, neither ?  
" Then to just Heaven I kneel, and not to thee—  
" Here let my knees take root. [ Kneels. ]

*Dav.* Tho' clear and spotless as the light you are,  
Yet that must be examin'd by the laws ;  
The lords must quit you.

*Qu. M.* Must the law then judge me ?  
Nay, then I'll rise with shame from this mean posture ;  
" And now I feel the majesty of kings  
" Dart from above, to hear itself profan'd,  
" Stretching my soul and limbs to such a vastness,  
" As the first race of mankind ere the flood,  
" When heroes more than mortal rul'd the world,"  
Come, bring me straight to this contemn'd tribunal ; 420  
Then all the courage

Of my imperial ancestors inspire  
" This breast, from Fergus first, to James, my son,  
" Last of his breast that sway'd the Scottish globe  
" For fifteen hundred years, shine through my face :



"Print on my forehead every awful look,"  
Defend your royal right, and for me plead,  
Shoot from my eyes, and strike my judges dead.

*Qu. El.* If Mary's fate were sentenc'd by this breath,  
If that were judge, I would this hour acquit her.  
Depend upon thy innocence and me :  
When that is clear'd, we shall both yet be happy.  
I can no more—Farewell—Grief ties my speech,  
And pity drowns my eyes.—*Farewell!*

*Qu. M.* Pity'd by you! I will not die so meanly :  
No, tho' in chains, yet I'm more brave and free,  
Scorn thy base mercy, and do pity thee :  
Thou canst not take my life ; but if thou darest,  
I'll leave a race as numerous as the stars  
Whilst thou shalt fall with barrenness accurst,  
And thy tormented soul with envy burst,  
To see thy crown on Mary's issue shine,  
And England flourish with a race of mine. [*Exit guarded.*

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"*Qu. El.* Stay, sister, stay——  
" Oh, 'tis too late !  
" She's gone, dragg'd from me by the merc'less laws,  
" Nor can I tear her from the vulture's talons ;  
" But, oh ! like the distracted mother roar,  
" Whose child a wolf had from its cradle bore ;  
" Hastes to its aid, and all the way, in vain,  
" To Heaven and to the savage does complain ;  
" Speaks the beast kind, till hearing, as he flies,  
" Betwixt his teeth her tender infant's cries,  
" Then she adds wings, and in her flight does rave,  
" With eager hopes its precious life to save ;  
" But finds the monster with her bowels gor'd,  
" And in her sight its panting limbs devour'd." [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter MORTON and DAVISON, severally.*

*Morton.*

WELL have we met, thou Machiavel of England,  
And rival to great Cecil in his fame!  
There's something of importance on thy brow,  
Whereon I read the great delinquent's fate.

*Dav.* Queen Mary is condemn'd, and, which is worse,  
The sentence of the duke must rest no longer,  
And Norfolk is this hour to lose his head.

*Mor.* The plot of Barny, to release the duke,  
Was thought the means to urge his speedy end,

*Dav.* He had obtain'd his pardon but for that,  
His circumstance of treason was so slight.  
Poor duke! the most unfortunate and brave!  
He comes to meet his death within these walls,  
Where she must enter and prepare for hers;  
And chance, alas! may be so kind or cruel  
To let them meet. Her sentence was pronounc'd  
And she repairing hither in her barge.

*Mor.* How did the haughty queen submit herself?

*Dav.* This great commission, which consisted of  
All the queen's lords and counsellors of state,  
(Of which myself was one, with five of the judges) made  
The highest throne of justice upon earth;  
Yet she contemn'd and scorn'd them as too base  
To sit upon and judge a sovereign queen.

*Mor.* How could you then proceed?

*Dav.* The court o'er-rul'd it as a slight objection,

And said, they did not try her there as queen,  
But as a private prisoner to the law.

*Mor.* A nice distinction that, "and like your lawyers."

*Dav.* At last, having deny'd, with constancy,  
The legal power of this imperial court,  
And finding all too plainly prov'd against her,  
"As a rare swimmer, shipwreck'd on the ocean,  
"A vast and dreadful distance from the shore,  
"And hopeless grown with all his arts to reach it,  
"Gives himself o'er contentedly to drown,"  
So she sat down, and mildly then submitted.

*Mor.* But what was the most stabbing proof against her,  
Her correspondence had with Babington?

*Dav.* Behold, the duke's just coming forth to die: 40  
The queen is entering too; 'tis as I fear'd. [Exeunt.

*Enter Queen MARY and guards. The Duke of NORFOLK and  
two guards, as going to execution.*

*Qu. M.* Must the brave duke receive his death to-day?

*Dow.* Alas, see where he comes? a sight will kill you.

*Qu. M.* Quick, lead me, drive me from this dismal object,  
Will the queen's malice hunt me to the last,  
Nor leave me when I'm at the bounds of death?  
Was there no time but now, no way but this?  
Oh, hide me in the bosom of yon cloud,  
Or cover me with mountains to avoid him!

*Nor.* My queen, my lovely Albion Queen—Sure I'm  
Already dead, and this the happy region  
Where souls like hers receive their bless'd rewards.

*Qu. M.* Turn, much-wrong'd duke, ere death seals thy eyes:  
"This moment tear them out, as I would mine;"  
Shun me, as here thou wouldst thy horrid fate,  
"Or mouth of basilisk."

*Nor.* What says my queen?

*Qu. M.* Is not thy wrong'd and valiant spirit shock'd,  
And death a much more welcome guest than I,  
And worse to see me than to feel the blow? 60

*Nor.* By all your wrongs and mine——

*Qu. M.* Oh, come not near me!

“ 'Tis said, a murder'd body, tho' 'tis cold,  
“ And all its veins frozen and congeal'd in death;  
“ When he approaches nigh that did the deed,  
“ Warm'd by the mighty power of just revenge,  
“ Pours a warm flood, and bleeds afresh.”

Why dart you not a peal of curses on me?

“ Your eyes Promethean fire, to blast my soul?

“ And why's not every hair upon thy head

“ Arm'd, like the bristly porcupine, against me?”

*Nor.* Love's wounds may bleed in Death's; but no grief ease.

The axe, these guards, and this grim pomp of fate,

Stir me no more than acted in a play.

My love's immortal, too divine to fear,

And feels no horror, but to part with you.

Oh, could I but redeem your precious life,

I'd fly to meet the torments of the fiends

A thousand years, and die thus every day!

*Qu. M.* Alas, most pitied prince, force not these drops, 80

Tears, the kind balm to ease all tortur'd breasts

But mine, and mine finds no relief. Begone—oh, no!

For you must ne'er return—Let me begone.

*Nor.* For death I am prepar'd, but not to part with you.

*Qu. M.* 'Twill not be long, “ some two or three short days,

“ Or hours perhaps,” ere we shall meet again.

We both are in the balance weigh'd for death,

“ You in the sinking scale that's near the grave,

“ And I hang tottering here, in hopes to follow.”

Nor. By mercy, that still guards the thrones of princes,  
The queen, nay, Morton, ne'er can be so cruel.  
What, shed the blood, the sacred blood of kings?

'Twere blasphemy unpardon'd to suspect it.

"But, if she dare, I will myself descend,

"Arm'd with a legion in the shades below,

"Guarding like gods the utmost fort of life,

"And drive your lovely spirit back, to be

"Inshrin'd within this sacred mould again."

Qu. M. Oh, duke! "are you so cruel and unkind?"

I had but two priz'd friends in all the world,

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The queen and you; and she forbids me earth,

Will you deny me heaven?

Nor. Away! your danger spurs me on the race;

Swift as the mind can think my soul shall fly,

And make the scaffold but one step to heaven.

Qu. M. And till I come, your happiness to see,

Kneel, and atone th' offended Powers for me.

Nor. Ob, doubt it not! One last farewell—

Yes, all the shining host shall plead your cause;

Round the ætherial throne Queen Mary's wrongs

Shall be the theme of their immortal songs;

Whilst for revenge their crystal trumpets sound,

'Till their shrill voice to frightened mortals bound;

The stars shall shake, the elements be aw'd,

And both the globes shall feel th' avenging rod.

"Qu. M. No more;

"Our souls shall soon a joyful meeting have;

"But to our mortal parts, a long farewell."

[Exeunt severally.]



SCENE II.

*An Alcove, with a table, pen, ink, paper, and chairs. Enter Queen ELIZABETH and ladies.*

*Qu. El.* A midnight silence sits upon the morn,  
The eye of day shuts, as afraid already, 120  
And seems the setting, not the rising sun.  
I want no glories that the world can give ;  
Crowns on my head, and kingdoms at my nod :  
Yet where's the quiet, where's the freedom here ?

*Enter CECIL and DAVISON.*

*Dav.* My lord, I fear we have transgress'd too far  
Upon the queen's most private thoughts.

*Cec.* " Thoughts, or no thoughts, we must and will awake  
her.

" Yet hold ;" let us retire within hearing,  
Till she is pleas'd to call. [Retires.

*Qu. El.* Norfolk is now no more ;  
His body's free from pain, his mind from fear,  
And feels, like mine, no doleful beatings here.  
" Curs'd be this crown, and this loath'd scene of power,  
" And curs'd this head that e'er the magic wore.  
" The careless shepherd's breast feels no such sting,  
" More lov'd, obey'd, and happier than a king ;  
" His subjects do not one another hate,  
" For malice, or for jealousy of state ;  
" But harmlessly the ewe and crested ram  
" Walk side by side, and guard the tender lamb." 140  
Who's there ?

*Re-enter DAVISON and CECIL.*

*Cec.* What would your majesty ?

*Qu. El.* Welcome, kind Cecil, to assist me ;  
Welcome, I hope, to rid this breast of tortures.  
What say the council to their queen's demand ?  
Shall my dear sister live ? Shall I be happy ?  
Speak, Davison, and tell your mistress' doom ;  
Quick, for my soul now starts to meet the sound.

*Dav.* May't please your majesty, your faithful council,  
To what you urg'd, that mercy should be shewn  
To one of Mary's dignity and sex,  
And near relation both in blood and title to you ;  
They humbly offer that no sex nor greatness,  
Nay, were they sprung from the same royal father,  
Ought to protect offenders 'gainst their sovereign ;  
And boldly tell you, mercy is a crime,  
When it is shewn to one that has no mercy.  
" She would have ta'en your life,  
" Which is not safe as long as Mary lives,  
" Whom if you save, in hope that Heav'n will spare you, 160  
" 'Tis not to trust to mercy, but provoke it."

*Qu. El.* Is this the censure then, of your most wise  
And arbitrary caution ?

*Dav.* Mightiest queen !  
Do not mistake what is your subjects love ;  
Our only zeal is for your royal safety,  
To whom one precious moment of your welfare,  
Is far more worth than all our lives and fortunes.

*Cec.* To that objection of your majesty,  
That this may draw a war from France or Spain,  
We all agree, with one entire consent,  
If any such should be, to guard your crown

And royal person with our lives and fortunes ;  
 And such fond fears are held impossible,  
 For they can ne'er hurt England, but by her ;  
 And all such dangers at her death will vanish.

*Qu. El.* Is this your answer to your sov'reign's tears ?  
 This all the kindness that two queens can beg ?

*Dav.* All fix'd, and firm as fate, we are resolv'd,  
 Like rocks to stand the tempest of vain pity, 180  
 Since to deny you this is to be loyal :  
 And t' assuage the tyrant, Mercy, in your bosom,  
 No other answer we can give but this :  
 " I kneel, and humbly offer to your thinking,  
 " A saying no less true to be observ'd,  
 " Than once was said of Conradine of Sicily,  
 " And Charles of Anjou, rivals in a crown,"  
 Which is—the death of Mary is the life  
 Of queen Elizabeth ; the life of Mary  
 The death of queen Elizabeth.

" *Qu. El.* Hear, you immortal and avenging Powers !  
 " Are kings vicegerents of your rule on earth ?  
 " Breathes the rich oil yet fragrant on our brows,  
 " And are we thus oblig'd ? There are but two  
 " Main attributes, which stamp us like yourselves,  
 " Mercy and sole prerogative, and those  
 " Daring and saucy subjects would deny us."

*Cec.* May't please your majesty——

*Qu. El.* I'll hear no more—" Hail pious confessor !  
 " In vain we sprung from Edward's sacred line ;" 200  
 I from this hour the tyrant will begin,  
 Throw off the saint, and be no more a queen ;  
 No more be fam'd for merciful abroad,  
 But turn my sceptre to an iron rod ;  
 " For if thou would'st be great, thou rather must

“ Be fear’d for cruelty than lov’d for just.  
 “ Hence, and begone ; for I will thunder bring,  
 [Ex. Dav. and Cec.  
 “ Fell as a woman, awful as a king. [Going, stops.  
 “ What have I done ? With whom shall I advise ?  
 “ Heaven keeps at awful distance now, and treats not  
 “ With kings, as it with monarchs did of old,  
 “ In visions counsell’d, or by prophets warn’d.  
 “ Inspire my thoughts.”—Bid Davison come back.  
 How wretched is my fate !  
 That on each side on ruin I must run,  
 Or take my sister’s life, or lose my own.

Re-enter DAVISON.

Dav. I come at your dread majesty’s command.

Qu. El. Oh, Davison ! thou art a man on whom  
 My daily smiles, like rays, adorn thy person ;  
 But thou hast merits that outshine my bounties. 220

Dav. Oh, whither would your majesty ?

Qu. El. Thou seest how thy poor queen is tortur’d.

“ ’Tis vain to hide what thou hast eyes to find,  
 “ How backward I am still to cruelty,  
 “ How loth to drain the blood ev’n of my foes ;”  
 Is there no way to satisfy my people,  
 “ Nor jealous power,” but by my sister’s death ?

Dav. “ I would advise ;

“ But, oh, what hopes can that physician have  
 “ Of cure, whose patient throws away his medicine,  
 “ And says that is a poison ?” Lo, I kneel  
 To you, the wisest, justest queen on earth,  
 The perfect’st pattern to those pow’rs above :  
 “ Yet, Oh ! the more y’are good in mercy shine,”

They seem more fix'd to save such excellence,  
Which cannot be, but by the death of Mary.

*Qu. El.* "Screech-owls, dark ravens, and amphibious  
monsters,

"Are screaming in that voice." Fly from my sight;

"Run monster, fiend, and seek thy habitation

"Where such loathed vermin build their fatal nests," 240

Or sink there to the centre as thou kneel'st,

Rather than that should be. "Rise, and begone!"

*Dav.* This shall not fright your slave from his lov'd duty,  
Nor from his humble posture; no, unless

You take this weapon in your royal hand,

And thrust it in your faithful servant's breast,

"And let out all my blood that's loyal; yet

"When I'm dead, so well you are belov'd,

"There's none of all your subjects but would bless you,

"Thus kneel, implore, and hug the fate that I had."

[*Rises.*

*Qu. El.* Begone, quick, Davison, thou fatal charmer,  
Thou subtle mouth of the deluding senate.

*Dav.* Alas! what ends can your kind people have?

What private benefit can they propose

By this queen's death, but to preserve your reign;

Which is the all, and only blessing aim'd at?

Believe, consider.

*Qu. El.* Oh, Davison!

*Dav.* Remember too your danger—news is brought,

That Spain has an armada launch'd, so vast,

260

That o'er our narrow seas will form a bridge

To let in all their forces to this island,

With iron rods to scourge, and chains to bind us.

"Th' affrighted people hasten to their shores,

"And scarcely can perceive a cloud far off,



"Dark'ning the sky, and blackening all the sea,

"But cry, The Armada's coming."

*Qu. El.* Vain reports!

*Dav.* Upon this dreadful rumour, strange alarm,

I heard it run in whispers through the house,

"And all the lords that sat upon the queen,"

That this invasion was for Mary's sake;

And if you will not sign her speedy death,

They must be forc'd to fly, or set up her,

In hopes, that when she reigns, that prosp'rous act

May expiate their crime in judging her.

*Qu. El.* Ha!

*Dav.* 'Tis most true; can you condemn them for't?

Sign but the warrant, stay the execution,

And then, perhaps, your subjects, when they find

280

How much their queen did condescend for them,

May soon relent, and with submissive tears

Request that life which you so long had begg'd

"In vain of them."

*Qu. El.* I have consider'd—Write—

*Dav.* Write what?

*Qu. El.* Write what thou wilt; write any thing;

A warrant for Queen Mary's execution—

Queen did I say?

*Dav.* Oh, good angels bless you!

Nay, children, whom you've now redeem'd from slaughter,

May live to the full age of man, and sing

Your praise.

*Qu. El.* Did I say queen?

Shall the "fierce" hand of curs'd Elizabeth

Condemn to die her cousin, and a queen?

Dispatch, and let thy pen fly o'er the paper,

Swift as the quill upon an eagle's wing;

For if thou giv'st my thoughts one moment for repentance,  
 Hadst thou the tongue, the eloquence of angels, 300  
 It were in vain to alter my resolve——

Write, write, no matter how; if foul, the better;  
 Foul as the fact I am about to do. [Dav. writes.

*Dav.* See, I've already done.

*Qu. El.* Quick, quick, it must. [Reads.

“To the lieutenant of the Tower, commanding, that the  
 next morning, after sight of this, you shall deliver to our  
 sheriffs of London, the body of your prisoner, Mary  
 Stewart.”

Oh, cruel Davison! when thou cam'st here,  
 Tears should have flow'd much faster than thy ink,  
 And drown'd her name with rivers from thy eyes.

[Reads.] “To be beheaded on a scaffold fix'd without the  
 Tower.”

And I to this must sign Elizabeth.

Quick, give my roving thoughts no time for reason;  
 But thou, successful devil, put the pen  
 Into my hand, and hell into my bosom.

*Dav.* Consider that it is of no more force  
 Than testaments, that may at any time,  
 The party living, be revok'd and null'd. 320

*Qu. El.* There, there it is. [Signs it.

Yet stay; be sure thou keep'st it as thou would'st  
 Thy soul and body from eternal fires.  
 Think, when I put into thy hands this paper,  
 'Tis not the life of Mary, but thy queen's;  
 The moment that thou part'st with this dead warrant,  
 May the just statesman be thy fortune still,  
 And all thy good rewarded be with ill;  
 Tho' honest, may'st thou be a villain thought,  
 And die a traitor for thy prince's fault. [Exit Queen Eliz.

*Dav.* The deed is done at last.

*Enter MORTON and CECIL.*

*Cec.* Hast thou got the paper?

*Dav.* 'Tis in my hand.

*Mor.* Victorious Davison!

"Eternal ages shall adore thy statue,

"And wise historians, when this deed they note,

"Shall lift thy name among the stars for this."

*Cec.* Giv't me.

*Dav.* But had you heard what execrations—

*Cec.* Oh, no matter! ours be all the blame; 340

We'll carry to the joyful council this.

To-morrow she shall die, and the queen rest,

"When this hugg'd cancer's parted from her breast."

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

*Soft music here. A table at the upper end of the stage. Queen MARY discovered kneeling, with a book in her hand; her women kneeling by her.*

*Enter to them DOWGLAS, and men servants.*

*Dow.* Behold her kneeling—Oh, ye immortal Powers!  
Ye Powers that help so good and mild as she,  
Send hosts of cherubs down, to waft those sighs!  
Sure all the world's remember'd in those prayers,  
And in those tears thy guilty foes are wash'd.

*Qu. M.* Come all of ye, draw near. *[Queen comes forward.]*  
How goes the day. 350

*Dow.* The sun's now risen, whose setting you'll ne'er see.

*Qu. M.* Suppose I've but an hour of life, that were enough;  
 The distance up to Heav'n tho't seems so great,  
 Yet 'tis so nigh, and mercy flies so fast,  
 That in less while than swiftest lightning falls,  
 It saves the poor delinquent at the bottom,  
 That has been ages tumbling to perdition.

*Dow.* Oh, ye dread fates! ye sovereign guard of kings!  
 Must that bright head be snatch'd off by an axe,  
 Upon whose brow's a crown, a sacred crown? 360

*Qu. M.* What matters it how we die?  
 When dead we are all the same; there's no distinction  
 Betwixt a prince that on his gorgeous bed  
 Gives up a pamper'd ghost, and "me,"  
*The poor criminal condemned to die upon*  
 A scaffold; and with that impartial judge,  
 That holds the steady equal beams of justice,  
 A crown weighs light with virtue in the balance.

*Dow.* How d'ye, and how bears that precious heart,  
 Th' expected moment of its body's fate?

*Qu. M.* Ne'er better; for my maids can bear me witness  
 I laid me down to rest, and all the night  
 Slept like a thoughtless infant,  
 "With smiles imprinted on its lovely cheeks,"  
 And wak'd with joy to dress me for my travel:  
 "Like one who on a May-day morn sets out,  
 "Pleas'd with the beauties of the lawns and fields,  
 "And hopes to come into his inn at night."

*Dow.* Oh, miracle of innocence!

*Qu. M.* Thou, Dowglas, 380  
 "Art young, may'st live my story to relate  
 "To men that now are children in the womb;  
 "But, Melvil, thou hast been long my faithful servant,"  
 Haste into France and Scotland when I'm dead,

There tell the Guisès, my dear cousins, and son,  
 Thou saw'st me die in the true faith I liv'd in;  
 Not Scotland's crown, nor England's hopes could tempt me,  
 Nor eighteen years a pris'nèr, to apostatize;  
 Nay, nor my life, which now I seal its martyr.

*Dow.* Oh, saint-like goodness!

*Qu. M.* Ye have been faithful all;

What poor estate my cruel wants have left me,  
 (Here is my will) I freely giv't among you; [*Gives a paper.*  
 Would it were more, as much as you deserve:

Nay, weep not; here are some few trifles,  
 I will distribute with my own glad hands:  
 Here is some gold and jewels in this casket,  
 Share them among ye, and a kiss to each. [*To her women.*

Heaven bless you all!—Thou, Melvill, take this ring;  
 I would not have thee, every time thou look'st on't, 400  
 But sometimes, call to mind that it was Mary's—  
 Poor man! his griefs have choak'd his speech.

[*To Dowglas.*

Receive this bracelet from thy mistress' arm,  
 "And tie't about thy wrist."—Go to my son,  
 The rising sun, from Mary's endless setting,  
 And he'll take care of thee, and all of ye.

*Dow.* Alas, I quickly shall be past all care!  
 This fatal day hangs heavier on my youth,  
 Than threescore years can do on Dowglas' head.

*Qu. M.* I've nothing else to give, but, after me,  
 Joys in reversion.

*Dow.* 'Twill not be long ere you will shine a star,  
 And light us in our way.

*Qu. M.* Give me some wine—Your mistress here be-  
 queaths  
 Her last kind wishes to you in this draught.



I have no friends, no children nigh but you.

"He whom I bore, rack'd from these tender bowels,

"Scarce bless'd his joyful mother, for her labour,

"With his infant beams; but was by villains,

"Like little Romulus, from this bosom torn, 420

"And nurst with wolves. Wherefore, my dearest friends,"

My faithful, suffering, mourning, weeping servants!

Your queen, your mistress, drinks to every one;

And all revenge and malice bury'd be

In this kind bowl, as is this wine in me.

[Drinks, all kneel.

*Dow.* Give me the cup— Here's to our mistress;

[Turns about, puts poison in the cup, and drinks.

And to her health of immortality,

And mine. Behold, they come to fetch you.

*Qu. M.* They are welcome—

*Enter CECIL, MORTON, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Guards.*

My lord, I have expected you with joy;

You find me like a cheerful, longing bride:

Come, and conduct me to my bridegroom, Death.

*Cec.* Alas, I must!

*Qu. M.* Bring you no message from the queen?

Nor word of farewell to her dying cousin?

*Cec.* Something she would have said; but burst in tears;

While with a groan her tortur'd speech expir'd,

And only cry'd, Oh, Mary! and no more.

*Mor.* Madam, I kneel, in hopes of your forgiveness.

*Qu. M.* Thou'st done no ill to me, but as thy nature.

A wolf can do but as a wolf—thou hast it.

Tho' Heaven thy horrid crimes may ne'er forget; 441

But let my son revenge his father's murder,

Which thou too surely didst, and laidst the stain on me.

*Enter DAVISON in haste.*

*Dav.* I have strange and sudden news to tell you ;  
Just now's arriv'd from Scotland, Patrick Grey,  
With letters to the queen, which have disturb'd her ;  
But more, my lord, she seem'd incens'd at you. [To Mor.  
I wish this execution had been done,  
Or not to do.

*Cec.* We are gone too far already,  
To think of going back.

*Dav.* Room for the queen,  
Madam, 'tis fit you would dismiss your servants ;  
The scaffold will be crowded else.

*Qu. M.* The queen, my sister, cannot be so cruel.  
Shall this poor body, when its light is out,  
“ (Which princesses were, kneeling, proud to deck),”  
Its bashfulness without a blush expos'd,  
And none of all my friends at last allow'd  
To weep, and shrowd these limbs when I am dead,  
Which these poor wretches all will thank you for ?

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*Cec.* Madam, tho' against the orders of our mistress,  
Two of your women servants shall attend you,  
And of your men the like, which best shall please you,  
Now have you aught that we may tell the queen ?

*Qu. M.* I have but one request, that she'll permit  
My friends to bear my body into France ;  
There to be buried with my ancestors  
Of Lorraine, whence my mother was descended ;  
For, Scotland, thou that never gav'st me quiet  
When I was living, ne'er shall rest me dead.

*Dav.* On then, make way there !

*Qu. M.* Come near, and you two take me by the hands ;  
For, to the last, with decency I will,

"Tho' little pert," the majesty retain  
 Of what I am, the rightful queen of Scotland,  
 Queen Dowager of France, and England's heir;  
 A glorious shine of titles, that would, like  
 The lambent beams around the heads of angels,  
 Protect a crown——Weep not,  
 But take me by the hands, as you have seen  
 Your now expiring, then your blooming queen,  
 Brought by two monarchs to the dauphin's arms,  
 Adorn'd with all love's pride, and all love's charms;  
 So lead me to the place where I may gain  
 Immortal pleasures, and immortal reign.

[Exit led by two gentlemen.]

Remain MORTON and DOWGLAS.

*Mer.* Why dost thou weep and grovel on the floor?

*Dow.* Traitor, because I will not herd with men.

[Faints and lies down.]

'Tis nobler thus to crawl, like snakes and toads,  
 Than live, and have a face erect like thee.

*Mer.* Alas, thou faint'st!

*Dow.* Hold off thy cursed hands—I am resolv'd  
 My royal mistress shall not fall alone,  
 But, hand in hand, the joyful course we'll run.  
 Attend, ye bright inhabitants on high,  
 Whilst I proclaim th' imperial saint is nigh:  
 Now, now she starts, and now begins the race,  
 And now with blushings veils her charming face;  
 The lovely pillar that sustains her head,  
 Her snowy neck now on the block is laid;  
 Tears in vast torrents flow from every eye,  
 And groans, like thunder, rend the vaulted sky:

The axe is up, and points the way to Heaven—  
Now, now it falls, and now the stroke is given. [Diss.]

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, and Attendants.*

*Qu. El.* Speak, Morton, traitor to thy sovereign,  
Yet give me comfort, and I'll pardon all:  
Where is the queen? Say, does my sister live?  
Where is she?

*Mor.* Dead, ere this, upon the scaffold.

*Qu. El.* "Now, who will swiftest run to save both queens?"  
Fly faster than the rushing thought to save her.

"And he that from the lifted axe the dove

"Can save, shall be a king.

"Vanish; a kingdom's thy reward."

Seize on that fiend; truth hath at last been kind,

And brought to light 'twas he that murder'd Darnley.

Bind him in chains, and in an iron cage,

Let him be sent to Scotland to be tortur'd.— 520

[*Exit Mor. dragged away.*]

Ha! what unthought-of dismal object's this!

"A second prospect, sure, of grief to none;"

The pretty, innocent, and faithful Dowglas,

Dead with no other wound than sorrow's dart,

Or some unhappy poison.

*Enter CECIL and DAVISON.*

*Cec.* Madam, I wish the ransom of our lives  
Could save the queen's, or mediate our offence,  
If you shall think it so, for she is dead.

*Qu. El.* How could'st thou be so curs'd a villain!  
What boots the thunder, or the bolts of kings,  
Which traitors fear no more than summer's hail,  
Else why art thou alive, and why dy'd Mary so?

*Cec.* Alas!

*Qu. El.* Remove that vulture from my sight; and since  
Death cannot reach him, the star-chamber shall

“ Strip him of all his borrow’d plumes, and leave him

“ As naked as he came into the world.”

*Dav.* Long may you live, till Heav’n at last makes known  
The good that I’ve, so ill-rewarded, done. [Exit.]

*Qu. El.* “ Oh, take away those sad remains for ever!”  
Thy dust shall have a royal monument;  
High as thy friendship shall the marble rise,  
And, with thy soul, thy tomb shall reach the skies.

[They take off Dowglas.]

*Cec.* Oh, calm that bosom! let no grief  
Molest your quiet spirit in its god-like mansion.

*Qu. El.* Oh, Cecil, shall I never be at rest?

We are but gaudy executioners at best:

Fix’d to our crowns, we bear the galling weight

Of censuring fools, and flattering knaves of state;

If we forgive, our pity is arraign’d,

550

If punish; we with crimes are stain’d.

In some wild desert happier ’tis to reign

O’er wolves and tygers, than more cruel men.

Hence with vain glories! I’ll no more contend,

Trust not in greatness, nor on crowns depend,

When virtue is alone our surest friend.

7 JU 52

[Exeunt.]

THE END.



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## EPILOGUE.

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SPOKEN BY JO. HAINES.

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*WHO* could have ever thought to have seen me  
Tack'd to the end of a deep tragedy?  
They might as well have dress'd me out to dance,  
Or sent me an ambassador to France.  
Yet I am forc'd to come; for, say my masters,  
Your phiz will bring us off from all disasters.  
Now, you must know, I thought a beau might be  
A better suppliant for a tragedy;  
His pretty face, his dimple, and his smile,  
Might many tender ladies' hearts beguile.  
But, nolens volens, Pricky must appear;  
And—what am I to say, now I'm come here?  
Oh, I'm to tell you, that the players say,  
Unless you kindly do receive this play,  
There's above half of them will lose their pay.  
Nay, more, the poet too will lose his gains,  
Unless you're pleas'd to smile upon Count Haines.  
Let me not sue in vain, you shining sphere,  
Nor you, my pit friends, that to me are dear;  
My middle-gallery friends will sure assist me,  
And for the upper tier they never miss'd me.  
Then let your hearty wishes all be shewn,  
To give the Albion Queens their just renown.

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7 JU 52

7 II 52

1

Act II

TAMERLANE.

Scene II



*Engraved by*

**M. KEMBLE & BAJAZET.**

*Designed by*

*His Fortune*

*Has stript me of the train and pomp of greatness,  
Yet still my Soul is free.*

London: Printed by P. J. Collins, in Strand, 1793.



*Opéra de Paris*

*Enlève / Sub.*

London. Printed for J. Fell British Library Strand April 1792.



7 JUL 52

# TAMERLANE.

A  
TRAGEDY.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR  
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,  
AS PERFORMED  
AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,  
*By Permission of the Manager.*

---

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation;  
and those printed in Italics, are the additions of the Theatres."

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LONDON:

*Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of JOHN BELL,  
British Library, STRAND,  
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.*

M DCC XCII.

TAMERLANE.

TRAGEDY.

BY NICHOLAS FOSTER, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRE REGENT, LONDON.

AS PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE REGENT, LONDON.



LONDON:

Printed by J. G. & J. H. Smith, Stationers, Strand.

1853.

W. G. & J. H. Smith.

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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,  
*WILLIAM,*  
LORD MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON,  
(Afterwards Duke of Devonshire.)

---

MY LORD,

*EVERY* body is now so full of business, that things of this kind, which are generally taken for the entertainment of leisure hours only, look like impertinence and interruption. I am sure it is a reason why I ought to beg your Lordship's pardon, for troubling you with this tragedy; not but that poetry has always been, and will still be, the entertainment of all wise men, that have any delicacy in their knowledge: yet, at so critical a juncture as this is, I must confess I think your Lordship ought to give entirely into those public affairs, which, at this time, seem to demand you. It is that happy turn which your Lordship has to business; that right understanding of your country's interest, and that constant zeal to pursue it; that just thinking; that strong and persuasive elocution, that firm and generous resolution, which, upon all occasions, you have shewn in parliament, and, to add that which is the crowning good quality; your Lordship's continual adherence, and unshaken loyalty, to his present majesty, which make you at this time so necessary to the public. I must confess (though there is no part in your Lordship's character but what the world should be fond of) I cannot help distinguishing the last instance very particularly. It is doing, methinks, such a justice to goodness, to greatness, and to right reason, that posterity will believe there could be no man of good sense, but what must have agreed with your Lordship in it. When the next age shall read the history of this, what excuse can they make for those who

did not admire a prince, whose life has been a series of good offices done to mankind? When they shall reckon up his labours, from the battle of Seneff, to some glorious action, which shall be his last, (and which, I therefore, hope, is very far remov'd from the present time) will they ever believe that he could have been too well loved, or too faithfully served and defended? The great things which he did before we had that immediate interest in him, which we now happily have, is a noble and just subject for panegyric; but as benefits done to others, can never touch us so sensibly as those we receive ourselves, tho' the actions may be equally great; so, methinks, I can hardly have patience to run back to his having saved his own country, when I consider he has since done the same for us; let that be sufficient to us, for all we can say of him, or do for him. What dangers and difficulties has he not struggled through, for the honour and safety of these kingdoms? 'Tis a common praise, and what every one speaks, to say, he has continually exposed his life for his people. But there are some things more particular in his character, some things rarely found amongst the policies of princes; a zeal for religion, moderated by reason, without the rage and fire of persecution; a charitable compassion for those who cannot be convinced; and an unalterable perseverance in those principles, of whose truth he is satisfied; a desire of war, for the sake of peace, and of peace, for the good and honour of his subjects, equally with his own; a pious care for composing factions, though to foment them might make him arbitrary; and a generous ambition, that only aims at power, to enable him to do good to all the rest of the world. I might add here, that inviolable and religious observance of his royal word, which the best part of the powers of Europe have so frequently, and so happily for themselves, depended upon in the greatest emergencies; but as this virtue is generally reckoned as no more than that common honesty, which the meanest man would blush to be without; so it can hardly claim a place amongst the more particular excellencies of a great prince. It were to be wished,



indeed, that the world were honest to such a degree, and that there were not that scandalous defect of common morality. Certainly, nothing can be more shocking to humanity, to the peace and order of the world, nothing can approach nearer to that savage state of nature, in which every man is to eat his fellow, if he can master him, than an avowed liberty of breaking thro' all the most solemn engagements of public faith. 'Tis something that brands a man with an infamy, which nothing can extenuate, or wipe out; he may protest, and pretend to explain his meaning, but the world has generally too much indignation for the affront, to bear it at that easy rate. Ministers and secretaries of state may display their own parts in memorials, with as much pomp and flourish as they please; I fancy the common answer, upon such occasions, will always be, *You have deceived us grossly and we neither can nor will trust you any more.* When this vice comes amongst men of the first rank, it is the more shocking, and I could wish there were none such, to whose charge it might be laid.

Some people (who do me a very great honour in it) have fancied, that in the person of Tamerlane, I have alluded to the greatest character of the present age. I don't know whether I ought not to apprehend a great deal of danger from avowing a design like that. It may be a task, indeed, worthy the greatest genius, which this, or any other time, has produced; but therefore I ought not to stand the shock of a parallel, lest it should be seen, to my disadvantage, how far the hero has transcended the poet's thought. There are many features, 'tis true, in that great man's life, not unlike his majesty; his courage, his piety, his moderation, his justice, and his fatherly love of his people; but above all, his hate of tyranny and oppression, and his zealous care for the common good of mankind, carry a strong resemblance of him. Several incidents are alike in their stories; and there wants nothing to his majesty, but such a deciding victory, as that by which Tamerlane gave peace to the world. That

is yet to come; but I hope we may reasonably expect it, from the unanimity of the present parliament, and so formidable a force as that unanimity will give life and vigour to.

If your Lordship can find any thing in this poem, like a prince, who is so justly the object of your Lordship's, and indeed of the world's veneration, I persuade myself it will prevail with you to forgive every thing else that you find amiss. You will excuse the faults in writing, for the goodness of the intention. I hope, too, your Lordship will not be displeased, that I take this opportunity of renewing the honour which I formerly had to be known to your Lordship, and which gives me, at once, the pleasure of expressing those just and dutiful sentiments I have for his majesty, and that strong inclination which I have always had, to be thought,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

humble servant,

N. ROWE.

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## TAMERLANE.

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THE prevailing sentiments of this play are lofty and majestic, such as the pomp of Asiatic grandeur may be supposed to furnish to mighty sovereigns, whose hatred is founded upon mutual ambition.

The characters are well contrasted, and oppose each other like contradictory principles, between which all coalition is impracticable. Where clemency is scorned, and nothing from the victor is welcomed but death, there could be no other contrast than dignified serenity and rational rebuke, to insist upon the ravages that tyranny causes in the world, and justify its misery of abasement.

The under plot is tender and affecting. The lovers have our entire sympathy, and their scenes sooth the mind agitated by the tempestuous hurricane of imperial rage.

Much of the play is declamatory—but the easy virtue of TAMERLANE, in the representation, fades before the vicious fierceness of BAJAZET.—Something has been hinted of an intended allusion to the characters of WILLIAM III. and the GRANDE MONARQUE—but the caricature applies as portrait to both—If LOUIS were not a BAJAZET, WILLIAM could only, by the grossest flattery, be resembled to the TIMUR BEG of ROWE.

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## EPILOGUE.

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OF all the Muse's various labours, none  
Have lasted longer, or have higher flown,  
Than those that tell the fame by ancient heroes won.  
With pleasure, Rome, and great Augustus, heard  
Arms and the man' sung by the Mantuan bard.  
In spite of time, the sacred story lives,  
And Cæsar and his empire still survives.  
Like him (tho' much unequal to his fame)  
Our author makes a pious prince his theme :  
High with the foremost names, in arms, he stood,  
Had fought, and suffer'd for his country's good,  
Yet sought not fame, but peace, in fields of blood.  
Safe under him his happy people sat,  
And griev'd, at distance, for their neighbours' fate ;  
Whilst with success a Turkish Monarch crown'd,  
Like spreading flame, deform'd the nations round ;  
With sword and fire he forc'd his impious way  
To lawless pow'r, and universal sway.  
Some abject states, for fear, the tyrant join,  
Others, for gold, their liberties resign,  
And venal princes sold their right divine :  
'Till Heav'n, the growing evil to redress,  
Sent Tamerlane to give the world a peace.  
The hero rous'd, asserts the glorious cause,  
And to the field the cheerful soldier draws.  
Around, in crowds, his valiant leaders wait,  
Anxious for glory and secure of fate ;  
Well pleas'd, once more, to venture on his side,  
And prove that faith again, which had so oft been try'd.

---

*The peaceful fathers, who in senates meet,  
Approve an enterprise so just, so great ;  
While with their prince's arms, their voice thus join'd,  
Gains half the praise of having sav'd mankind.*

*Ev'n in a circle, where, like this, the fair  
Were met, the bright assembly did declare,  
Their house with one consent, were for the war ;  
Each urg'd her lover to unsheath his sword,  
And never spare a man who broke his word.  
Thus fir'd, the brave on to the danger press ;  
Their arms were crown'd abroad with just success,  
And blest at home with beauty and with peace.*

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Dramatis Personæ.

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COVENT-GARDEN.

|                   |   |   |   |   |   | <i>Men.</i>   |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---------------|
| TAMERLANE         | - | - | - | - | - | Mr. Harley.   |
| BAJAZET           | - | - | - | - | - | Mr. Aickin.   |
| AXALLA            | - | - | - | - | - | Mr. Macready. |
| MONESSES          | - | - | - | - | - | Mr. Farren.   |
| STRATOCLES        | - | - | - | - | - | Mr. Davies.   |
| Prince of TANAISS | - | - | - | - | - | Mr. Powell.   |
| OMAR              | - | - | - | - | - | Mr. Hall.     |
| MIRVAN            | - | - | - | - | - | Mr. Evatt.    |
| ZAMA              | - | - | - | - | - | Mr. Cross.    |
| HALY              | - | - | - | - | - | Mr. Cubit.    |
| Dervise           | - | - | - | - | - | Mr. Thompson. |

|         |   |   |   |   |   | <i>Women.</i> |
|---------|---|---|---|---|---|---------------|
| ARPASIA | - | - | - | - | - | Mrs. Pope.    |
| SELINA  | - | - | - | - | - | Miss Chapman. |

Parthian and Tartarian Soldiers. *Mutes belonging to Bajazet.*

*Other Attendants.*

SCENE, Tamerlane's Camp, near Angoria in Galatia.

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## TAMERLANE.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

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*Before TAMERLANE's Tent. Enter the Prince of TANAIIS,  
ZAMA, and MIRVAN.*

*Prince of Tanais.*

HAIL to the sun ! from whose returning light  
The cheerful soldier's arms new lustre take,  
To deck the pomp of battle. O, my friends !  
Was ever such a glorious face of war ?  
See, from this height, how all Galatia's plains  
With nation's numberless are cover'd o'er ;  
Who, like a deluge, hide the face of earth,  
And leave no object in the vast horizon,  
But glitt'ring arms, and skies.

*Zam.* Our Asian world,  
From this important day expects a lord ;  
This day they hope an end of all their woes,  
Of tyranny, of bondage, and oppression,  
From our victorious emp'ror, Tamerlane.

“ *Mir.* Well has our holy Alha mark'd him out  
“ The scourge of lawless pride and dire ambition,  
“ The great avenger of the groaning world.  
“ Well has he worn the sacred cause of justice

" Upon his prosp'rous sword. Approving Heav'n  
 " Still crown'd the righteous warrior with success; 20  
 " As if it said, Go forth, and be my champion,  
 " Thou, most like me of all my works below.

" *Pr.* No lust of rule, the common vice of kings,  
 " No furious zeal, inspir'd by hot-brain'd priests,  
 " Ill hid beneath religion's specious name,  
 " E'er drew his temp'rate courage to the field :  
 " But to redress an injur'd people's wrongs,  
 " To save the weak one from the strong oppressor,  
 " Is all his end of war. And when he draws  
 " The sword to punish, like relenting Heav'n, 30  
 " He seems unwilling to deface his kind.

" *Mir.* So rich his soul in ev'ry virtuous grace,  
 " That, had not nature made him great by birth,  
 " Yet all the brave had sought him for their friend.  
 " The Christian prince, Axalla, nicely bred  
 " In polish'd arts of European courts,  
 " For him forsakes his native Italy,  
 " And lives a happy exile in his service.

" *Pr.* Pleas'd with the gentle manners of that prince,  
 " Our mighty lord is lavish to his friendship; 40  
 " Tho' Omar and the Tartar lords repine,  
 " And loudly tax their monarch as too partial.

" *Zam.* Ere the mid-hour of night, from tent to tent,  
 " Unweary'd, thro' the num'rous host he past  
 " Viewing with careful eyes each sev'ral quarter;  
 " Whilst from his looks, as from divinity,  
 " The soldiers took presage, and cry'd, Lead on,  
 " Great Alha, and our Emperor, lead on,  
 " To victory, and everlasting fame."

*Mir.* Hear you of Bajazet ? 50

*Pr.* Late in the evening

A slave of near attendance on his person

'Scap'd to our camp. From him we learn'd, the tyrant,  
With rage redoubled, for the fight prepares ;  
Some accidental passion fires his breast,  
(Love, as 'tis thought, for a fair Grecian captive)  
And adds new horror to his native fury.

" For five returning suns, scarce was he seen

" By any, the most favour'd of his court,

" But in lascivious ease, among his women,

60

" Liv'd from the war retir'd ; or else alone,

" In sullen mood, sat meditating plagues

" And ruin to the world ; till yester morn,

" Like fire that lab'ring upwards rends the earth,

" He burst with fury from his tent, commanding

" All should be ready for the fight this day.

" *Zam.* I know his temper well, since in his court,

" Companion of the brave Axalla's embassy.

" I oft observ'd him proud, impatient

" Of aught superior, e'en of Heav'n that made him.

70

" Fond of false glory, of the savage pow'r

" Of ruling without reason, of confounding

" Just and unjust, by an unbounded will ;

" By whom religion, honour, all the bands

" That ought to hold the jarring world in peace,

" Were held the tricks of state, snares of wise princes,

" To draw their easy neighbours to destruction.

" *Mir.* Thrice, by our law and prophet, has he sworn,

" By the world's Lord and Maker, lasting peace,

" With our great master, and his royal friend

80

" The Grecian Emperor ; as oft, regardless

" Of plighted faith, with most unkingly baseness,

" Has ta'en th' advantage of their absent arms,

" Without a war proclaim'd, or cause pretended,

" To waste with sword and fire their fruitful fields :

" Like some accursed fiend, who, 'scap'd from hell,

“ Poisons the balmy air thro’ which he flies,  
 “ He blasts the bearded corn, and loaded branches,  
 “ The lab’ring hind’s best hopes, and marks his way with  
 ruin.”

*Pr.* But see his fate! The mighty Tamerlane 90  
 Comes, like the proxy of inquiring Heav’n,  
 To judge, and to redress. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

*Enter TAMERLANE, Guards, and other Attendants.*

*Tam.* Yet, yet a little, and destructive slaughter  
 Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous prospect;  
 Pass but an hour, which stands betwixt the lives  
 Of thousands and eternity. What change  
 Shall hasty death make in yon glitt’ring plain?  
 Oh, thou fell monster, war! that in a moment  
 Lay’st waste the noblest part of the creation,  
 The boast and masterpiece of the great Maker, 100  
 That wears in vain th’ impression of his image,  
 Unprivileg’d from thee.  
 Health to our friends, and to our arms success,

[*To the Prince, Zama, and Mirvan.*]

Such as the cause for which we fight deserves!

*Pr.* Nor can we ask beyond what Heav’n bestows,  
 Preventing still our wishes. See, great sir,  
 The universal joy your soldiers wear,  
 Omen of prosp’rous battle.

Impatient of the tedious night, in arms  
 Watchful they stood, expecting op’ning day; 110  
 And now are hardly by their leaders held  
 From darting on the foe. “ Like a hot courser,  
 “ That bounding paws the mould’ring soil, disdaining  
 “ The rein that checks him, eager for the race.”

*Tam.* Yes, prince, I mean to give a loose to war.



This morn Axalla, with my Parthian horse,  
Arrives to join me. He who, like a storm,  
Swept, with his flying squadrons, all the plain  
Between Angoria's walls and yon tall mountains,  
That seem to reach the clouds; and now he comes, 120  
Loaden with spoils and conquest, to my aid.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*]

*Zam.* These trumpets speak his presence—

*Enter AXALLA, who kneels to TAMERLANE.*

*Tam.* Welcome! thou worthy partner of my laurels,  
Thou brother of my choice, a band more sacred  
Than nature's brittle tie. By holy friendship,  
Glory and Fame stood still for thy arrival;  
My soul seem'd wanting in its better half,  
And languish'd for thy absence; "like a prophet,  
"That waits the inspiration of his god."

*Ax.* My emperor! my ever royal master! 130  
To whom my secret soul more lowly bends,  
Than forms of outward worship can express;  
How poorly does your soldier pay this goodness,  
Who wears his every hour of life out for you!  
Yet, 'tis his all, and what he has he offers;  
Nor now disdain t' accept the gift he brings.

*Enter SELIMA, MONESES, STRATOCLES, Prisoners; Guards,  
Mutes, &c.*

This earnest of your fortune. See, my lord,  
The noblest prize that ever grac'd my arms!  
Approach, my fair——

*Tam.* This is indeed to conquer, 140  
And well to be rewarded for thy conquest;  
The bloom of op'ning flow'rs, unsully'd beauty,  
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,

And looks like nature in the world's first spring.

But say, Axalla——

*Sel.* Most renown'd in war, [Kneeling to Tam.

Look with compassion on a captive maid,  
 Tho' born of hostile blood; nor let my birth,  
 Deriv'd from Bajazet, prevent that mercy  
 Which every subject of your fortune finds, 150  
 War is the province of ambitious man,  
 Who tears the miserable world for empire;  
 Whilst our weak sex, incapable of wrong,  
 On either side claims privilege of safety.

*Tam.* [raising her.] Rise, royal maid! the pride of haughty  
 pow'r

Pays homage, not receives it, from the fair.  
 Thy angry father fiercely calls me forth,  
 And urges me unwillingly to arms.  
 Yet, tho' our frowning battles menace death  
 And mortal conflict, think not that we hold 160  
 Thy innocence and virtue as our foe.  
 Here, till the fate of Asia is decided,  
 In safety stay. To-morrow is your own.  
 Nor grieve for who may conquer, or who lose;  
 Fortune on either side shall wait thy wishes.

*Sel.* Where shall my wonder and my praise begin?  
 From the successful labours of thy arms;  
 Or from a theme more soft and full of peace,  
 Thy mercy and thy gentleness? Oh, Tamerlane!  
 What can I pay thee for this noble usage, 170  
 But grateful praise? So Heav'n itself is paid.  
 Give peace, ye pow'rs above, peace to mankind;  
 Nor let my father wage unequal war  
 Against the force of such united virtues.

*Tam.* Heav'n hear thy pious wish!—But since our pro-  
 spect

Looks darkly on futurity, till fate  
Determine for us, let thy beauty's safety  
Be my Axalla's care ; in whose glad eyes,  
I read what joy the pleasing service gives him.  
Is there amongst thy other prisoners aught      [To Ax.  
Worthy our knowledge ?      181

Ax. This brave man, my lord,      [Pointing to Mon.  
With long resistance held the combat doubtful.  
His party, prest with numbers, soon grew faint,  
And would have left their charge an easy prey ;  
Whilst he alone, undaunted at the odds,  
Tho' hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly ;  
Nor yielded, till o'ermatch'd by many hands,  
He seem'd to shame our conquest, whilst he own'd it.

Tam. Thou speak'st him as a soldier should a soldier, 190  
Just to the worth he finds. I would not war      [To Mon.  
With aught that wears thy virtuous stamp of greatness,  
Thy habit speaks thee Christian—Nay, yet more,  
My soul seems pleas'd to take acquaintance with thee,  
As if ally'd to thine : perhaps 'tis sympathy  
Of honest minds ; like strings wound up in music,  
Where, by one touch, both utter the same harmony.  
Why art thou then a friend to Bajazet ?  
And why my enemy ?

Mon. If human wisdom      200  
Could point out every action of our lives,  
And say, Let it be thus, in spite of fate  
Or partial fortune, then I had not been  
The wretch I am.

Tam. The brave meet every accident  
With equal minds. Think nobler of thy foes,  
Than to account thy chance in war an evil.

*Mon.* Far, far from that: I rather hold it grievous  
That I was forc'd ev'n but to seem your enemy;  
Nor think the baseness of a vanquish'd slave 210  
Moves me to flatter for precarious life,  
Or ill-bought freedom, when I swear by Heav'n!  
Were I to choose from all mankind a master,  
It should be Tamerlane.

*Tam.* A noble freedom  
Dwells with the brave, unknown to fawning sycophants,  
And claims a privilege of being believ'd.  
I take thy praise as earnest of thy friendship.

*Mon.* Still you prevent the homage I should offer.  
O, royal sir! let my misfortunes plead, 220  
And wipe away the hostile mark I wore.  
I was, when not long since my fortune hail'd me,  
Bless'd to my wish, I was the prince Moneses;  
Born and bred up to greatness: witness the blood,  
Which thro' successive heroes veins, ally'd  
To our Greek emperors, roll'd down to me,  
Feeds the bright flame of glory in my heart.

*Tam.* Ev'n that! that princely tie should bind thee to me,  
If virtue were not more than all alliance.

*Mon.* I have a sister, oh, severe remembrance! 230  
Our noble house's, nay, her sex's pride;  
Nor think my tongue too lavish, if I speak her  
Fair as the fame of virtue, and yet chaste  
As its cold precepts; wise beyond her sex  
And blooming youth; soft as forgiving mercy,  
Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her honour.  
Such as she was, to say I barely lov'd her,  
Is poor to my soul's meaning. From our infancy  
There grew a mutual tenderness between us.  
Till not long since her vows were kindly plighted 240

To a young lord, the equal of her birth.  
The happy day was fix'd, and now approaching,  
When faithless Bajazet (upon whose honour,  
In solemn treaty given, the Greeks depended)  
With sudden war broke in upon the country,  
Secure of peace, and for defence unready.

*Tam.* Let majesty no more be held divine,  
Since kings, who are call'd gods, profane themselves.

*Mon.* Among the wretches whom that deluge swept  
Away to slavery, myself and sister, 250  
Then passing near the frontiers to the court,  
(Which waited for her nuptials) were surpris'd,  
And made the captives of the tyrant's pow'r.  
Soon as we reach'd his court, we found our usage  
Beyond what we expected, fair and noble;  
'Twas then the storm of your victorious arms  
Look'd black, and seem'd to threaten, when he prest me  
(By oft repeating instances) to draw  
My sword for him: but when he found my soul  
Disdain'd his purpose, he more fiercely told me, 260  
That my Arpasia, my lov'd sister's fate  
Depended on my courage shewn for him.  
I had long learnt to hold myself at nothing;  
But for her sake, to ward the blow from her,  
I bound my service to the man I hated.  
Six days are past, since, by the sultan's order,  
I left the pledge of my return behind,  
And went to guard this princess to his camp:  
The rest the brave Axalla's fortune tells you.

*Tam.* Wisely the tyrant strove to prop his cause, 270  
By leaguings with thy virtue; but just Heav'n  
Has torn thee from his side, and left him naked  
To the avenging bolt that drives upon him.



Forget the name of captive, and I wish  
 I could as well restore that fair-one's freedom,  
 Whose loss hangs heavy on thee : yet, ere night,  
 Perhaps, we may deserve thy friendship nobler ;  
 Th' approaching storm may cast thy ship-wreck'd wealth  
 Back to thy arms : till that be past, since war  
 (Tho' in the justest cause) is ever doubtful, 280  
 I will not ask thy sword to aid my victory,  
 Lest it should hurt that hostage of thy valour  
 Our common foe detains.

*Mon.* Let Bajazet

Bend to his yoke repining slaves by force ;  
 You, sir, have found a nobler way to empire,  
 Lord of the willing world.

" *Tam.* Oh, my Axalla !

" Thou hast a tender soul, apt for compassion,  
 " And art thyself a lover and a friend. 290

" Does not this prince's fortune move thy temper ?

" *Ax.* Yes, sir, I mourn the brave Moneses' fate,

" The merit of his virtue hardly match'd

" With disadvent'rous chance : yet, prince, allow me,

" Allow me, from th' experience of a lover,

" To say, one person, whom your story mention'd

" (If he survive) is far beyond you wretched :

" You nam'd the bridegroom of your beauteous sister.

" *Mon.* I did. Oh, most accurst !

" *Ax.* Think what he feels, 300

" Dash'd in the fierceness of his expectation :

" Then, when th' approaching minute of possession

" Had wound imagination to the height,

" Think if he lives !

" *Mon.* He lives ! he does : 'tis true

" He lives ! But how ? To be a dog, and dead,

“ Were Paradise to such a state as his :  
 “ He holds down life, as children do a potion,  
 “ With strong reluctance and convulsive strugglings,  
 “ Whilst his misfortunes press him to disgorge it. 310

*Tam.* “ Spare the remembrance, ’tis an useless grief,  
 “ And adds to the misfortune by repeating.  
 “ The revolution of a day may bring  
 “ Such turns, as Heav’n itself could scarce have promis’d,  
 “ Far, far beyond thy wish : let that hope cheer thee.”

Haste, my Axalla, to dispose with safety  
 Thy beauteous charge, and on the foe revenge  
 The pain which absence gives ; thy other care  
 Honour and arms, now summon thy attendance,  
 Now do thy office well, my soul ! Remember 320  
 Thy cause, the cause of Heaven and injur’d earth.  
 O thou Supreme ! if thy great spirit warms  
 My glowing breast, and fires my soul to arms,  
 Grant that my sword, assisted by thy pow’r,  
 This day may peace and happiness restore,  
 That war and lawless rage may vex the world no more.

[*Exeunt Tamerlane, Moneses, Stratocles, Prince of Tanaïs, Zama, Mirvan, and Attendants.*]

*Ax.* The battle calls, and bids me haste to leave thee ;  
 Oh, Selima ! — But let destruction wait.  
 Are there not hours enough for blood and slaughter ?  
 This moment shall be love’s, and I will waste it 330  
 In soft complainings, for thy sighs and coldness,  
 For thy forgetful coldness ; even at Birza,  
 When in thy father’s court my eyes first own’d thee,  
 Fairer than light, the joy of their beholding,  
 Even then thou wert not thus.

“ *Sel.* Art not thou chang’d,  
 “ Christian Axalla ? Art thou still the same ?

- “ Those were the gentle hours of peace, and thou  
“ The world’s good angel, that didst kindly join  
“ Its mighty masters in harmonious friendship : 340  
“ But since those joys that once were ours are lost,  
“ Forbear to mention ’em, and talk of war ;  
“ Talk of thy conquests and my chains, Axalla.  
“ *Ax.* Yet I will listen, fair, unkind upbraider !  
“ Yet I will listen to thy charming accents,  
“ Altho’ they make me curse my fame and fortune,  
“ My laurel wreaths, and all the glorious trophies  
“ For which the valiant bleed—Oh, thou unjust one !  
“ Dost thou then envy me this small return  
“ My niggard fate has made for all the mournings, 350  
“ For all the pains, for all the sleepless nights  
“ That cruel absence brings ?  
“ *Sel.* Away, deceiver !  
“ I will not hear thy soothing. Is it thus  
“ That Christian lovers prove the faith they swear ?  
“ Are war and slavery the soft endearments  
“ With which they court the beauties they admire ?  
“ ’Twas well my heart was cautious of believing  
“ Thy vows, and thy protesting. Know, my conqueror,  
“ Thy sword has vanquish’d but the half of Selima ; 360  
“ Her soul disdains thy victory.  
“ *Ax.* Hear, sweet Heav’n !  
“ Hear the fair tyrant, how she wrests love’s laws,  
“ As she had vow’d my ruin ! What is conquest ?  
“ What joy have I from that, but to behold thee,  
“ To kneel before thee, and with lifted eyes  
“ To view thee, as devotion does a saint,  
“ With awful, trembling pleasure ; then to swear  
“ Thou art the queen and mistress of my soul ?  
“ Has not ev’n Tamerlane (whose word, next Heav’n’s, 370

" Makes fate at second-hand) bid thee disclaim

" Thy fears? And dost thou call thyself a slave;

" Only to try how far the sad impression

" Can sink into Axalla?

" *Sel.* Oh, Axalla!

" Ought I to hear you?

" *Ax.* Come back, ye hours,

" And tell my Selima what she has done!

" Bring back the time, when to her father's court

" I came ambassador of peace from Tamerlane; 380

" When, hid by conscious darkness and disguise,

" I past the dangers of the watchful guards,

" Bold as the youth who nightly swam the Hellespont:

" Then, then she was not sworn the foe of love;

" When, as my soul confest its flame, and su'd

" In moving sounds for pity, she frown'd rarely,

" But, blushing, heard me tell the gentle tale;

" Nay, ev'n confest, and told me softly, sighing,

" She thought there was no guilt in love like mine."

*Sel.* Young, and unskilful in the world's false arts, 390

I suffer'd love to steal upon my softness,

And warm me with a lambent guiltless flame:

Yes, I have heard thee swear a thousand times,

And call the conscious pow'rs of Heaven to witness

The tend'rest, truest, everlasting passion.

But, oh! 'tis past; and I will charge remembrance

To banish the fond image from my soul.

Since thou art sworn the foe of royal Bajazet,

I have resolv'd to hate thee.

*Ax.* Is it possible?

400

Hate is not in thy nature: thy whole frame

Is harmony, without one jarring atom.

Why dost thou force thy eyes to wear this coldness?

It damps the springs of life. Oh! bid me die,  
 Much rather bid me die, if it be true  
 That thou hast sworn to hate me.—

*Sel.* Let life and death  
 Wait the decision of the bloody field;  
 Nor can thy fate, my conqueror, depend  
 Upon a woman's hate. Yet, since you urge 410  
 A power, which once perhaps I had, there is  
 But one request that I can make with honour.

*Ax.* Oh, name it! say!—

*Sel.* Forego your right of war,  
 And render me this instant to my father.

*Ax.* Impossible!—The tumult of the battle,  
 That hastes to join, cuts off all means of commerce  
 Betwixt the armies.

*Sel.* Swear then to perform it,  
 Which way so'er the chance of war determines, 420  
 On my first instance.

*Ax.* By the sacred majesty  
 Of Heaven, to whom we kneel, I will obey thee;  
 Yes, I will give thee this severest proof  
 Of my soul's vow'd devotion; I will part with thee,  
 (Thou cruel, to command it!) I will part with thee,  
 As wretches that are doubtful of hereafter  
 Part with their lives, unwilling, loth and fearful,  
 And trembling at futurity. But is there nothing,  
 No small return that honour can afford 430  
 For all this waste of love?

“*Sel.* The gifts of captives  
 “Wear somewhat of constraint; and generous minds  
 “Disdain to give, where freedom of the choice  
 “Does but seem wanting.

“*Ax.*” What! not one kind look!



Then thou art chang'd indeed. [*Trumpets.*] Hark, I am  
summon'd,

And thou wilt send me forth like one unblest'd ;  
Whom fortune has forsaken, and ill fate  
Mark'd for destruction. " Thy surprising coldness 440  
" Hangs on my soul, and weighs my courage down ;  
" And the first feeble blow I meet shall raze me  
" From all remembrance : " nor is life or fame  
Worthy my care, since I am lost to thee. [*Going.*]

*Sel.* Ha ! goest thou to the fight ? —

*Ax.* I do. — Farewell ! —

*Sel.* What ! and no more ! A sigh heaves in my breast,  
And stops the struggling accents on my tongue,  
Else, sure, I should have added something more,  
And made our parting softer. 450

*Ax.* Give it way.

The niggard honour, that affords not love,  
Forbids not pity —

" *Sel.* Fate perhaps has set

" This day, the period of thy life and conquest ;  
" And I shall see thee borne at evening back  
" A breathless corse. — Oh ! can I think on that,  
" And hide my sorrows ! — No — they will have way,  
" And all the vital air that life draws in  
" Is render'd back in sighs. 460

" *Ax.* The murm'ring gale revives the drooping flame,  
" That at thy coldness languish'd in my breast :  
" So breathe the gentle zephyrs on the spring,  
" And waken ev'ry plant and od'rous flower,  
" Which winter frost had blasted, to new life.

" *Sel.* To see thee for this moment, and no more —  
" Oh ! help me to resolve against this tenderness,  
" That charms my fierce resentments, and presents thee

" Not as thou art, mine and my father's foe,  
 " But as thou wert, when first thy moving accent 470  
 " Won me to hear ; when, as I listen'd to thee,  
 " The happy hours past by us unperceiv'd,  
 " So was my soul fix'd to the soft enchantment.

" *Ax.* Let me be still the same ; I am, I must be."

If it were possible my heart could stray,  
 One look from thee would call it back again,  
 And fix the wanderer for ever thine.

*Sel.* Where is my boasted resolution now ?

*[Sinking into his arms.]*

Oh, yes ! thou art the same ; my heart joins with thee,

" And to betray me will believe thee still : 480

" It dances to the sounds that mov'd it first,

" And owns at once the weakness of my soul.

" So, when some skilful artist strikes the strings,

" The magic numbers rouse our sleeping passions,

" And force us to confess our grief and pleasure."

Alas ! Axalla, say——dost thou not pity

My artless innocence, and easy fondness ?

Oh ! turn thee from me, or I die with blushing.

*Ax.* No, let me rather gaze, for ever gaze,

And bless the new-born glories that adorn thee ; 490

" From every blush, that kindles in thy cheeks,

" Ten thousand little loves and graces spring

" To revel in the roses——'t wo' not be," *[Trumpets.]*

This envious trumpet calls, and tears me from thee.

*Sel.* My fears encrease, and doubly press me now :

I charge thee, if thy sword comes cross my father,

Stop for a moment, and remember me.

*Ax.* Oh, doubt not but his life shall be my care ;

Ev'n dearer than my own——

*Sel.* Guard that for me too.

*Ax.* Oh, Selima ! thou hast restor'd my quiet. 500

The noble ardour of the war, with love  
 Returning, brightly burns within my breast,  
 And bids me be secure of all hereafter.  
 " So cheers some pious saint a dying sinner  
 " (Who trembled at the thought of pains to come)  
 " With Heav'n's forgiveness and the hopes of mercy :  
 " At length, the tumult of his soul appeas'd,  
 " And every doubt and anxious scruple eas'd,  
 " Boldly he proves the dark, uncertain road, 510  
 " The peace, his holy comforter bestow'd,  
 " Guides, and protects him like a guardian god." [Exit.  
*Sel.* In vain all arts a love-sick virgin tries,  
 Affects to frown, and seem severely wise,  
 In hopes to cheat the wary lover's eyes.  
 If the dear youth her pity strives to move,  
 And pleads, with tenderness, the cause of love,  
 Nature asserts her empire in her heart,  
 And kindly takes the faithful lover's part.  
 By love herself, and nature, thus betray'd, 520  
 No more she trusts in pride's fantastic aid,  
 But bids her eyes confess the yielding maid.  
 [Exit Selima, Guards following.

ACT II. SCENE I.

TAMERLANE's Camp. Enter MONESES.

*Moneses:*

THE dreadful business of the war is over :  
 And slaughter, that, from yester morn till even,  
 With giant steps, past striding o'er the field,  
 Besmear'd and horrid with the blood of nations,  
 Now weary sits among the mangled heaps,

And slumbers o'er her prey ; while from this camp  
 The cheerful sounds of victory and Tamerlane  
 Beat the high arch of Heav'n. " Deciding fate,  
 " That crowns him with the spoils of such a day,  
 " Has giv'n it as an earnest of the world  
 " That shortly shall be his."

10

*Enter STRATOCLES.*

My Stratocles !

Most happily return'd ; might I believe  
 Thou bring'st me any joy ?

*Stra.* With my best diligence,  
 This night I have enquir'd of what concerns you.  
 Scarce was the sun, who shone upon the horror  
 Of the past day, sunk to the western ocean,  
 When, by permission from the prince Axalla,  
 I mixt among the tumult of the warriors  
 Returning from the battle : here a troop  
 Of hardy Parthians, red with honest wounds,  
 Confest the conquest they had well deserv'd :  
 There a dejected crew of wretched captives,  
 " Sore with unprofitable hurts, and groaning  
 " Under the new bondage," follow'd sadly after  
 The haughty victor's heels. But that, which fully  
 Crown'd the success of Tamerlane, was Bajazet,  
 Fall'n, like the proud archangel, from the height  
 Where once (even next to majesty divine)  
 Enthron'd he sat, down to the vile descent  
 And lowness of a slave : but, oh ! to speak  
 The rage, the fierceness, and the indignation !—  
 It bars all words, and cuts description short.

20

30

*Mon.* Then he is fall'n ! that comet which on high  
 Portended ruin ; he has spent his blaze,

And shall distract the world' with fears no more.

" Sure it must bode me well ; for oft my soul

" Has started into tumult at his name,

" As if my guardian angel took th' alarm,

40

" At the approach of somewhat mortal to me."

But say, my friend, what hear'st thou of Arpasia ?

For there my thoughts, my every care is centred.

*Stra.* Tho' on that purpose still I bent my search,

Yet nothing certain could I gain but this ;

That in the pillage of the Sultan's tent

Some women were made pris'ners, who this morning

Were to be offer'd to the emperor's view :

Their names and qualities, tho' oft enquiring,

I could not learn.

50

*Mon.* Then must my soul still labour

Beneath uncertainty and anxious doubt,

The mind's worst state. The tyrant's ruin gives me

But a half ease.

*Stra.* 'Twas said, not far from hence

The captives were to wait the emperor's passage.

*Mon.* Haste we to find the place. Oh, my Arpasia !

Shall we not meet ? " Why hangs my heart thus heavy,

" Like death within my bosom ? Oh ! 'tis well,

" The joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence,

60

" Else who could bear it ?"

When thy lov'd sight shall bless my eyes again,

Then I will own I ought not to complain,

Since that sweet hour is worth whole years of pain.

[*Exit* Moneses and Stratocles.]



SCENE II.

*The Inside of a magnificent Tent. Symphony of Warlike Music.  
Enter TAMERLANE, AXALLA, Prince of TANAI, ZAMA,  
MIRVAN, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

*Ax.* From this auspicious day the Parthian name  
Shall date its birth of empire, and extend  
Ev'n from the dawning east to utmost Thule,  
The limits of its sway.

*Pr.* Nations unknown,  
Where yet the Roman eagles never flew, 70  
Shall pay their homage to victorious Tamerlane;  
Bend to his valour and superior virtue,  
And own, that conquest is not given by chance,  
But, bound by fatal and resistless merit,  
Waits on his arms.

*Tam.* It is too much : you dress me  
Like an usurper, in borrow'd attributes  
Of injur'd Heav'n. Can we call conquest ours ?  
Shall man, this pigmy, with a giant's pride,  
Vaunt of himself, and say, Thus have I done this ? 80  
Oh, vain pretence to greatness ! Like the moon,  
We borrow all the brightness which we boast,  
Dark in ourselves, and useless. If that hand,  
That rules the fate of battles, strike for us,  
Crown us with fame, and gild our clay with honour,  
'Twere most ungrateful to disown the benefit,  
And arrogate a praise which is not ours.

*Ax.* With such unshaken temper of the soul  
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,  
Is to deserve that fortune : in adversity 90

The mind grows tough by buffetting the tempest,  
Which, in success dissolving, sinks to ease,  
And loses all her firmness.

*Tam.* Oh, Axalla!  
Could I forget I am a man as thou art;  
Would not the winter's cold or summer's heat,  
Sickness, or thirst, and hunger, all the train  
Of Nature's clamourous appetites, asserting  
An equal right in kings and common men,  
Reprove me daily?—No—If I boast of aught,  
Be it to have been Heav'n's happy instrument,  
The means of good to all my fellow creatures:  
This is a king's best praise.

*Enter OMAR.*

*Om.* Honour and fame : [*Bowing to Tamerlane.*  
For ever wait the emperor : may our prophet  
Give him ten thousand thousand days of life,  
And every day like this. The captive sultan,  
Fierce in his bonds, and at his fate repining,  
Attends your sacred will.

*Tam.* Let him approach.

*Enter BAJAZET, and other Turkish prisoners in Chains, with a  
guard of Soldiers.*

When I survey the ruins of this field,  
The wild destruction, which thy fierce ambition  
Has dealt among mankind (so many widows  
And helpless orphans has thy battle made,  
That half our eastern world this day are mourners),  
Well may I, in behalf of Heav'n and earth,  
Demand from thee atonement of this wrong.

*Baj.* Make thy demand to those that own thy pow'r;

Know, I am still beyond it ; and tho' Fortune  
 (Curse on that changeling deity of fools !)  
 Has stript me of the train and pomp of greatness,  
 That out-side of a king, yet still my soul,  
 Fixt high, and of itself alone dependent,  
 Is ever free and royal, and ev'n now,  
 As at the head of battle does defy thee :  
 I know what power the chance of war has giv'n,  
 And dare thee to the use on't. This vile speeching,  
 This after-game of words, is what most irks me ;  
 Spare that, and for the rest 'tis equal all —  
 Be it as it may.

120

130

*Tam.* Well was it for the world,  
 When on their borders neighbouring princes met,  
 Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates  
 Preventing wasteful war : such should our meeting  
 Have been, hadst thou but held in just regard  
 The sanctity of leagues so often sworn to.  
 Canst thou believe thy prophet, or, what's more,  
 That Pow'r supreme, which made thee and thy prophet,  
 Will, with impunity, let pass that breach  
 Of sacred faith giv'n to the royal Greek ?

140

*Baj.* Thou pedant talker ! ha ! art thou a king  
 Possess of sacred pow'r, Heav'n's darling attribute,  
 And dost thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and prophets !  
 I hate the Greek (perdition on his name !)  
 As I do thee, and would have met you both,  
 As death does human nature, for destruction.

*Tam.* Causeless to hate, is not of human kind :  
 The savage brute, that haunts in woods remote  
 And desert wilds, tears not the fearful traveller,  
 If hunger, or some injury, provoke not.

150

*Baj.* Can a king want a cause, when empire bids

Go on? What is he born for, but ambition?  
It is his hunger, 'tis his call of nature,  
The noble appetite which will be satisfy'd,  
And, like the food of gods, makes him immortal.

*Tam.* Henceforth I will not wonder we were foes,  
Since souls that differ so by nature hate,  
And strong antipathy forbids their union.

*Baj.* The noble fire that warms me, does indeed  
Transcend thy coldness. I am pleas'd we differ, 160  
Nor think alike.

*Tam.* No—for I think like man.  
Thou like a monster, from whose baleful presence  
Nature starts back; and tho' she fix'd her stamp  
On thy rough mass, and mark'd thee for a man,  
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee  
As form'd for her destruction.—

'Tis true, I am a king, as thou hast been:  
Honour and glory too have been my aim;  
But, tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers 170  
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,  
Yet would I choose to fix my name by peace,  
By justice, and by mercy; and to raise  
My trophies on the blessings of mankind:  
Nor would I buy the empire of the world  
With ruin of the people whom I sway,  
On forfeit of my honour.

*Baj.* Prophet, I thank thee.—  
Damnation!—Couldst thou rob me of my glory,  
To dress up this tame king, this preaching dervise? 180  
Unfit for war, thou shouldst have liv'd secure  
In lazy peace, and with debating senates  
Shar'd a precarious sceptre, sat tamely still,  
And let bold factions canton out thy pow'r,

And wrangle for the spoils they robb'd thee of;  
 Whilst I (curse on the power that stops my ardour!)  
 Would, like a tempest, rush amidst the nations,  
 Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Alha,  
 My angry thunder on the frighted world.

*Tam.* The world!—'twould be too little for thy pride:  
 Thou wouldst scale Heav'n— 191

*Baj.* I would:—Away! my soul  
 Disdains thy conference.

*Tam.* Thou vain, rash thing,  
 That, with gigantic insolence, hast dar'd  
 To lift thy wretched self above the stars,  
 And mate with pow'r Almighty: Thou art fall'n!

*Baj.* 'Tis false! I am not fall'n from aught I have been;  
 At least my soul resolves to keep her state,  
 And scorns to take acquaintance with ill fortune. 200

*Tam.* Almost beneath my pity art thou fall'n?  
 Since, while th' avenging hand of Heav'n is on thee,  
 And presses to the dust thy swelling soul,  
 Fool-hardy, with the stronger thou contendest.  
 To what vast heights had thy tumultuous temper  
 Been hurry'd, if success had crown'd thy wishes:  
 Say, what had I to expect, if thou hadst conquer'd!

*Baj.* Oh, glorious thought! By Heav'n I will enjoy it,  
 Tho' but in fancy; imagination shall  
 Make room to entertain the vast idea, 210  
 Oh! had I been the master but of yesterday,  
 The world, the world had felt me; and for thee,  
 I had us'd thee, as thou art to me—a dog,  
 The object of my scorn and mortal hatred:  
 I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,  
 And mounted from that footstool to my saddle:  
 Then, when thy daily servile task was done,



I would have cag'd thee, for the scorn of slaves,  
Till thou hadst begg'd to die; and ev'n that mercy  
I had deny'd thee. Now thou know'st my mind, 220  
And question me no farther.

*Tam.* Well dost thou teach me  
What justice should exact from thee. Mankind,  
With one consent, cry out for vengeance on thee;  
Loudly they call to cut off this league-breaker,  
This wild destroyer, from the face of earth.

*Baj.* Do it, and rid thy shaking soul at once  
Of its worst fear.

*Tam.* Why slept the thunder  
That should have arm'd the idol deity, 230  
And given thee power, ere yester sun was set,  
To shake the soul of Tamerlane. Had'st thou an arm  
To make thee fear'd, thou shouldst have prov'd it on me,  
Amidst the sweat and blood of yonder field,  
When, thro' the tumult of the war I sought thee,  
Fenc'd in with nations.

*Baj.* Curse upon the stars  
That fated us to different scenes of slaughter!  
Oh! could my sword have met thee!—

*Tam.* Thou hadst then, 240  
As now, been in my pow'r, and held thy life  
Dependent on my gift—Yes, Bajazet,  
I bid thee, live.—“ So much my soul disdains  
“ That thou shouldst think I can fear aught but Heav'n:”  
Nay more; couldst thou forget thy brutal fierceness,  
And form thyself to manhood, I would bid thee  
Live, and be still a king, that thou mayst learn  
What man should be to man, in war remembering  
The common tie and brotherhood of kind.  
This royal tent, with such of thy domestics 250

As can be found, shall wait upon thy service ;  
 Nor will I use my fortune to demand  
 Hard terms of peace, but such as thou mayst offer  
 With honour—I with honour may receive.

[Tamerlane signs to an officer who unbinds Bajazet.

Baj. Ha ! sayst thou—no—our prophet's vengeance blast  
 me,

If thou shalt buy my friendship with thy empire,  
 Damnation on thee ! thou smooth fawning talker !  
 Give me again my chains, that I may curse thee,  
 And gratify my rage : or, if thou wilt  
 Be a vain fool, and play with thy perdition, 260  
 Remember I'm thy foe, and hate thee deadly.  
 Thy folly on thy head !

Tam. Be still my foe.

Great minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd in doing good,  
 Tho' the ungrateful subjects of their favours  
 Are barren in return : " thy stubborn pride,  
 " That spurns the gentle office of humanity,  
 " Shall in my honour own, and thy despite,  
 " I have done as I ought." Virtue still does  
 With scorn the mercenary world regard, 270  
 Where abject souls do good, and hope reward :  
 Above the worthless trophies men can raise,  
 She seeks not honours, wealth, nor airy praise,  
 But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

[Exeunt Tamerlane, Axalla, Prince of Tanais,  
 Mirvan, Zama, and Attendants.

Baj. Come, lead me to my dungeon ! plunge me down  
 Deep from the hated sight of man and day,  
 Where, under covert of the friendly darknes,  
 My soul may brood, at leisure, o'er its anguish.

Om. Our royal master would with noble usage,

Make your misfortunes light : he bids you hope— 280

*Baj.* I tell thee, slave, I have shook hands with hope,  
And all my thoughts are rage, despair, and horror.  
Ha ! wherefore am I thus ?—Perdition seize me !  
But my cold blood runs shiv'ring to my heart,  
As at some phantom, that in dead of night,  
With dreadful action stalks around our beds.  
The rage and fiercer passions of my breast  
Are lost in new confusion.—

*Enter HALY.*

Arpasia !—Haly !

*Ha.* Oh, emperor ! for whose hard fate our prophet 290  
And all the heroes of thy sacred race  
Are sad in paradise, thy faithful Haly,  
The slave of all thy pleasures, in this ruin,  
This universal shipwreck of thy fortunes,

*Enter ARPASIA.*

Has gather'd up this treasure for thy arms :  
Nor ev'n the victor, haughty Tamerlane,  
(By whose command once more thy slave beholds thee)  
Denies this blessing to thee, but, with honour,  
Renders thee back thy queen, thy beauteous bride,

*Baj.* Oh ! had her eyes, with pity, seen my sorrows, 300  
Had she the softness of a tender bride,  
Heav'n could not have bestow'd a greater blessing,  
And love had made amends for loss of empire.  
But see, what fury dwells upon her charms !  
What lightning flashes from her angry eyes !  
With a malignant joy she views my ruin :  
Even beauteous in her hatred, still she charms me,  
And awes my fierce tumultuous soul to love.

*Arp.* And dar'st thou hope, thou tyrant! ravisher!  
 That Heav'n has any joy in store for thee? 310  
 Look back upon the sum of thy past life,  
 Where tyranny, oppression, and injustice,  
 Perjury, murders, swell the black account;  
 Where lost Arpasia's wrongs stand bleeding fresh,  
 Thy last recorded crime. But Heav'n has found thee;  
 At length the tardy vengeance has o'erta'en thee.  
 My weary soul shall bear a little longer  
 The pain of life, to call for justice on thee:  
 That once complete, sink to the peaceful grave,  
 And lose the memory of my wrongs and thee. 320

*Baj.* Thou rail'st! I thank thee for it—Be perverse,  
 And muster all the woman in thy soul;  
 Goad me with curses, be a very wife,  
 That I may fling off this tame love, and hate thee.

*Enter MONESES.*

[*Bajazet starting.*]

Ha! keep thy temper, heart, nor take alarm  
 At a slave's presence.

*Mon.* It is Arpasia!—Leave me, thou cold fear.  
 Sweet as the rosy morn she breaks upon me,  
 And sorrow, like the night's unwholesome shade,  
 Gives way before the golden dawn she brings. 330

*Baj.* [*Advancing towards him.*] Ha, Christian! is it well  
 that we meet thus?  
 Is this thy faith?

*Mon.* Why does thy frowning brow  
 Put on this form of fury? Is it strange  
 We should meet here companions in misfortune,  
 The captives in one common chance of war?  
 Nor shouldst thou wonder that my sword has fail'd  
 Before the fortune of victorious Tamerlane,

When thou, with nations like the sanded shore,  
With half the warring world upon thy side, 340  
Couldst not stand up against his dreadful battle,  
That crush'd thee with its shock. Thy men can witness,  
Those cowards that forsook me in the combat,  
My sword was not inactive.

*Baj.* No——'tis false;

Where is my daughter, thou vile Greek? Thou hast  
Betray'd her to the Tartar; or, even worse,  
Pale with thy fear, didst lose her like a coward;  
And, like a coward now, wouldst cast the blame  
On fortune and ill stars. 350

*Mon.* Ha! saidst thou, like a coward?  
What sanctity, what majesty divine  
Hast thou put on, to guard thee from my rage,  
That thus thou dar'st to wrong me?

*Baj.* Out, thou slave,  
And know me for thy lord——

*Mon.* I tell thee, tyrant,  
When in the pride of power thou sat'st on high,  
When like an idol thou wert vainly worshipp'd  
By prostrate wretches, born with slavish souls; 360  
Ev'n when thou wert a king, thou wert no more,  
Nor greater than Moneses; born of a race  
Royal, and great as thine. What art thou now then?  
The fate of war has set thee with the lowest;  
And captives (like the subjects of the grave)  
Losing distinction, serve one common lord.

*Baj.* Brav'd by this dog! Now give a loose to rage,  
And curse thyself; curse thy false cheating prophet.  
Ha! yet there's some revenge. Hear me, thou Christian!  
Thou left'st that sister with me:—Thou impostor! 370  
Thou boaster of thy honesty! Thou liar!



But take her to thee back.

Now to explore my prison——If it holds  
Another plague like this, the restless damn'd  
(If Mufties lie not) wander thus in hell;  
From scorching flames to chilling frosts they run,  
Then from their frosts to fires return again,  
And only prove variety of pain. [*Exit Bajazet and Haly.*]

*Arp.* Stay, Bajazet, I charge thee by my wrongs!  
Stay and unfold a tale of so much horror 380  
As only fits thy telling.——Oh, Moneses!

“*Mon.* Why dost thou weep? Why this tempestuous  
passion,

“That stops thy fault’ring tongue short on my name?

“Oh, speak! unveil this mystery of sorrow,

“And draw the dismal scene at once to sight.

“*Arp.* Thou art undone, lost, ruin’d, and undone!

“*Mon.* I will not think ’tis so, while I have thee;

“While thus ’tis given to fold thee in my arms;

“For while I sigh upon thy panting bosom,

“The sad remembrance of past woes is lost. 390

“*Arp.* Forbear to sooth thy soul with flatt’ring thoughts,

“Of evils overpast, and joys to come;

“Our woes are like the genuine shade beneath,

“Where fate cuts off the very hopes of day,

“And everlasting night and horror reign.”

*Mon.* By all the tenderness and chaste endearments  
Of our past love, I charge thee, my Arpasia,  
To ease my soul of doubts! Give me to know,  
At once, the utmost malice of my fate!

*Arp.* Take then thy wretched share in all I suffer, 400  
Still partner of my heart! Scarce hadst thou left  
The sultan’s camp, when the imperious tyrant,  
Soft’ning the pride and fierceness of his temper,

With gentle speech made offer of his love.  
 Amaz'd, as at the shock of sudden death,  
 I started into tears, and often urg'd  
 (Tho' still in vain) the difference of our faiths.  
 At last, as flying to the utmost refuge,  
 With lifted hands and streaming eyes, I own'd  
 The fraud; which, when we first were made his pris'ners, 410  
 " Conscious of my unhappy form, and fearing  
 " For thy dear life," I forc'd thee to put on  
 Thy borrow'd name of brother, mine of sister;  
 Hiding beneath that veil the nearer tie  
 Our mutual vows had made before the priest.  
 Kindling to rage at hearing of my story,  
 Then, be it so, he cry'd: think'st thou thy vows,  
 Giv'n to a slave, shall bar me from thy beauties?  
 Then bade the priest pronounce the marriage rites:  
 Which he perform'd; whilst, shrieking with despair, 420  
 I call'd, in vain, the pow'rs of Heav'n to aid me.

*Mon.* Villain! imperial villain!—Oh, the coward!  
 Aw'd by his guilt, tho' back'd by force and power,  
 He durst not to my face avow his purpose;  
 But in my absence, like a lurking thief,  
 Stole on my treasure, and at once undid me.

*Arp.* Had they not kept me from the means of death,  
 Forgetting all the rules of Christian suffering,  
 I had done a desp'rate murder on my soul,  
 Ere the rude slaves, that waited on his will, 430  
 Had forc'd me to his——

*Mon.* Stop thee there, Arpasia,  
 And bar my fancy from the guilty scene!  
 Let not thought enter, lest the busy mind  
 Should muster such a train of monstrous images  
 As would distract me. Oh! I cannot bear it.

Thou lovely hoard of sweets, where all my joys  
Were treasur'd up, to have thee rifled thus !

" Thus torn untasted from my eager wishes !"

But I will have thee from him. Tamerlane

440

(The sovereign judge of equity on earth)

Shall do me justice on this mighty robber,

And render back thy beauties to Moneses.

*Arp.* And who shall render back my peace, my honour,  
The spotless whiteness of my virgin soul !

Ah ! no, Moneses——Think not I will ever

Bring a polluted love to thy chaste arms :

I am the tyrant's wife. Oh, fatal title !

And, in the sight of all the saints, have sworn,

By honour, womanhood, and blushing shame,

450

To know no second bride-bed but my grave.

" *Mon.* I swear it must not be, since still my eye

" Finds thee as heav'nly white, as angel pure

" As in the earliest hours of life thou wert :

" Nor art thou his, but mine; thy first vow's mine.

" Thy soul is mine.——

" *Arp.* O ! think not that the pow'r

" Of most persuasive eloquence can make me

" Forget I've been another's, been his wife.

" Now, by my blushes, by the strong confusion

460

" And anguish of my heart, spare me, Moneses,

" Nor urge my trembling virtue to the precipice."

Shortly, oh ! very shortly, if my sorrows

Divine aright, and Heav'n be gracious to me,

Death shall dissolve the fatal obligation,

" And give me up to peace, to that blest place

" Where the good rest from care and anxious life.

" *Mon.* Oh, teach me, thou fair saint, like thee to suffer !

" Teach me, with hardy piety, to combat

- “ The present ills : instruct my eyes to pass 470  
 “ The narrow bounds of life, this land of sorrow,  
 “ And, with bold hopes, to view the realms beyond  
 “ Those distant beauties of the future state.  
 “ Tell me, Arpasia—say, what joys are those  
 “ That wait to crown the wretch who suffers here?  
 “ Oh! tell me, and sustain my failing faith.  
 “ *Arp.* Imagine somewhat exquisitely fine,  
 “ Which fancy cannot paint, which the pleas’d mind  
 “ Can barely know, unable to describe it ;  
 “ Imagine ’tis a tract of endless joys 480  
 “ Without satiety or interruption ;  
 “ Imagine ’tis to meet, and part no more.  
 “ *Mon.* Grant, gentle Heav’n, that such may be our lot!  
 “ Let us be blest together.—Oh, my soul!  
 “ Build on that hope, and let it arm thy courage  
 “ To struggle with the storm that parts us now.”  
*Arp.* Yes, my Moneses! now the surges rise,  
 The swelling sea breaks in between our barks,  
 And drives us to our fate on different rocks.  
 Farewell!—My soul lives with thee.— 490  
*Mon.* Death is parting,  
 ’Tis the last sad adieu ’twixt soul and body.  
 But this is somewhat worse—My joy, my comfort,  
 All that was left in life, fleets after thee ;  
 “ My aking sight hangs on thy parting beauties,  
 “ Thy lovely eyes, all drown’d in floods of sorrow.  
 “ So sinks the setting sun beneath the waves,  
 “ And leaves the traveller, in pathless woods,  
 “ Benighted and forlorn—Thus, with sad eyes,  
 “ Westward he turns, to mark the light’s decay, 500  
 “ Till, having lost the last faint glimpse of day,  
 “ Cheerless, in darkness, he pursues his way.”

[*Exeunt Moneses and Arpasia severally.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The inside of the royal Tent. Enter AXALLA, SELIMA, " and Women Attendants.*

*" Axalla.*

- " CAN there be aught in love beyond this proof,  
 " This wondrous proof I give thee of my faith?  
 " To tear thee from my bleeding bosom thus!  
 " To rend the strings of life, to set thee free,  
 " And yield thee to a cruel father's power,  
 " Foe to my hopes! What canst thou pay me back,  
 " What but thyself, thou angel! for this fondness?  
 " *Sel.* Thou dost upbraid me, beggar as I am,  
 " And urge me with my poverty of love.  
 " Perhaps thou think'st, 'tis nothing for a maid 10  
 " To struggle thro' the niceness of her sex,  
 " The blushes and the fears, and own she loves.  
 " Thou think'st 'tis nothing for my artless heart  
 " To own my weakness, and confess thy triumph.  
 " *Ax.* Oh! yes, I own it; my charm'd ears ne'er knew  
 " A sound of so much rapture, so much joy.  
 " Not voices, instruments, not warbling birds,  
 " Not winds, not murm'ring waters join'd in concert,  
 " Not tuneful nature, not th' according spheres,  
 " Utter such harmony, as when my Selima, 20  
 " With down-cast looks and blushes, said—I love.—  
 " *Sel.* And yet thou say'st, I am a niggard to thee.  
 " I swear the balance shall be held between us,  
 " And love be judge, if, after all the tenderness,  
 " Tears and confusion of my virgin soul,  
 " Thou shouldst complain of aught, unjust Axalla!"



*Ax.* Why was I ever blest!—Why is remembrance  
 Rich with a thousand pleasing images  
 Of past enjoyments, since 'tis but plague to me?  
 When thou art mine no more, what will it ease me  
 To think of all the golden minutes past,  
 To think that thou wert kind, and I was happy?  
 But like an angel fall'n from bliss, to curse  
 My present state, and mourn the heav'n I've lost.

30

*Sel.* Hope better for us both; nor let thy fears,  
 Like an unlucky omen, cross my way.

“ My father, rough and stormy in his nature,  
 “ To me was always gentle, and, with fondness  
 “ Paternal, ever met me with a blessing.  
 “ Oft, when offence had stirr'd him to such fury,  
 “ That not grave counsellors for wisdom fam'd,  
 “ Nor hardy captains that had fought his battles,  
 “ Presum'd to speak, but struck with awful dread,  
 “ Were hush'd as death; yet has he smil'd on me,  
 “ Kiss'd me, and bade me utter all my purpose,  
 “ Till, with my idle prattle, I had sooth'd him,  
 “ And won him from his anger.

40

“ *Ax.* Oh! I know

“ Thou hast a tongue to charm the wildest tempers.  
 “ Herds would forget to graze, and savage beasts  
 “ Stand still and lose their fierceness, but to hear thee,  
 “ As if they had reflection, and by reason  
 “ Forsook a less enjoyment for a greater.  
 “ But, oh! when I revolve each circumstance,  
 “ My Christian faith, my service closely bound  
 “ To Tamerlane, my master and my friend,  
 “ Tell me, my charmer, if my fears are vain?  
 “ Think what remains for me, if the fierce sultan  
 “ Should doom thy beauties to another's bed!”

50

*Sel.* 'Tis a sad thought: but to appease thy doubts, 60  
 Here, in the awful sight of Heav'n, I vow  
 No pow'r shall e'er divide me from thy love,  
 Ev'n duty shall not force me to be false.  
 My cruel stars may tear thee from my arms,  
 But never from my heart; "and when the maids  
 " Shall yearly come with garlands of fresh flow'rs,  
 " To mourn with pious office o'er my grave,  
 " They shall sit sadly down, and weeping tell  
 " How well I lov'd, how much I suffer'd for thee: 69  
 " And while they grieve my fate, shall praise my constancy."  
*Ax.* But see, the sultan comes! — "My beating heart  
 " Bounds with exulting motion; hope and fear  
 " Fight with alternate conquest in my breast.  
 " Oh! can I give her from me? Yield her up?  
 " Now mourn, thou god of love, since honour triumphs,  
 " And crowns his cruel altars with their spoils."

*Enter BAJAZET.*

*Baj.* To have a nauseous courtesy forc'd on me,  
 Spite of my will, by an insulting foe!  
 Ha! they would break the fierceness of my temper,  
 And make me supple for their slavish purpose. 80  
 Curse on their fawning arts! "From Heav'n itself  
 " I would not, on such terms, receive a benefit,  
 " But spurn it back upon the giver's hand."

[*Selima comes forward and kneels to Bajazet.*]

*Sel.* My lord! my royal father!

*Baj.* Ha! what art thou?

What heavenly innocence! that in a form  
 So known, so lov'd, has left thy paradise,  
 For joyless prison, for this place of woe!  
 Art thou my Selima?

*Sel.* Have you forgot me?

90

Alas, my piety is then in vain!

Your Selima, your daughter whom you lov'd,  
The fondling once of her dear father's arms,  
Is come to claim her share in his misfortunes;  
"To wait and tend him with obsequious duty;  
"To sit, and weep for every care he feels;"  
To help to wear the tedious minutes out,  
To soften bondage, and the loss of empire.

*Baj.* Now, by our prophet, if my wounded mind  
Could know a thought of peace, it would be now: 100  
Ev'n from thy prating infancy thou wert  
My joy, my little angel; smiling comfort  
Came with thee, still to glad me. Now I'm curs'd  
Ev'n in thee too. Reproach and infamy  
Attend the Christian dog t' whom thou wert trusted.  
To see thee here—'twere better see the dead.

*Al.* Thus Tamerlane, to royal Bajazet,  
With kingly greeting sends: since with the brave  
(The bloody business of the fight once ended)  
Stern hate and opposition ought to cease; 110  
Thy queen already to thy arms restor'd,  
Receive this second gift, thy beauteous daughter;  
And if there be aught farther in thy wish,  
Demand with honour, and obtain it freely.

*Baj.* Bear back thy fulsome greeting to thy master;  
Tell him, I'll none on't. Had he been a god,  
All his omnipotence could not restore  
My fame diminish'd, loss of sacred honour,  
The radiancy of majesty eclips'd:  
For aught besides, it is not worth my care; 120  
The giver and his gifts are both beneath me.

*Al.* Enough of war the wounded earth has known;  
"Weary at length, and wasted with destruction,

" Sadly she rears her ruin'd head, to shew  
 " Her cities humbled, and her countries spoil'd,  
 " And to her mighty masters sues for peace."  
 Oh, sultan ! by the Pow'r divine I swear,  
 With joy I would resign the savage trophies  
 In blood and battle gain'd, could I atone  
 The fatal breach 'twixt thee and Tamerlane ;  
 And think a soldier's glory well bestow'd  
 To buy mankind a peace.

130

*Baj.* And what art thou,  
 That dost presume so mediate 'twixt the rage  
 Of angry kings ?

*Ax.* A prince, born of the noblest,  
 And of a soul that answers to that birth,  
 That dares not but do well. Thou dost put on  
 A forc'd forgetfulness, thus not to know me,  
 A guest so lately to thy court, then meeting  
 On gentler terms.

140

*Sel.* Could ought efface the merit  
 Of brave Axalla's name ? yet when your daughter  
 Shall tell how well, how nobly she was us'd,  
 How light this gallant prince made all her bondage,  
 Most sure the royal Bajazet will own  
 That honour stands indebted to such goodness,  
 Nor can a monarch's friendship more than pay it.

*Baj.* Ha ! know'st thou that, fond girl ?—Go—'tis not well,  
 And when thou couldst descend to take a benefit  
 From a vile Christian, and thy father's foe,  
 Thou didst an act dishonest to thy race :  
 Henceforth, unless thou mean'st to cancel all  
 My share in thee, and write thyself a bastard,  
 Die, starve, know any evil, any pain,  
 Rather than taste a mercy from these dogs.

150

*Sel.* Alas ! Axalla !

*Ax.* Weep not, lovely maid !

I swear "one pearly drop from those fair eyes

"Would over-pay the service of my life !"

160

One sigh from thee has made a large amends

For all thy angry father's frowns and fierceness.

*Baj.* Oh, my curst fortune !—Am I fall'n thus low !

Dishonour'd to my face ! Thou earth-born thing !

'Thou clod ! how hast thou dar'd to lift thy eyes

Up to the sacred race of mighty Ottoman,

Whom kings, whom e'en our prophet's holy offspring

At distance have beheld ? And what art thou ?

What glorious titles blazon out thy birth ?

'Thou vile obscurity ! ha !—say—thou base one.

170

*Ax.* Thus challeng'd, virtue, modest as she is,

Stands up to do herself a common justice :

To answer, and assert that inborn merit,

That worth, which conscious to herself she feels.

Were honour to be scann'd by long descent,

From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt

A lineage of the greatest, and recount,

Among my fathers, names of ancient story,

Heroes and god-like patriots who, subdu'd

The world by arms and virtue, and, being Romans,

180

Scorn'd to be kings ; but that be their own praise :

Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,

Myself an undeserver. I could prove

My friendship such, as thou might'st deign t' accept

With honour, when it comes with friendly office,

To render back thy crown, and former greatness ;

"And yet e'en this, e'en all is poor, when Selima,

"With matchless worth, weighs down the adverse scale."

*Baj.* To me give back what yesterday took from me,

Would be to give like Heaven, when having finish'd

190



This world (the goodly work of his creation)  
 He bid his favourite man be lord of all.  
 But this——

*Ax.* Nor is this gift beyond my pow'r.  
 Oft has the mighty master of my arms  
 Urg'd me, with large ambition, to demand  
 Crowns and dominions from his bounteous pow'r :  
 'Tis true, I wav'd the proffer, and have held it  
 The worthier choice to wait upon his virtues,  
 To be the friend and partner of his wars, 200  
 Than to be Asia's lord. Nor wonder then,  
 If, in the confidence of such a friendship,  
 I promise boldly for the royal giver,  
 Thy crown and empire.

*Baj.* For our daughter thus  
 Mean'st thou to barter ? Ha ! I tell thee, Christian,  
 There is but one, one dowry thou canst give,  
 And I can ask, worthy my daughter's love.

*Ax.* Oh ! name the mighty ransom ; task my pow'r ;  
 Let there be danger, difficulty, death, 210  
 T' enhance the price.

*Baj.* I take thee at thy word.  
 Bring me the Tartar's head.

*Ax.* Ha !

*Baj.* Tamerlane's !  
 That death, that deadly poison to my glory.

*Ax.* Prodigious ! Horrid !

*Sel.* Lost ! for ever lost !

*Baj.* And couldst thou hope to bribe me with aught else ?  
 With a vile peace, patch'd up on slavish terms ? 220  
 With tributary kingship ?——No !——To merit  
 A recompence from me, sate my revenge.  
 The Tartar is my bane, I cannot bear him :

One heav'n and earth can never hold us both;  
 Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly  
 Keep rage alive, till one be lost for ever :  
 As if two suns should meet in the meridian,  
 And strive in fiery combat for the passage.  
 Weep'st thou, fond girl ? Now as thy king, and father,  
 I charge thee, drive this slave from thy remembrance ! 230  
 Hate shall be pious in thee. Come and join

[Laying bold on her hand.

To curse thy father's foes:

" Sel. Undone for ever !

" Now, tyrant duty, art thou yet obeyed ?

" There is no more to give thee. Oh, Axalla !

[Bajazet leads out Selima, she looking back on Axalla.

" Ax. 'Tis what I fear'd ; fool that I was t' obey !

" The coward love, that could not bear her frown,

" Has wrought his own undoing. Perhaps e'en now

" The tyrant's rage prevails upon her fears : 239

" Fiercely he storms ; she weeps, and sighs, and trembles,

" But swears at length to think on me no more.

" He bade me take her. But, oh, gracious honour !

" Upon what terms ? My soul yet shudders at it,

" And stands but half recover'd of her fright.

" The head of Tamerlane ! monstrous impiety !

" Bleed, bleed to death, my heart, be virtue's martyr.

" Oh, emperor ! I own I ought to give thee

" Some nobler mark, than dying, of my faith.

" Then let the pains I feel, my friendship prove, 249

" 'Tis easier far to die, than cease to love." [Exit Axalla.

SCENE II.

TAMERLANE's Camp. "Enter severally MONESES, and Prince of TANAIIS.

- " Mon. If I not press untimely on his leisure,  
 " You would much bind a stranger to your service,  
 " To give me means of audience from the emperor.  
 " Pr. Most willingly; tho' for the present moment  
 " We must entreat your stay; he holds him private.  
 " Mon. His counsel, I presume?  
 " Pr. No, the affair  
 " Is not of earth, but Heav'n—A holy man  
 " (One whom our prophet's law calls such) a dervise,  
 " Keeps him in conference. 160  
 " Mon. Hours of religion,  
 " Especially of princes, claims a reverence,  
 " Nor will be interrupted.  
 " Pr. What his business  
 " Imports, we know not; but with earnest suit,  
 " This morn', he begg'd admittance. Our great master  
 " (Than whom none bows more lowly to high Heav'n)  
 " In reverend regard holds all that bear  
 " Relation to religion, and, on notice  
 " Of his request, receiv'd him on the instant. 270  
 " Mon. We will attend his pleasure. [Exit.]

Enter TAMERLANE and a Dervise.

Tam. Thou bring'st me thy credentials from the highest,  
 From Alha, and our prophet. Speak thy message,  
 It must import the best and noblest ends.

Der. Thus speaks our holy Mahomet, who has giv'n thee

To reign and conquer : ill dost thou repay  
 The bounties of his hand, unmindful of  
 The fountain whence thy streams of greatness flow.  
 Thou hast forgot high Heav'n hast beaten down  
 And trampled on religion's sanctity. 280

*Tam.* Now, as I am a soldier and a king,  
 (The greatest names of honour) do but make  
 Thy imputation out, and Tamerlane  
 Shall do thee ample justice on himself.  
 So much the sacred name of Heaven awes me,  
 Could I suspect my soul of harbouring aught  
 To its dishonour, I would search it strictly,  
 And drive th' offending thought with fury forth.

*Der.* Yes, thou hast hurt our holy prophet's honour,  
 By fostering the pernicious Christian sect : 290  
 Those, whom his sword pursu'd, with fell destruction,  
 Thou tak'st into thy bosom, to thy councils ;  
 They are thy only friends. The true believers  
 Mourn to behold thee favour this Axalla.

*Tam.* I fear me, thou out-go'st the prophet's order,  
 And bring'st this venerable name to shelter  
 A rudeness ill-becoming thee to use,  
 Or me to suffer. When thou nam'st my friend,  
 Thou nam'st a man beyond a Monk's discerning,  
 Virtuous and great, a warrior and a prince. 300

*Der.* He is a Christian ; there our law condemns him,  
 Altho' he were ev'n all thou speak'st, and more.

*Tam.* 'Tis false ; no law divine condemns the virtuous  
 For differing from the rules your schools devise.  
 Look round, how Providence bestows alike  
 Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,  
 On different nations, all of different faiths ;  
 And (tho' by several names and titles worshipp'd)  
 Heav'n takes the various tribute of their praise ;

Since all agree to own, at least to mean,  
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all. 310

"Thus when he view'd the many forms of nature,  
"He found that all was good, and blest the fair variety."

*Der.* Most impious and profane!—Nay, frown not, prince!  
Full of the prophet, I despise the danger

Thy angry power may threaten. I command thee  
To hear, and to obey; since thus says Mahomet:  
Why have I made thee dreadful to the nations?  
Why have I giv'n thee conquest; but to spread  
My sacred law ev'n to the utmost earth, 320

And make my holy Mecca the world's worship?  
Go on, and wheresoe'er thy arms shall prosper,  
Plant there the prophet's name: with sword and fire  
Drive out all other faiths, and let the world  
Confess him only.

*Tam.* Had he but commanded  
My sword to conquer all, to make the world  
Know but one Lord, the task were not so hard,  
'Twere but to do what has been done already;  
And Philip's son, and Cæsar did as much; 330  
But to subdue th' unconquerable mind,  
To make one reason have the same effect  
Upon all apprehensions; to force this  
Or this man, just to think as thou and I do;  
Impossible! Unless souls were alike  
In all, which differ now like human faces.

*Der.* Well might the holy cause be carry'd on,  
If Mussulmen did not make war on Mussulmen.  
Why hold'st thou captive a believing monarch?  
Now, as thou hop'st to 'scape the prophet's curse, 340  
Release the royal Bajazet, and join,  
With force united, to destroy the Christians.

*Tam.* 'Tis well—I've found the cause that mov'd thy zeal.



What shallow politician set thee on,  
In hopes to fright me this way to compliance?

*Der.* Our prophet only——

*Tam.* No—thou dost belie him,  
Thou maker of new faiths! that dar'st to build  
Thy fond inventions on religion's name.  
Religion's lustre is, by native innocence, 250  
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts;  
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,  
The harlot of your fancies; and by adding  
False beauties, which she wants not, make the world  
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,  
And wo' not bear all lights. Hence! I have found thee.

*Der.* I have but one resort. Now aid me, prophet. [*Aside.*  
Yet I have somewhat further to unfold; 358  
Our prophet speaks to thee in thunder——thus——

[*The Dervise draws a conceal'd dagger, and offers to stab  
Tamerlane.*

*Tam.* No, villain! Heav'n is watchful o'er its worshippers,  
And blasts the murderer's purpose. Think, thou wretch!  
Think on the pains that wait thy crimes, and tremble  
When I shall doom thee——

*Der.* 'Tis but death at last;  
And I will suffer greatly for the cause  
That urg'd me first to the bold deed.

*Tam.* Oh, impious!  
Enthusiasm thus makes villains martyrs.  
[*Pausing.*] It shall be so—To die! 'twere a reward——  
Now learn the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine: 370  
Thine bids thee lift thy dagger to my throat;  
Mine can forgive the wrong, and bid thee live.  
Keep thy own wicked secret, and be safe!  
If thou repent'st, I have gain'd one to virtue,

And am, in that, rewarded for my mercy;  
 If thou continu'st still to be the same,  
 'Tis punishment enough to be a villain.  
 Hence! from my sight—It shocks my soul to think  
 That there is such a monster in my kind. [*Exit Dervise.*  
 Whither will man's impiety extend? 380  
 Oh, gracious Heav'n! dost thou withhold thy thunder,  
 When bold assassins take thy name upon 'em,  
 And swear they are the champions of thy cause?

*Enter MONESES.*

*Mon.* Oh, emperor! before whose awful throne  
 Th' afflicted never kneel in vain for justice,  
 [*Kneeling to Tamerlane.*

Undone, and ruin'd, blasted in my hopes,  
 Here let me fall before your sacred feet,  
 And groan out my misfortunes, till your pity,  
 (The last support and refuge that is left me)  
 Shall raise me from the ground, and bid him live. 390

*Tam.* Rise, prince, nor let me reckon up the worth,  
 And tell how boldly that might bid thee ask,  
 Lest I should make a merit of my justice,  
 The common debt I owe to thee, to all,  
 Ev'n to the meanest of mankind, the charter  
 By which I claim my crown, and Heaven's protection.  
 Speak, then, as to a king, the sacred name  
 Where pow'r is lodg'd, for righteous ends alone.

*Mon.* One only joy, one blessing, my fond heart  
 Had fix'd its wishes on, and that is lost;  
 That sister, for whose safety my sad soul  
 Endur'd a thousand fears— 400

*Tam.* I well remember,  
 When, ere the battle join'd, I saw thee first,

With grief uncommon to a brother's love;  
 Thou told'st a moving tale of her misfortunes,  
 Such as bespoke my pity. Is there aught  
 Thou canst demand from friendship? Ask, and have it.

*Mon.* First, oh! let me entreat your royal goodness;  
 Forgive the folly of a lover's caution, 410  
 That forg'd a tale of folly to deceive you.  
 Said I, she was my sister?—Oh! 'tis false;  
 She holds a dearer interest in my soul,  
 " Such as the closest ties of blood ne'er knew;  
 " An interest, such as power, wealth and honour  
 " Cann't buy, but love, love only, can bestow;"  
 She was the mistress of my vows, my bride,  
 By contract mine; and long ere this the priest  
 Had ty'd the knot for ever, had not Bajazet——

*Tam.* Ha! Bajazet!—If yet his pow'r withholds 420  
 The cause of all thy sorrows, all thy fears,  
 E'en gratitude for once shall gain upon him,  
 Spite of his savage temper, to restore her.  
 This morn' a soldier brought a captive beauty,  
 Sad, tho' she seem'd, yet of a form more rare,  
 By much the noblest spoil of all the field;  
 E'en Scipio, or a victor yet more cold,  
 Might have forgot his virtue at her sight.  
 Struck with a pleasing wonder, I beheld her,  
 'Till, by a slave that waited near her person, 430  
 I learn'd she was the captive sultan's wife:  
 Strait I forbade my eyes the dangerous joy  
 Of gazing long, and sent her to her lord.

*Mon.* There was Moneses lost. Too sure my heart  
 (From the first mention of her wondrous charms)  
 Presag'd it could be only my Arpasia.

*Tam.* Arpasia! didst thou say?

*Mon.* Yes, my Arpasia.

*Tam.* Sure I mistake, or fain I would mistake thee ;  
I nam'd the queen of Bajazet, his wife. 440

*Mon.* His queen ! his wife ! He brings that holy title  
To varnish o'er the monstrous wrongs he has done me.

*Tam.* Alas ! I fear me, prince, thy griefs are just ;  
Thou art, indeed, unhappy——

*Mon.* Can you pity me,  
And not redress ? Oh, royal Tamerlane ! [Kneeling.

Thou succour of the wretched, reach thy mercy  
To save me from the grave, and from oblivion ;  
Be gracious to the hopes that wait my youth.

“ Oh ! let not sorrow blast me, lest I wither, 450

“ And fall in vile dishonour.” Let thy justice

Restore me my Arpasia ; give her back,

Back to my wishes, to my transports give her,

To my fond, restless, bleeding, dying bosom.

Oh ! give her to me yet while I have life

To bless thee for thy bounty. Oh, Arpasia !

*Tam.* Unhappy, royal youth, why dost thou ask

What honour must deny ? Ha ! is she not

His wife, whom he has wedded, whom enjoy'd ?

And wouldst thou have my partial friendship break 460

That holy knot, which, ty'd once, all mankind

Agree to hold sacred and undissolveable ?

The brutal violence would stain my justice,

And brand me with a tyrant's hated name

To late posterity.

*Mon.* Are then the vows,

The holy vows we register'd in Heav'n,

But common air ?

*Tam.* Could thy fond love forget

The violation of a first enjoyment ? —— 470

But sorrow has disturb'd and hurt thy mind.

*Mon.* Perhaps it has, and like an idle madman,  
That wanders with a train of hooting boys,  
I do a thousand things to shame my reason.  
Then let me fly, and bear my follies with me,  
Far, far from the world's sight. Honour and fame,  
Arms, and the glorious war shall be forgotten;  
No noble sound of greatness, or ambition,  
Shall wake my drowsy soul from her dead sleep,  
Till the last trump do summon.

480

*Tam.* Let thy virtue  
Stand up and answer to these warring passions,  
That vex thy manly temper. From the moment  
When first I saw thee, something wondrous noble  
Shone thro' thy form, and won my friendship for thee,  
Without the tedious form of long acquaintance;  
Nor will I lose thee poorly for a woman.  
Come, droop no more, thou shalt with me pursue  
True greatness, till we rise to immortality.  
Thou shalt forget these lesser cares, Moneses;  
Thou shalt, and help me to reform the world.

490

*Mon.* " So the good genius warns his mortal charge  
" To fly the evil fate that still pursues him,  
" Till it have wrought his ruin." Sacred Tamerlane,  
Thy words are as the breath of angels to me.  
But, oh ! too deep the wounding grief is fixt,  
For any hand to heal.

*Tam.* This dull despair  
Is the soul's laziness. Rouse to the combat,  
And thou art sure to conquer. War shall restore thee;  
The sound of arms shall wake thy martial ardour,  
And cure this amorous sickness of thy soul,  
" Begun by sloth, and nurs'd by too much ease.  
" The idle god of love supinely dreams,

501



" Amidst inglorious shades and purling streams ;  
 " In rosy fetters and fantastic chains,  
 " He binds deluded maids and simple swains ;  
 " With soft enjoyments wooes them to forget  
 " The hardy toils and labours of the great.  
 " But if the warlike trumpet's loud alarms,  
 " To virtuous acts excite, and manly arms,  
 " The coward boy avows his abject fear,  
 " On silken wings sublime he cuts the air,  
 " Scar'd at the noble noise and thunder of the war."

510

*The boy, fond Love,*

*Is nurs'd and bred in sloth, and too much ease ;  
 Near purling streams, in gloomy shades, he lies,  
 And loosely there, instructs his votaries,  
 Honour, and active virtue to despise.*

*But if the trumpets echo from afar,  
 On silken wings sublime he cuts the air,  
 Scar'd at the noise and clangor of the war.*

520

[Exeunt,

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

---

BAJAZET's Tent. Enter HALY, and the Dervise.

*Haly.*

To 'scape with life from an attempt like this,  
 Demands my wonder justly.

*Der.* True, it may ;

But 'tis a principle of his new faith ;  
 'Tis what his Christian favourites have inspir'd,  
 Who fondly make a merit of forgiveness,  
 And give their foes a second opportunity,  
 If the first blow should miss.—Failing to serve

The sultan to my wish, and e'en despairing  
Of further means t' effect his liberty, 10  
A lucky accident retriev'd my hopes.

*Ha.* The prophet and our master will reward  
Thy zeal in their behalf; but speak thy purpose.

*Der.* Just ent'ring here I met the Tartar general,  
Fierce Omar.

*Ha.* He commands, if I mistake not,  
This quarter of the army, and our guards.

*Der.* The same. By his stern aspect, and the fires  
That kindled in his eyes, I guess'd the tumult  
Some wrong had rais'd in his tempestuous soul; 20  
A friendship of old date had giv'n me privilege  
To ask of his concerns. In short, I learn'd,  
That burning for the sultan's beauteous daughter,  
He had begg'd her, as a captive of the war,  
From Tamerlane; but meeting with denial  
Of what he thought his services might claim,  
Loudly he storms, and curses the Italian,  
As cause of this affront. I join'd his rage,  
And added to his injuries, the wrongs  
Our prophet daily meets with from Axalla. 30  
But see, he comes. Improve what I shall tell,  
And all we wish is ours. [*They seem to talk together aside.*]

*Enter OMAR.*

*Om.* No—if I forgive it,  
Dishonour blast my name! Was it for this  
That I directed his first steps to greatness,  
Taught him to climb, and made him what he is?  
“ When our great Cam first bent his eyes towards him,  
“ (Then petty prince of Parthia) and, by me  
“ Persuaded, rais'd him to his daughter's bed,

" Call'd him his son, and successor of the empire ;" 40

Was it for this, that like a rock I stood  
And stemm'd a torrent of our Tartar lords,  
Who scorn'd his upstart sway ? When Calibes,  
In bold rebellion, drew e'en half the provinces  
To own his cause, I, like his better angel,  
Stood by his shaking throne, and fix'd it fast !  
And am I now so lost to his remembrance,  
That, when I ask a captive, he shall tell me,  
She is Axalla's right, his Christian minion ?

*Der.* Allow me, valiant Omar, to demand, 50  
Since injur'd thus, why right you not yourself ?  
The prize you ask is in your power.

*Om.* It is,  
And I will seize it in despite of Tamerlane,  
And that Italian dog.

*Ha.* What need of force,  
When every thing concurs to meet your wishes ?  
Our mighty master would not wish a son  
Nobler than Omar. From a father's hand  
Receive that daughter, which ungrateful Tamerlane 60  
Has to your worth deny'd.

*Om.* Now, by my arms,  
It will be great revenge. What will your sultan  
Give to the man that shall restore his liberty,  
His crown, and give him pow'r to wreak his hatred  
Upon his greatest foe ?

*Ha.* All he can ask,  
And far beyond his wish,— [Trumpets.

*Om.* These trumpets speak 70  
The emperor's approach ; he comes once more  
To offer terms of peace. Retire within.  
I will know farther—he grows deadly to me ;

And curse me, prophet, if I not repay  
His hate with retribution full as mortal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Draws, and discovers ARPASIA lying on a Couch.*

SONG.

To thee, O gentle sleep alone  
Is owing all our peace,  
By thee our joys are heighten'd shown.  
By thee our sorrows cease.  
The nymph whose hand, by fraud or force,  
Some tyrant has possess'd  
By thee, obtaining a divorce,  
In her own choice is bless'd.  
Oh, stay! *Arpasia* bids thee stay;  
The sadly weeping fair  
Conjures thee, not to lose in day  
The object of her care.  
To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,  
That motion chas'd her sleep;  
Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought  
The griefs, for which we weep.

80

90

*Arp.* Oh, death! thou gentle end of human sorrows,  
Still must my weary eye-lids vainly wake  
In tedious expectation of thy peace?  
Why stand thy thousand thousand doors still open,  
To take the wretched in, if stern religion  
Guard every passage, and forbids my entrance?  
Lucrece could bleed, and Portia swallow fire,

When urg'd with griefs beyond a mortal sufferance ;  
 But here it must not be. Think then, Arpasia,  
 Think on the sacred dictates of thy faith, 100  
 And let that arm thy virtue to perform  
 What Cato's daughter durst not !—Live, Arpasia,  
 And dare to be unhappy.

*Enter TAMERLANE.*

*Tam.* When fortune smiles upon the soldier's arms,  
 And adds e'en beauty to adorn his conquest,  
 Yet she ordains the fair should know no fears,  
 " No sorrows to pollute their lovely eyes,  
 " But should be us'd e'en nobly, as herself,  
 " The queen and goddess of the warrior's vows."—  
 Such welcome as a camp can give, fair sultanness, 110  
 We hope you have receiv'd ; it shall be larger,  
 And better as it may.

*Arp.* Since I have borne  
 That miserable mark of fatal greatness,  
 I have forgot all difference of conditions ;  
 Sceptres and fetters are grown equal to me,  
 And the best change my fate can bring is death.

*Tam.* " When sorrow dwells in such an angel form,  
 " Well may we guess that those above are mourners ;  
 " Virtue is wrong'd and bleeding innocence 120  
 " Suffers some wondrous violation here,  
 " To make the saints look sad." Oh ! teach my power  
 To cure those ills which you unjustly suffer,  
 Lest Heav'n should wrest it from my idle hand,  
 If I look on, and see you weep in vain.

*Arp.* Not that my soul disdains the generous aid  
 Thy royal goodness proffers : but, oh, emperor !  
 It is not in my fate to be made happy ;



Nor will I listen to the coz'ner, Hope,  
 But stand resolv'd to bear the beating storm 130  
 That roars around me ; safe in this alone,  
 That I am not immortal.—Tho' 'tis hard,  
 'Tis wondrous hard, when I remember thee,  
 Dear native Greece ! and you, ye weeping maids,  
 That were companions of my virgin youth !  
 My noble parents ! Oh, the grief of heart,  
 The pangs, that, for unhappy me, bring down  
 Their reverend ages to the grave with sorrow.  
 And yet there is a woe surpassing all :  
 Ye saints and angels, give me of your constancy, 140  
 If you expect I shall endure it long.

*Tam.* Why is my pity all that I can give  
 To tears like yours ? And yet I fear 'tis all ;  
 Nor dare I ask, what mighty loss you mourn,  
 Lest honour should forbid to give it back.

*Arp.* No, Tamerlane, nor did I mean thou shouldst :  
 But know, (tho' to the weakness of my sex  
 I yield these tears) my soul is more than man.  
 Think, I am born a Greek, nor doubt my virtue ;  
 " A Greek ! from whose fam'd ancestors of old 150  
 " Rome drew the patterns of her boasted heroes."  
 They must be mighty evils that can vanquish  
 A Spartan courage, and a Christian faith.

*Enter BAJAZET.*

*Baj.* To know no thought of rest ! to have the mind  
 Still minist'ring fresh plagues as in a circle,  
 Where one dishonour treads upon another ;  
 What know the fiends beyond it ?—Ha ! by hell,

[*Seeing Arp. and Tam.*

There wanted only this to make me mad.

Comes he to triumph here ; to rob my love,  
And violate the last retreat of happiness ?

160

*Tam.* But that I read upon thy frowning brow,  
That war yet lives, and rages in thy breast ;  
Once more (in pity to the suffering world)  
I meant to offer peace ———

*Baj.* And mean'st thou too  
To treat it with our empress, and to barter  
The spoils which fortune gave thee for her favours ?

*Arp.* What would the tyrant ? ———

[ *Aside.*

*Baj.* Seek'st thou thus our friendship ?  
Is this the royal usage thou didst boast ?

170

*Tam.* The boiling passion that disturbs thy soul,  
Spreads clouds around, and makes thy purpose dark—  
Unriddle what thy mystic fury aims at.

*Baj.* Is it a riddle ? Read it there explain'd ;  
There, in my shame. Now judge me thou, O prophet,  
And equal Heav'n, if this demand not rage !  
The peasant hind, begot and born to slavery,  
Yet dares assert a husband's sacred right,  
And guards his homely couch from violation :  
And shall a monarch tamely bear the wrong  
Without complaining ?

180

*Tam.* If I could have wrong'd thee,  
If conscious virtue, and all-judging Heav'n,  
Stood not between to bar ungovern'd appetite,  
What hinder'd but, in spite of thee, my captive,  
I might have us'd a victor's boundless pow'r,  
And sated every wish my soul could form ?  
But, to secure thy fears, know, Bajazet,  
This is among the things I dare not do.

*Baj.* By hell, 'tis false ! else wherefore art thou present ?  
What cam'st thou for, but to undo my honour ?

191

I found thee holding amorous parly with her,  
Gazing and glutting on her wanton eyes,  
And bargaining for pleasures yet to come :  
My life, I know, is the devoted price——  
But take it, I am weary of the pain.

*Tam.* Yet, ere thou rashly urge my rage too far,  
I warn thee to take heed: I am a man,  
And have the frailties common to man's nature,  
The fiery seeds of wrath are in my temper, 200  
And may be blown up to so fierce a blaze,  
As wisdom cannot rule. Know, thou hast touch'd me  
Ev'n in the nicest, tend'rest part, my honour;  
My honour! which, like pow'r, disdains being question'd;  
Thy breath has blasted my fair virtue's fame,  
And mark'd me for a villain, and a tyrant.

*Arp.* And stand I here an idle looker-on,  
To see my innocence murder'd and mangled  
By barbarous hands, nor can revenge the wrong?  
Art thou a man, and dar'st thou use me thus? [*To Baj.*  
Hast thou not torn me from my native country,  
From the dear arms of my lamenting friends,  
From my soul's peace, and from my injur'd love?  
Hast thou not ruin'd, blotted me for ever,  
And driv'n me to the brink of black despair?  
And is it in thy malice yet to add  
A wound more deep, to sully my white name,  
My virtue?——

*Baj.* Yes, thou hast thy sex's virtues,  
Their affectation, pride, ill-nature, noise, 220  
Proneness to change, e'en from the joy that pleas'd 'em:  
So gracious is your idol, dear variety,  
That for another love you would forego  
An angel's form, to mingle with a devil's;

“ Through ev’ry state and rank of men you wander,  
 “ Till e’en your large experience takes in all  
 “ The different nations of the peopled earth.”

*Arp.* Why sought’st thou not from thy own impious tribe  
 A wife like one of these? “ for such thy race

“ (If human nature brings forth such) affords. 230

“ Greece, for chaste virgins fam’d, and pious matrons,  
 “ Teems not with monsters like your Turkish wives,  
 “ Whom guardian eunuchs, haggard and deform’d,  
 “ Whom walls and bars make honest by constraint.”

Know, I detest like hell the crime thou mention’st;  
 Not that I fear or reverence thee, thou tyrant;  
 But that my soul, conscious of whence it sprung,  
 Sits unpolluted in its sacred temple,  
 And scorns to mingle with a thought so mean.

*Tam.* Oh, pity! that a greatness so divine 240  
 Should meet a fate so wretched, so unequal. —

Thou, blind and wilful to the good that courts thee,

[To Bajazet,

With open-handed bounty, Heav’n pursues thee,  
 And bids thee (undeserving as thou art,  
 And monstrous in thy crimes) be happy yet;  
 Whilst thou, in fury, dost avert the blessing,  
 And art an evil genius to thyself.

*Baj.* No—thou! thou art my greatest curse on earth!

Thou, who hast robb’d me of my crown and glory,  
 And now pursu’st me to the verge of life, 250

To spoil me of my honour. Thou! thou hypocrite!

That wear’st a pageant outside shew of virtue,

To cover the hot thoughts that glow within!

Thou rank adulterer!

*Tam.* Oh, that thou wert

The lord of all those thousands, that lie breathless

On yonder field of blood, that I again  
Might hunt thee, in the face of death and danger,  
Through the tumultuous battle, and there force thee,  
Vanquish'd and sinking underneath my arm, 160  
To own thou hast traduc'd me like a villain.

*Baj.* Ha! does it gall thee, Tartar? By revenge,  
It joys me much to find thou feel'st my fury,  
Yes, I will echo to thee, thou adulterer!  
Thou dost profane the name of king and soldier,  
And, like a ruffian bravo, cam'st with force  
To violate the holy marriage bed.

*Tam.* Wert thou not shelter'd by thy abject state,  
The captive of my sword, by my just anger,  
My breath, like thunder, should confound thy pride, 270  
And doom thee dead, this instant, with a word.

*Baj.* 'Tis false! my fate's above thee, and thou dar'st not.

*Tam.* Ha! dare not! Thou hast rais'd my pond'rous rage,  
And now it falls to crush thee at a blow.

A guard there!—Seize and drag him to his fate!

[Enter a guard, they seize Bajazet.]

Tyrant, I'll do a double justice on thee;  
At once revenge myself, and all mankind.

*Baj.* Well dost thou, ere thy violence and lust  
Invade my bed, thus to begin with murder:  
Drown all thy fears in blood, and sin securely. 280

*Tam.* Away!

*Arp.* [Kneeling.] Oh, stay! I charge thee, by renown;  
By that bright glory thy great soul pursues,  
Call back the doom of death!

*Tam.* Fair injur'd excellence,  
Why dost thou kneel, and waste such precious pray'rs,  
"As might e'en bribe the saints to partial justice,"  
For one to goodness lost; who first undid thee,



Who still pursues and aggravates the wrong?

*Baj.* By Alha! no—I will not wear a life  
Bought with such vile dishonour. Death shall free me  
At once from infamy and thee, thou traitress! 290

*Arp.* No matter, tho' the whistling winds grow loud,  
And the rude tempest roars, 'tis idle rage:  
Oh! mark it not; but let thy steady virtue  
Be constant to its temper. Save his life,  
And save Arpasia from the sport of talkers.  
Think how the busy, meddling world will toss  
Thy mighty name about, in scurril mirth;  
Shall brand thy vengeance, as a foul design, 300  
And make such monstrous legends of our lives,  
As late posterity shall blush in reading.

*Tam.* Oh, matchless virtue! Yes, I will obey;  
Tho' laggard in the race, admiring yet,  
I will pursue the shining path thou tread'st.  
Sultan, be safe! Reason resumes her empire,

[*The guards release Bajazet.*]

And I am cool again.—Here break we off,  
Lest farther speech should minister new rage.  
Wisely from dangerous passions I retreat,  
To keep a conquest which was hard to get: 310  
And, oh! 'tis time I should for flight prepare,  
A war more fatal seems to threaten there,  
And all my rebel-blood assists the fair:  
One moment more, and I too late shall find,  
That love's the strongest pow'r that lords it o'er the mind.

[*Exit Tam. followed by the guards.*]

*Baj.* To what new shame, what plague am I reserv'd!  
“Why did my stars refuse me to die warm,  
“While yet my regal state stood unimpeach'd,  
“Nor knew the curse of having one above me?”

“ Then too (altho’ by force I grasp’d the joy)  
 “ My love was safe, nor felt the rack of doubt.”  
 Why hast thou forc’d this nauseous life upon me?  
 Is it to triumph o’er me?—But I will,  
 I will be free, I will forget thee all;  
 The bitter and the sweet, the joy and pain,  
 Death shall expunge at once, and ease my soul.  
 Prophet, take notice, I disclaim thy Paradise,  
 Thy fragrant bow’rs, and everlasting shades;  
 Thou hast plac’d woman there, and all thy joys are tainted.

[Exit Bajazet.

*Arp.* A little longer yet be strong, my heart;  
 A little longer let the busy spirits  
 Keep on their cheerful round.—It wo’ not be!  
 “ Love, sorrow, and the sting of vile reproach,  
 “ Succeeding one another in their course,  
 “ Like drops of eating water on the marble,  
 “ At length have worn my boasted courage down:  
 “ I will indulge the woman in my soul,  
 “ And give a loose to tears and to impatience;”  
 Death is at last my due, and I will have it.——  
 And see, the poor Moneses comes, to take  
 One sad adieu, and then we part for ever.

*Enter MONESES.*

*Mon.* Already am I onward of my way,  
 Thy tuneful voice comes like a hollow sound  
 At distance, to my ears. My eyes grow heavy,  
 And all the glorious lights of Heav’n look dim;  
 ’Tis the last office they shall ever do me,  
 To view thee once, and then to close and die.

*Arp.* Alas! how happy have we been, Moneses!  
 Ye gentle days, that once were ours, what joys

Did every cheerful morning bring along ! 359  
 No fears, no jealousies, no angry parents,  
 That for unequal births, or fortunes frown'd ;  
 But love, that kindly join'd our hearts, to bless us,  
 Made us a blessing too to all besides.

*Mon.* Oh, cast not thy remembrance back, Arpasia !  
 'Tis grief unutterable, 'tis distraction !  
 " But let this last of hours be peaceful sorrow !"  
 Here let me kneel, and pay my latest vows.  
 Be witness, all ye saints, thou Heav'n and Nature,  
 Be witness of my truth, for you have known it ! 360  
 Be witness, that I never knew a pleasure,  
 In all the world could offer, like Arpasia !  
 Be witness, that I liv'd but in Arpasia !  
 And, oh, be witness, that her loss has kill'd me !

*Arp.* While thou art speaking, life begins to fail,  
 And every tender accent chills like death.  
 Oh ! let me haste then, yet, ere day declines  
 And the long night prevail, once more to tell thee  
 What, and how dear, Moneses has been to me.  
 What has he not been ?—All the names of love, 379  
 Brothers, or fathers, husbands, all are poor :  
 Moneses is myself ; in my fond heart,  
 Ev'n in my vital blood, he lives and reigns :  
 The last dear object of my parting soul  
 Will be Moneses ; the last breath that lingers  
 Within my panting breast, shall sigh Moneses.

*Mon.* It is enough ! Now to thy rest, my soul,  
 The world and thou have made an end at once.

*Arp.* Fain would I still detain thee, hold thee still :  
 Nor honour can forbid, that we together 380  
 Should share the poor few minutes that remain.  
 I swear, methinks this sad society

Has somewhat pleasing in it.—Death's dark shades  
 Seem, as we journey on, to lose their horror ;  
 At near approach, the monsters, form'd by fear,  
 Are vanish'd all, and leave the prospect clear ;  
 Amidst the gloomy vale, a pleasing scene,  
 With flow'rs adorn'd, and never-fading green,  
 Inviting stands to take the wretched in :  
 No wars, no wrongs, no tyrants, no despair, 390  
 Disturb the quiet of a place so fair,  
 But injur'd lovers find Elysium there. [Exeunt.

*Enter BAJAZET, OMAR, HALY, and the Dervise.*

*Baj.* Now, by the glorious tomb that shrines our prophet,  
 By Mecca's sacred temple, here I swear,  
 Our daughter is thy bride! and to that gift  
 Such wealth, such pow'r, such honours will I add,  
 That monarchs shall with envy view thy state,  
 And own thou art a demi-god to them.  
 Thou hast giv'n me what I wish'd, power of revenge,  
 And when a king rewards, 'tis ample retribution. 400

*Omar.* Twelve Tartar lords, each potent in his tribe,  
 Have sworn to own my cause, and draw their thousands,  
 To-morrow, from the ungrateful Parthian's side :  
 The day declining, seems to yield to night,  
 Ere little more than half her course be ended.  
 In an auspicious hour prepare for flight ;  
 The leaders of the troops thro' which we pass,  
 Rais'd by my pow'r, devoted to my service,  
 Shall make our passage secret and secure.

*Der.* Already, mighty sultan, art thou safe, 410  
 Since, by yon passing torches' light, I guess,  
 To his pavilion Tamerlane retires,  
 Attended by a train of waiting courtiers.

All who remain within these tents are thine,  
And hail thee as their lord.—

Ha! the Italian prince,

With sad Moneses, are not yet gone forth.

*Baj.* Ha! with our queen and daughter!

*Om.* They are ours:

I mark'd the slaves, who waited on Axalla;

430

They, when the emperor past out, prest on,

And mingled with the crowd, nor miss'd their lord:

He is your pris'ner, sir: I go this moment,

To seize, and bring him to receive his doom. [*Exit Omar.*]

*Baj.* Haste, Haly, follow, and secure the Greek:

Him too I wish to keep within my power.

[*Exit Haly.*]

*Der.* If my dread lord permit his slave to speak,

I would advise to spare Axalla's life,

Till we are safe beyond the Parthian's pow'r:

Him, as our pledge of safety may we hold:

430

And, could you gain him to assist your flight,

It might import you much.

*Baj.* Thou counsell'st well;

And tho' I hate him (for he is a Christian,

And to my mortal enemy devoted),

Yet, to secure my liberty and vengeance,

I wish he now were ours.

*Der.* And see, they come!

Fortune repents; again she courts your side,

And, with this first fair offering of success,

440

She woos you to forget her crime of yesterday.

*Enter OMAR, with AXALLA Prisoner, SELIMA following weeping.*

*Ax.* I wo' not call thee villain; 'tis a name

Too holy for thy crime; to break thy faith,



And turn a rebel to so good a master,  
Is an ingratitude unmatched on earth.  
The first revolting angel's pride could only  
Do more than thou hast done. Thou copy'st well,  
And keep'st the black original in view.

*Om.* Do rage, and vainly call upon thy master  
To save his minion. My revenge has caught thee, 450  
And I will make thee curse that fond presumption  
That set thee on to rival me in aught.

*Baj.* Christian, I hold thy fate at my disposal !  
One only way remains to mercy open ;  
Be partner of my flight and my revenge,  
And thou art safe. Thy other choice is death.

*Om.* What means the sultan ?

*Der.* I conjure you, hold——  
Your rival is devoted to destruction ; [Aside to Omar.  
Nor would the sultan now defer his fate, 460  
But for our common safety.—Listen further. [Whispers.

*Ax.* Then briefly thus. Death is the choice I make ;  
Since, next to Heav'n, my master and my friend  
Has interest in my life, and still shall claim it.

*Baj.* Then take thy wish—Call in our mutes !

*Sel.* My father,  
If yet you have not sworn to cast me off,  
And turn me out to wander in misfortune ;  
If yet my voice be gracious in your ears ;  
If yet my duty and my love offend not, 470  
Oh, call your sentence back, and save Axalla !

*Baj.* Rise, Selima ! The slave deserves to die,  
Who durst, with sullen pride, refuse my mercy :  
Yet, for thy sake, once more I offer life.

*Sel.* Some angel whisper to my anxious soul,  
What I shall do to save him.—“ Oh, Axalla !

" Is it so easy to thee to forsake me ?  
 " Canst thou resolve, with all this cold indifference,  
 " Never to see me more ? To leave me here  
 " The miserable mourner of thy fate, 480  
 " Condemn'd to waste my widow'd virgin youth,  
 " My tedious days and nights, in lonely weeping,  
 " And never know the voice of comfort more ?  
 " *Ax.* Search not too deep the sorrows of my breast ;  
 " Thou say'st I am indifferent and cold.  
 " Oh ! is it possible my eyes should tell  
 " So little of the fighting storm within ?  
 " Oh ! turn thee from me ! save me from thy beauties !  
 " Falsehood and ruin all look lovely there.  
 " Oh ! let my lab'ring soul yet struggle thro'— 490  
 " I will—I would resolve to die, and leave thee.  
*Baj.* Then let him die !—He trifles with my favour.  
 " I have too long attended his resolves.  
 " *Sel.* Oh ! stay a minute, yet a minute longer.

[To Bajazet.

" A minute is a little space in life.  
 " There is a kind consenting in his eyes,  
 " And I shall win him to your royal will."  
 Oh, my Axalla ! seem but to consent.— [To *Ax.* *aside.*  
 Unkind and cruel, will you then do nothing ?  
 I find I am not worth thy least of cares. 500

*Ax.* Oh ! labour not to hang dishonour on me !  
 I could bear sickness, pain and poverty,  
 Those mortal evils worse than death, for thee !  
 But this—It has the force of fate against us,  
 And cannot be.

*Sel.* See, see, sir, he relents, [To Bajazet.  
 Already he inclines to own your cause.  
 A little longer, and he is all yours.

*Baj.* Then mark how far a father's fondness yields.  
'Till midnight I defer the death he merits,  
And give him up 'till then to thy persuasion.  
If by that time he meets my will, he lives;  
If not, thyself shalt own he dies with justice.

*Ax.* 'Tis but to lengthen life upon the rack.  
I am resolv'd already.

*Sel.* Oh! be still,  
Nor rashly urge a ruin on us both;  
'Tis but a moment more I have to save thee.  
Be kind, auspicious Alha, to my pray'r;  
More for my love, than for myself, I fear; 529  
Neglect mankind awhile, and make him all thy care!

[*Exeunt Axalla and Selima.*]

*Baj.* Moneses,—is that dog secur'd?

*Om.* He is.

*Baj.* 'Tis well—My soul perceives returning greatness,  
As nature feels the spring. Lightly she bounds,  
And shakes dishonour, like a burden, from her;  
Once more imperial, awful, and herself.  
So, when of old, Jove from the Titans fled,  
Ammon's rude front his radiant face bely'd,  
And all the majesty of Heav'n lay hid. 530  
At length, by fate, to pow'r divine restor'd,  
His thunder taught the world to know its lord,  
The god grew terrible again, and was again ador'd. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

BAJAZET'S Tent.

*Arpasia.*

SURE 'tis a horror, more than darkness brings,  
That sits upon the night! Fate is abroad;

Some ruling fiend hangs in the dusky air,  
 And scatters ruin, death, and wild distraction,  
 O'er all the wretched race of man below.  
 Not long ago, a troop of ghastly slaves  
 Rush'd in, and forc'd Moneses from my sight;  
 Death hung so heavy on his drooping spirits,  
 That scarcely could he say—Farewell—for ever!  
 And yet, methinks, some gentle spirit whispers, 10  
 Thy peace draws near, Arpasia, sigh no more!  
 And see, the king of terrors is at hand;  
 His minister appears.

*Enter BAJAZET and HALY.*

*Baj.* [*Aside to Haly.*] The rest I leave  
 To thy dispatch. For, oh! my faithful Haly,  
 Another care has taken up thy master.  
 Spite of the high-wrought tempest in my soul,  
 Spite of the pangs which jealousy has cost me,  
 This haughty woman reigns within my breast;  
 “ In vain I strive to put her from my thoughts, 20  
 “ To drive her out with empire, and revenge.  
 “ Still she comes back, like a retiring tide,  
 “ That ebbs a while, but strait returns again,  
 “ And swells above the beach.”

*Ha.* Why wears my lord  
 An anxious thought for what his pow'r commands?  
 When, in an happy hour, you shall, ere long,  
 Have borne the empress from amidst your foes,  
 She must be yours, be only and all yours.

*Baj.* On that depends my fear. Yes, I must have her;  
 I own, I will not, cannot, go without her. 30  
 “ But such is the condition of our flight,  
 “ That should she not consent, 'twould hazard all

“ To bear her hence by force. Thus I resolve then,  
 “ By threats and pray’rs, by every way, to move her;  
 “ If all prevail not, force is left at last;  
 “ And I will set life, empire, on the venture,  
 “ To keep her mine”—Be near to wait my will.

[Exit Haly.

When last we parted, ’twas on angry terms;  
 Let the remembrance die, or kindly think  
 That jealous rage is but a hasty flame,  
 That blazes out, when love too fiercely burns.

49

*Arp.* For thee to wrong me, and for me to suffer,  
 Is the hard lesson that my soul has learnt,  
 And now I stand prepar’d for all to come:  
 Nor is it worth my leisure to distinguish  
 If love or jealousy commit the violence;  
 Each have alike been fatal to my peace,  
 Confirming me a wretch, and thee a tyrant.

*Baj.* Still to deform thy gentle brow with frowns, 50  
 And still to be perverse, it is a manner  
 Abhorrent from the softness of thy sex:  
 Women, like summer storms, awhile are cloudy,  
 Burst out in thunder, and impetuous show’rs;  
 But strait, the sun of beauty dawns abroad,  
 And all the fair horizon is serene.

*Arp.* Then, to retrieve the honour of my sex,  
 Here I disclaim that changing and inconstancy:  
 To thee I will be ever as I am.

*Baj.* Thou say’st I am a tyrant; think so still, 60  
 And let it warn thy prudence to lay hold  
 On the good hour of peace, that courts thee now.  
 Souls, form’d like mine, brook being scorn’d but ill.  
 Be well advis’d, and profit by my patience;  
 It is a short-liv’d virtue.



*Arp.* Turn thy eyes

Back on the story of my woes, barbarian !

Thou that hast violated all respect

Due to my sex, and honour of my birth.

Thou brutal ravisher ! " that hast undone me,

70

" Ruin'd my love !" Can I have peace with thee ?

Impossible ! First Heav'n and hell shall join,

They only differ more.

*Baj.* I see, 'tis vain

To court thy stubborn temper with endearments.

Resolve, this moment, to return my love,

And be the willing partner of my flight,

Or, by the prophet's holy law, thou dy'st.

*Arp.* And dost thou hope to fright me with the phantom,

Death ? 'Tis the greatest mercy thou canst give ;

80

So frequent are the murders of thy reign,

One day scarce passing by unmark'd with blood,

That children, by long use, have learnt to scorn it.

Know, I disdain to aid thy treach'rous purpose,

And shouldst thou dare to force me, with my cries

I will call Heav'n and earth to my assistance.

*Baj.* Confusion ! dost thou brave me ? But my wrath

Shall find a passage to thy swelling heart,

And rack thee worse than all the pains of death.

That Grecian dog, the minion of thy wishes,

90

Shall be dragg'd forth, and butcher'd in thy sight ;

Thou shalt behold him when his pangs are terrible ;

Then, when he stares, and gasps, and struggles strongly,

" Ev'n in the bitterest agony of dying ;"

'Till thou shalt rend thy hair, tear out thy eyes,

And curse thy pride ; while I applaud my vengeance.

*Arp.* Oh, fatal image ! All my pow'rs give way,  
And resolution sickens at the thought ;

" A flood of passion rises in my breast,  
 " And labours fiercely upward to my eyes." 100  
 Come all ye great examples of my sex,  
 Chaste virgins, tender wives, and pious matrons;  
 " Ye holy martyrs, who, with wond'rous faith  
 " And constancy unshaken, have sustain'd  
 " The rage of cruel men, and fiery persecution,"  
 Come to my aid, and teach me to defy  
 The malice of this fiend ! I feel, I feel  
 Your sacred spirit arm me to resistance.  
 Yes, tyrant, I will stand this shock of fate ;  
 Will live to triumph o'er thee, for a moment,  
 Then die well pleas'd, and follow my Moneses. 110

*Baj.* Thou talk'st it well. But talking is thy privilege ;  
 'Tis all the boasted courage of thy sex ;  
 Tho', for thy soul, thou dar'st not meet the danger.

*Arp.* By all my hopes of happiness, I dare !——  
 " My soul is come within her ken of Heav'n ;  
 " Charm'd with the joys and beauties of that place,  
 " Her thoughts and all her cares she fixes there,  
 " And 'tis in vain for thee to rage below :  
 " Thus stars shine bright, and keep their place above, 120  
 " Tho' ruffling winds deform this lower world."

*Baj.* This moment is the trial.

*Arp.* Let it come !

This moment then shall shew I am a Greek,  
 And speak my country's courage in my suff'ring.

*Baj.* Here, mercy, I disclaim thee ! Mark me, traitress !  
 My love prepares a victim to thy pride,  
 And when it greets thee next, 'twill be in blood.

[Exit Bajazet.]

*Arp.* My heart beats higher, and my nimble spirits  
 Ride swiftly thro' their purple channels round. 130

" 'Tis the last blaze of life. Nature revives,  
 " Like a dim winking lamp, that flashes brightly  
 " With parting light, and straight is dark for ever,"  
 And see, my last of sorrows is at hand;  
 Death and Moneses come together to me;  
 As if my stars, that had so long been cruel,  
 Grew kind at last, and gave me all I wish.

*Enter MONESES, guarded by some Mutes; others attending with a cup of poison, and a bow-string.*

*Mon.* I charge ye, O ye ministers of fate!  
 Be swift to execute your master's will;  
 Bear me to my Arpasia; let me tell her, 140  
 The tyrant is grown kind. He bids me go,  
 And die beneath her feet, " A joy shoots thro'  
 " My drooping breast; as often when the trumpet  
 " Has call'd my youthful ardour forth to battle,  
 " High in my hopes, and ravish'd with the sound,  
 " I have rush'd eager on amidst the foremost,  
 " To purchase victory, or glorious death."

*Arp.* If it be happiness, alas! to die,  
 To lie forgotten in the silent grave,  
 To love and glory lost, and from among 150  
 The great Creator's works expung'd and blotted,  
 Then, very shortly, shall we both be happy.

*Mon.* There is no room for doubt; 'tis certain bliss.  
 The tyrant's cruel violence, thy loss,  
 Already seem more light; nor has my soul  
 One unrepented guilt upon remembrance,  
 To make me dread the justice of hereafter;  
 But standing now on the last verge of life,  
 Boldly I view the vast abyss, eternity,  
 Eager to plunge, and leave my woes behind me. 160

*Arp.* By all the truth of our past loves, I vow,

To die appears a very nothing to me.

"But, oh, Moneses! should I not allow

"Somewhat to love, and to my sex's tenderness?"

This very now I could put off my being

Without a groan; but to behold thee die!—

Nature shrinks in me at the dreadful thought,

Nor can my constancy sustain this blow.

*Mon.* Since thou art arm'd for all things after death,

Why should the pomp and preparation of it

170

Be frightful to thy eyes? There's not a pain,

Which age or sickness brings, the least disorder

That vexes any part of this fine frame,

But's full as grievous. All that the mind feels

Is much, much more—And see, I go to prove it.

*Enter a Mute; he signs to the rest, who proffer a Bow-string  
to MONESES.*

*Arp.* Think, ere we part!

*Mon.* Of what?

*Arp.* Of something soft,

Tender and kind, of something wondrous sad,

Oh, my full soul!

*Mon.* My tongue is at a loss;

Thoughts crowd so fast, thy name is all I've left,

My kindest, truest, dearest, best Arpasia!

*[The Mutes struggle with him.]*

*Arp.* I have a thousand, thousand things to utter,

A thousand more to hear yet. Barbarous villains!

Give me a minute. Speak to me, Moneses!

*Mon.* Speak to thee? 'Tis the business of my life,

'Tis all the use I have for vital air.

Stand off, ye slaves! To tell thee that my heart



Is full of thee ; that even at this dread moment,  
My fond eyes gaze with joy and rapture on thee ;  
Angels, and light itself are not so fair.

*Enter BAJAZET, HALY, and Attendants.*

*Baj.* Ha ! wherefore lives this dog ? Be quick, ye slaves !  
And rid me of my pain.

*Mon.* For only death,  
And the last night, can shut out my Arpasia.

*[The Mutes strangle Moneses.]*

*Arp.* Oh, dismal ! 'tis not to be borne ! Ye moralists !  
Ye talkers ! what are all your precepts now ?  
Patience ! Distraction ! Blast the tyrant, blast him,  
Avenging lightnings ! Snatch him hence, ye fiends !  
Love ! Death ! Moneses ! " Nature can no more ;  
" Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once. *[She sinks down.]*

" *Baj.* Help, Haly ! raise her up, and bear her out.

" *Ha.* Alas ! she faints.

" *Arp.* No, tyrant, 'tis in vain.

" Oh ! I am now beyond thy cruel pow'r ;  
" The peaceful slumber of the grave is on me :  
" Ev'n all the tedious day of life I've wander'd,  
" Bewilder'd with misfortunes :  
" At length 'tis night, and I have reach'd my home,  
" Forgetting all the toils and troubles past,  
" Weary I'll lay me down, and sleep, 'till" — Oh !

*[She dies.]*

*Baj.* Fly, ye slaves !  
And fetch me cordials. No, she shall not die !  
Spite of her sullen pride, I'll hold in life,  
And force her to be blest against her will.

*Ha.* Already 'tis beyond the power of art ;  
For, see, a deadly cold has froze the blood,



The pliant limbs grow stiff, and lose their use,  
And all the animating fire is quench'd :  
Ev'n beauty too is dead ; an ashy pale  
Grows o'er the roses, the red lips have lost  
Their fragrant hue, for want of that sweet breath,  
That blest 'em with its odours as it past.

*Baj.* Can it be possible ? Can rage and grief,  
Can love and indignation be so fierce,  
So mortal in a woman's heart ? Confusion !  
Is she escap'd then ? What is royalty,  
If those that are my slaves, and should live for me,  
Can die, and bid defiance to my power ?

*Enter the Dervise.*

*Der.* The valiant Omar sends, to tell thy greatness  
The hour of flight is come, and urges haste ;  
Since he descries, near Tamerlane's pavilion,  
Bright troops of crowding torches, who from thence,  
On either hand stretch far into the night,  
And seem to form a shining front of battle.  
Behold, ev'n from this place thou may'st discern them.

[*Looking out.*

*Baj.* By Alha, yes ! they cast a day around 'em,  
And the plain seems thick set with stars, as heav'n.  
Ha ! or my eyes are false, they move this way :  
'Tis certain so. Fly, Haly, to our daughter. [*Exit Haly.*  
Let some secure the Christian prince Axalla :  
We will begone this minute.

*Enter OMAR.*

*Om.* Lost ! undone !

*Baj.* What mean'st thou ?

*Om.* All our hopes of flight are lost.

Mirvan and Zama, with the Parthian horse,  
Inclose us round, they hold us in a toil.

*Baj.* Ha! whence this unexpected curse of chance?

*Om.* Too late I learnt, that early in the night  
A slave was suffer'd, by the princess' order,  
To pass the guard. I clove the villain down  
Who yielded to his flight: but that's poor vengeance!  
That fugitive has rais'd the camp upon us,  
And unperceiv'd, by favour of the night,  
In silence they have march'd to intercept us.

*Baj.* My daughter! Oh, the trait'ress!

*Der.* Yet we have

Axalla in our power, and angry Tamerlane  
Will buy his fav'rite's life, on any terms.

*Om.* With those few friends I have, I for a while  
Can face their force: if they refuse us peace,  
Revenge shall sweeten ruin, "and 'twill joy me,  
"To drag my foe down with me, in my fall." [Exit Om.]

*Enter HALY, with SELIMA weeping.*

*Baj.* See where she comes, with well-dissembled innocence;  
With truth and faith so lovely in her face.  
As if she durst e'en disavow the falsehood.—  
Hop'st thou to make amends with trifling tears,  
For my lost crown and disappointed vengeance?  
Ungrateful Selima! thy father's curse!  
Bring forth the minion of her foolish heart!  
He dies this moment.—

*Ha.* Would I could not speak  
The crime of fatal love! The slave who fled,  
By whom we are undone, was that Axalla.

*Baj.* Ha? say't thou?

*Ha.* Hid beneath that vile appearance.

The princess found a means for his escape.

*Sel.* I am undone! ev'n nature has disclaim'd me!  
My father! have I lost you all? My father!

*Baj.* Talk'st thou of nature, who hast broke her bands!  
Thou art my bane, thou witch! thou infant parricide!  
But I will study to be strangely cruel;  
I will forget the folly of my fondness!  
Drive all the father from my breast; now snatch thee,  
Tear thee to pieces, drink thy treacherous blood,  
And make thee answer all my great revenge!  
Now, now, thou trait'ress! *[Offers to kill her.]*

*Sel.* Plunge the poignard deep! *[She embraces him.]*  
The life my father gave shall hear his summons,  
And issue at the wound——“Start not to feel  
“My heart's warm blood gush out upon your hands;”  
Since from your spring I drew the purple stream,  
And I must pay it back, if you demand it.

*Baj.* Hence, from my thoughts, thou soft relenting weakness.

Hast thou not given me up a prey? betray'd me!

*Sel.* Oh, not for worlds! not ev'n for all the joys,  
Love, or the prophet's paradise, can give?  
“Amidst the fears and sorrows of my soul,”  
Amidst the thousand pains of anxious tenderness,  
I made the gentle, kind Axalla swear,  
Your life, your crown, and honour should be safe.

*Baj.* Away! my soul disdains the vile dependence!  
No, let me rather die, die like a king!  
Shall I fall down at the proud Tartar's foot,  
And say, Have mercy on me?—Hark! they come! *[Shouts.]*  
Disgrace will overtake my ling'ring hand;  
Die then! Thy father's shame and thine die with thee.  
*[Offers to kill her.]*

*Sel.* For Heav'n, for pity's sake!

*Baj.* No more, thou trifler! [*She catches hold of his arm.*  
Ha! dar'st thou bar my will? Tear off her hold!

*Sel.* What, not for life! Should I not plead for life?

"When nature teaches even the brute creation,

"To hold fast that, her best, her noblest gift."

Look on my eyes, which you so oft have kiss'd,

And swore they were your best-lov'd queen's, my mother's;

Behold 'em now streaming for mercy, mercy!

Look on me, and deny me if you can!

"'Tis but for life I beg. Is that a boon

"So hard for me t' obtain, or you to grant?"

Oh, spare me! Spare your Selima, father!

*Baj.* A lazy sloth hangs on my resolution:

It is my Selima!—Ha! what, my child!

And can I murder her?—Dreadful imagination!

Again they come! I leave her to my foes!

[*Shouts.*

And shall they triumph o'er the race of Bajazet!

Die, Selima! Is that a father's voice?

Rouse, rouse, my fury! Yes, she dies the victim

To my lost hopes. Out, out, thou foolish nature!

Seize her, ye slaves? and strangle her this moment!

[*To the mutes.*

*Sel.* Oh, let me die by you! Behold my breast!

I wo't not shrink! Oh, save me but from these!

*Baj.* Dispatch!

[*The Mutes seize her.*

*Sel.* But for a moment, while I pray

That Heav'n may guard my royal father.

*Baj.* Dogs!

*Sel.* That you may only bless me, ere I die.

[*Shouts.*

*Baj.* Ye tedious villains, then the work is mine.

[*As Bajazet runs at Selima with his sword, enter Tamerlane, Axalla, &c. Axalla gets between Bajazet and Selima, &c.*



*Tamerlane and the rest drive Bajazet and the Mutes off the Stage.]*

*Ax.* And am I come to save thee? Oh, my joy!

"Be this the whitest hour of all my life!"

This one success is more than all my wars,

The noblest, dearest glory of my sword.

*Sel.* Alas, Axalla! Death has been around me;

My coward soul still trembles at the fright,

And seems but half secure, ev'n in thy arms.

*Ax.* Retire, my fair, and let me guard thee forth:

Blood and tumultuous slaughter are about us,

"And danger, in her ugliest forms, is here;"

Nor will the pleasure of my heart be full,

'Till all my fears are ended in thy safety.

*Exeunt Axalla and Selima.*

*Enter TAMERLANE, the Prince of TANAI, ZAMA, MIRVAN, and Soldiers; with BAJAZET, OMAR, and the Dervise, Prisoners.*

*Tam.* Mercy at length gives up her peaceful sceptre,

And justice sternly gives her fate to govern;

'Tis a rank world, and asks her keenest sword,

To cut up villany of monstrous growth.

Zama, take care, that with the earliest dawn,

Those traitors meet the fate their treason merits!

*[Pointing to Omar and the Dervise.]*

For thee, thou tyrant! *[To Baj.]* whose oppressive violence  
Has ruin'd those thou shouldst protect at home;

"Whose wars, whose slaughters, whose assassinations,

"(That basest thirst of blood! that sin of cowards!)

"Whose faith so often given, and always violated,

"Have been th' offence of Heav'n, and plague of earth,"

What punishment is equal to thy crimes?



The doom, thy rage design'd for me, be thine :  
Clos'd in a cage, like some destructive beast,  
I'll have thee borne about, in public view,  
A great example of that righteous vengeance  
That waits on cruelty, and pride, like thine.

*Baj.* It is beneath me to decline my fate,  
I stand prepar'd to meet thy utmost hate :  
Yet think not, I will long thy triumph see :  
None want the means, when the soul dares be free.  
I'll curse thee with my last, my parting breath,  
And keep the courage of my life, in death ;  
Then boldly venture on that world unknown :  
It cannot use me worse than this has done.

[*Exit Bajazet, guarded.*]

*Tam.* Behold the vain effects of earth-born pride,  
That scorn'd Heav'n's laws, and all its pow'r defy'd,  
That could the hand, which form'd it first, forget,  
And fondly say, I made myself be great !  
But justly those above assert their sway,  
And teach ev'n kings what homage they should pay,  
Who then rule best, when mindful to obey.

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[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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## EPILOGUE.

---

TOO well we saw what must have been our fate,  
When harmony with beauty join'd, of late,  
Threaten'd the ruin of our sinking state ;  
Till you, from whom our being we receive,  
In pity bid your own creation live ;  
With moving sounds you kindly drew the fair,  
And fix'd, once more, that shining circle here :  
The lyre you bring is half Apollo's praise ;  
Be ours the task to win and wear his bays.  
Thin houses were before so frequent to us,  
We wanted not a project to undo us ;  
We seldom saw your honours, but by chance,  
As some folks meet their friends of Spain and France :  
'Twas verse decay'd, or politics improv'd,  
That had estrang'd you thus from what you lov'd.  
Time was, when busy faces were a jest,  
When wit and pleasure were in most request ;  
When cheerful theatres with crowds were grac'd ;  
But those good days of poetry are past ;  
Now sour reformers in an empty pit,  
With table-books, as at a lecture, sit,  
To take notes, and give evidence 'gainst wit.  
Those who were once our friends, employ'd elsewhere,  
Are busy now in settling peace and war :  
With careful brows at Tom's and Will's they meet,  
And ask who did elections lose or get —  
Our friend has lost it — Faith I'm sorry for't,  
He's a good man. and ne'er was for the court ;  
He to no government will sue for grace,  
By want of merit safe against a place,

EPILOGUE.

---

*By spite a patriot made, and sworn t' oppose  
All who are uppermost, as England's foes :  
Let Whig or Tory, any side prevail,  
Still 'tis his constant privilege to rail.  
Another, that the tax and war may cease,  
Talks of the duke of Anjou's right and peace,  
And, from Spain's wise example, is for taking  
A vice-roy of the mighty monarch's making ;  
Who should all rights and liberties maintain,  
And English laws by learn'd dragoons explain.*

*Come, leave these politics, and follow wit ;  
Here, uncontroll'd, you may in judgment sit ;  
We'll never differ with a crowded pit :  
We'll take you all, ev'n on your own conditions,  
Think you great men, and wond'rous politicians ;  
And if you slight the offers which we make you,  
No Brentford princes will for statesmen take you.*

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7 JU 52

7 JU 52

Act I.

THE CONFEDERACY.

Scene I.



*De Wilde pinxit*

*Audinet sculp*

*MR. KING & BRASS.*

*— Now for Shipwrecks.*

London. Printed for J. Ball, British Library, Strand, July 7<sup>th</sup> 1738.





*Drawn by Jones*

*Lacey Sculp*

London. Printed for J. Bell, British Library Street. 1. July 1792.

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THE  
*CITY WIVES' CONFEDERACY.*

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A  
COMEDY.

---

BY SIR *JOHN VANBRUGH.*

---

ADAPTED FOR  
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE  
*THEATRES-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.*

---

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

*By Permission of the Managers.*

---

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation."

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LONDON:

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*Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of JOHN BELL,*  
*British Library, STRAND,*  
*Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.*

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M DCC XCII.

THE  
CITY OF WILKES' COMPENDIUM

COMEDY

BY SIR JOHN VAUGHAN

ACTED AT THE

THEATRE OF THE PATENT

AS REPRESENTED AT THE

THEATRE OF THE PATENT



LONDON:

Printed by the Trustees of the British Museum, John Baskin,

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## THE CONFEDERACY.

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It is a problem in the heart of man, that he applauds with the highest pleasure the tricks of represented fraud. He brings himself whimsically to think, that some characters may be injured meritoriously; and he laughs when the guardian or the parent is robbed of a ward or of a daughter, by the dextrous cunning of an unprincipled adventurer.

He is no more rigidly just in his ideas of *married* life. The husband whose wealth has drawn to him a partner younger than himself, or who diminishes the value of many good qualities by a stain of avarice, it is his joy to see dishonoured and deceived, defrauded and miserable.

The present Play is one of those which exhibit the *vices* of life rather than its *follies*—the frivolous wife sporting with the destruction of her family—the low born PROFLIGATE imitating the character both external and internal of his superior, and creeping into connexions under a borrowed skin. He is a common sharper—for he would scruple little, whom we see plundering his mother.

However, the power of the Author is sufficiently visible. —There is a prevalence of humour rather than wit; and the character of Mrs. AMLET, humble when she hopes to receive, insolent when demanding, proud and vulgar, the necessary slave and the eventual tyrant of the Fair, who depend upon her, is, while the effect must be admitted strong, acknowledged to be true.

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## PROLOGUE.

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SPOKEN BY A SHABBY POET.

*YE gods! what crime had my poor father done,  
That you should make a poet of his son?  
Or is't for some great services of his  
You're pleas'd to compliment his boy—with this?*

[Shewing his crown of laurel.

*The honour, I must needs confess, is great,  
If, with this crown, you'd tell him where to eat.  
'Tis well—But I have more complaints—Look here!*

[Shewing his ragged coat.

*Hark ye: D'ye think this suit good winter wear?  
In a cold morning; whu!—at a lord's gate,  
How you have let the porter let me wait!  
You'll say, perhaps, you knew I'd get no harm,  
You'd give me fire enough to keep me warm.  
Ah—*

*A world of blessings to that fire we owe;  
Without it, I'd ne'er make this princely show.  
I have a brother too, now in my sight,*

[Looking behind the scenes.

*A busy man amongst us here to-night:  
Your fire has made him play a thousand pranks,  
For which, no doubt, you've had his daily thanks;  
He's as thank'd you, first, for all his decent plays,  
Where he so nick'd it, when he writ for praise.  
Next for his meddling with some folks in black,  
And bringing—souse—a priest upon his back;*

---

*For building houses here t' oblige the peers,  
And fetching all their house about his ears;  
For a new play be 'as now thought fit to write,  
To sooth the town—which they—will damn to-night.  
These benefits are such, no man can doubt  
But he'll go on, and see your fancy out,  
Till, for reward of all his noble deeds,  
At last like other sprightly folks he speeds:  
Has this great recompence fix'd on his brow  
At fam'd Parnassus; has your leave to bow  
And walk about the streets—equipp'd—as I am now.*

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**Dramatis Personae.**

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**DRURY-LANE.**

*Men.*

|             |   |   |   |   |              |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|--------------|
| GRIPE,      | - | - | - | - | Mr. Moody.   |
| MONEYTRAP,  | - | - | - | - | Mr. Parsons. |
| DICK AMLET, | - | - | - | - | Mr. Palmer.  |
| BRASS,      | - | - | - | - | Mr. King.    |
| CLIF,       | - | - | - | - | Mr. Benson.  |
| JESSAMIN,   | - | - | - | - | Mr. Burton.  |

*Women.*

|               |   |   |   |   |               |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---------------|
| CLARISSA,     | - | - | - | - | Miss Farren.  |
| ARAMINTA,     | - | - | - | - | Mrs. Ward.    |
| CORINNA,      | - | - | - | - | Mrs. Jordan.  |
| FLIPPANTA,    | - | - | - | - | Miss Pope.    |
| Mrs. AMLET,   | - | - | - | - | Mrs. Hopkins. |
| Mrs. CLOGGIT, | - | - | - | - | Mrs. Booth.   |

**SCENE, London.**

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## THE CONFEDERACY.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Covent-Garden. Enter Mrs. AMLET and Mrs. CLOGGIT, meeting.*

*Amlet.*

GOOD-MORROW, neighbour; good-morrow, neighbour Cloggit. How does all at your house this morning?

*Clog.* Thank you kindly, Mrs. Amlet, thank you kindly; how do you do, I pray?

*Am.* At the old rate, neighbour, poor and honest: these are hard times, good lack.

*Clog.* If they are hard with you, what are they with us? You have a good trade going; all the great folks in town help you off with your merchandise.

*Am.* Yes, they do help us off with them indeed; they buy all.

*Clog.* And pay—

*Am.* For some.

*Clog.* Well, 'tis a thousand pities, Mrs. Amlet, they are not as ready at one as they are at t'other; for, not to wrong them, they give very good rates.

*Am.* Oh, for that, let's do them justice, neighbour; they never make two words upon the price; all they haggle about is the day of payment.

*Clog.* There's all the dispute, as you say. 20

*Am.* But that's a wicked one. For my part, neighbour, I'm just tired off my legs with trotting after them; besides, it eats out all our profit. Would you believe it, Mrs. Cloggit, I have worn out four pair of pattens with following my old Lady Youthful for one set of false teeth, and but three pots of paint.

*Clog.* Look you there now!

*Am.* If they would but once let me get enough by 'em, to keep a coach to carry me a dunning after 'em, there would be some conscience in it. 30

*Clog.* Ay, that were something. But, now you talk of conscience, Mrs. Amlet, how do you speed amongst your city customers?

*Am.* My city customers! Now, by my truth, neighbour, between the city and the court (with reverence be it spoken) there's not a — to choose. My ladies in the city, in times past, were as full of gold as they were of religion, and as punctual in their payments as they were in their prayers; but since they have set their minds upon quality, adieu one! adieu t'other! their money and their consciences are gone, Heaven knows where. "There is not a goldsmith's wife to be found in town, but's as hard-hearted as an ancient judge, and as poor as a towering dutchess." 43

*Clog.* But what the murrain have they to do with quality? why don't their husbands make them mind their shops?

*Am.* Their husbands! their husbands, say'st thou, woman? Alack, alack, they mind their husbands, neighbour, no more than they do a sermon!

*Clog.* Good lack-a-day, that women born of sober parents should be prone to follow ill examples! But, now we talk of quality, when did you hear of your son Richard, Mrs. Amlet? My daughter Flipp says she met him t'other day



in a laced coat, with three fine ladies, his footman at his heels, and as gay as a bridegroom.

*Am.* Is it possible? Ah, the rogue! Well, neighbour, all's well that ends well; but Dick will be hanged.

*Clog.* That were pity.

57

*Am.* Pity, indeed; for he's a hopeful young man to look on; but he leads a life——Well, where he has it, Heaven knows; but, they say, he pays his club with the best of them. I have seen him but once these three months, neighbour, and then the varlet wanted money; but I bid him march, and march he did, to some purpose; for, in less than an hour, back comes my gentleman into the house, walks to and fro in the room, with his wig over his shoulder, his hat on one side, whistling a minuet, and tossing a purse of gold from one hand to t'other, with no more respect, Heaven bless us! than if it had been an orange. Sirrah, says I, where have you got that? He answers me never a word, but sets his arms a-kimbo, cocks his saucy hat in my face, turns about upon his ungracious heel, as much as to say, kiss —— and I've never set eye on him since.

72

*Clog.* Look you there now! To see what the youth of this age are come to!

*Am.* See what they will come to, neighbour. Heaven shield, I say; but Dick's upon the gallop. Well, I must bid you good morrow; I'm going where I doubt I shall meet but a sorry welcome.

*Clog.* To get in some old debt, I'll warrant you?

*Am.* Neither better nor worse.

80

*Clog.* From a lady of quality?

*Am.* No, she's but a scrivener's wife; but she lives as well, and pays as ill, as the stateliest countess of them all.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

*Enter BRASS.*

*Brass.* Well, surely, through the world's wide extent, there never appeared so impudent a fellow as my schoolfellow, Dick. To pass himself upon the town for a gentleman, drop into all the best company with an easy air, as if his natural element were in the sphere of quality; when the rogue had a kettle-drum to his father, who was hanged for robbing a church; and has a pedlar to his mother, who carries her shop under her arm. But here he comes. 91

*Enter DICK.*

*Dick.* Well, Brass, what news? Hast thou given my letter to Flippanta.

*Brass.* I'm but just come; I ha'n't knocked at the door yet. But I've a damn'd piece of news for you.

*Dick.* As how?

*Brass.* We must quit this country.

*Dick.* We'll be hang'd first.

*Brass.* So you will, if you stay.

*Dick.* Why, what's the matter? 100

*Brass.* There's a storm a-coming.

*Dick.* From whence?

*Brass.* From the worst point in the compass, the law.

*Dick.* The law! Why, what have I to do with the law?

*Brass.* Nothing; and therefore it has something to do with you.

*Dick.* Explain.

*Brass.* You know you cheated a young fellow at picquet t'other day of the money he had to raise his company.

*Dick.* Well, what then? 110

*Brass.* Why, he's sorry for it.

*Dick.* Who doubts that!

*Brass.* Ay, but that's not all; he's such a fool to think of complaining on't.

*Dick.* Then I must be so wise to stop his mouth.

*Brass.* How?

*Dick.* Give him a little back; if that won't do, strangle him.

*Brass.* You are very quick in your methods.

*Dick.* Men must be so that will dispatch business. 120

*Brass.* Hark you, colonel, your father died in's bed.

*Dick.* He might have done, if he had not been a fool.

*Brass.* Why, he robbed a church.

*Dick.* Ay, but he forgot to make sure of the sexton.

*Brass.* Are not you as great a rogue?

*Dick.* Or I should wear worse clothes.

*Brass.* Hark you; I would advise you to change your life.

*Dick.* And turn ballad-singer.

*Brass.* Not so neither.

*Dick.* What then? 130

*Brass.* Why, if you can get this young wench, reform, and live honest.

*Dick.* That's the way to be starved.

*Brass.* No, she has money enough to buy you a good place, and pay me into the bargain, for helping her to so good a match. You have but this throw left to save you; for you are not ignorant, youngster, that your morals begin to be pretty well known about town: have a care your noble birth, and your honourable relations are not discovered too; there needs but that to have you tossed in a blanket, for the entertainment of the first company of ladies you intrude into; and then, like a dutiful son, you may dabble about with your mother, and sell paint; she's old and weak, and wants somebody to carry her goods after her. How like a dog will you look, with a pair of plod shoes, your hair cropped up to your ears, and a band-box under your arm! 146

*Dick.* Why, faith, Brass, I think thou art in the right on't ; I must fix my affairs quickly, or Madam Fortune will be playing some of her bitch-tricks with me : therefore I'll tell thee what we'll do : we'll pursue this old rogue's daughter heartily ; we'll cheat his family to purpose, and they shall atone for the rest of mankind. 152

*Brass.* Have at her then. I'll about your business presently.

*Dick.* "One kiss—and" success attend thee. [*Exit Dick.*]

*Brass.* A great rogue——Well, I say nothing. But when I have got the thing into a good posture, he shall sign and seal, or I'll have him tumbled out of the house like a cheese. Now for Flippanta. [*He knocks.*]

*Enter FLIPPANTA.*

*Flip.* Who's that ? Brass !

160

*Brass.* Flippanta !

*Flip.* What want you, rogue's face ?

*Brass.* Is your mistress dress'd ?

*Flip.* What, already ! Is the fellow drunk ?

*Brass.* Why, with respect to her looking-glass, it's almost two.

*Flip.* What then, fool ?

*Brass.* Why, then it's time for the mistress of the house to come down and look after her family.

*Flip.* Pr'ythee, don't be an owl. Those that go to bed at night may rise in the morning ; we that go to bed in the morning rise in the afternoon. 172

*Brass.* When does she make her visits then ?

*Flip.* By candle-light : it helps off a muddy complexion ; we women hate inquisitive sunshine. But do you know that my lady is going to turn good housewife ?

*Brass.* What, is she going to die ?

*Flip.* Die!

*Brass.* Why, that's the only way to save money for her family. 180

*Flip.* No; but she has thought of a project to save chair-hire.

*Brass.* As how?

*Flip.* Why, all the company she used to keep abroad, she now intends to keep at her own house. Your master has advised her to set up a basset-table.

*Brass.* Nay, if he advised her to it, it's right. But has she acquainted her husband with it yet?

*Flip.* What to do? When the company meet, he'll see them. 190

*Brass.* Nay, that's true, as you say, he'll know it soon enough.

*Flip.* Well, I must begone; have you any business with my lady?

*Brass.* Yes, as ambassador from Araminta, I have a letter for her.

*Flip.* Give it me.

*Brass.* Hold—and, as first minister of state to the colonel, I have an affair to communicate to thee.

*Flip.* What is it? Quick. 200

*Brass.* Why—he's in love.

*Flip.* With what?

*Brass.* A woman—and her money together.

*Flip.* Who is she?

*Brass.* Corinna.

*Flip.* What would he be at?

*Brass.* At her—if she's at leisure:

*Flip.* Which way?

*Brass.* Honourably—He has ordered me to demand her of thee in marriage. 210



*Flip.* Of me !

*Brass.* Why, when a man of quality has a mind to a city-fortune, wouldst have him apply to her father and mother ?

*Flip.* No.

*Brass.* No, so I think : men of our end of the town are better bred than to use ceremony. With a long periwig we strike the lady, with a you-know-what we soften the maid ; and when the parson has done his job, we open the affair to the family. Will you slip this letter into her prayer-book, my little queen ? It's a very passionate one ; it's sealed with a heart and dagger : you may see by that what he intends to do with himself.

222

*Flip.* Are there any verses in it ? If not, I won't touch it.

*Brass.* Not one word in prose ; it's dated in rhyme.

[*She takes it.*]

*Flip.* Well, but—have you brought nothing else ?

*Brass.* Gad forgive me ! I'm the forgetfullest dog—I have a letter for you too—here—'tis in a purse—but it's in prose ; you won't touch it.

*Flip.* Yes, hang it, it is not good to be too dainty.

*Brass.* How useful a virtue is humility ! Well, child, we shall have an answer to-morrow, shan't we ?

231

*Flip.* I can't promise you that ; for our young gentlewoman is not so often in my way as she would be. Her father (who is a citizen from the foot to the forehead of him) lets her seldom converse with her mother-in-law and me, for fear she should learn the air of a woman of quality. But I'll take the first occasion—See, there's my lady ; go in, and deliver your letter to her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Parlour. Enter CLARISSA, followed by FLIPPANTA and BRASS.*

*Clar.* No messages this morning from any body, Flippanta? Lard, how dull that is! Oh, there's Brass! I did not see thee, Brass. What news dost thou bring?

*Brass.* Only a letter from Araminta, madam. 242

*Clar.* Give it me—Open it for me, Flippanta; I am so lazy to-day. *[Sits down.]*

*Brass.* *[To Flip.]* Be sure now you deliver my master's as carefully as I do this. ✓

*Flip.* Don't trouble thyself; I'm no novice.

*Clar.* *[To Brass.]* 'Tis well; there needs no answer, since she'll be here so soon.

*Brass.* Your ladyship has no further commands then?

*Clar.* Not at this time, honest Brass—Flippanta!

*[Exit Brass.]*

*Flip.* Madam. 252

*Clar.* My husband's in love.

*Flip.* In love!

*Clar.* With Araminta.

*Flip.* Impossible!

*Clar.* This letter from her is to give me an account of it.

*Flip.* Methinks you are not very much alarmed.

*Clar.* No; thou know'st I am not much tortured with jealousy.

*Flip.* Nay, you are much in the right on't, madam; for jealousy's a city passion; 'tis a thing unknown amongst people of quality. 263

*Clar.* Fie! A woman must indeed be of a mechanic mould

who is either troubled or pleased with any thing her husband can do to her. Pr'ythee, mention him no more; 'tis the dullest theme!

*Flip.* 'Tis splenetic indeed. But when once you open your basset-table, I hope that will put him out of your head. 270

*Clar.* Alas, Flippanta, I begin to grow weary even of the thoughts of that too!

*Flip.* How so?

*Clar.* Why, I have thought on't a day and a night already, and four-and-twenty hours, thou know'st, is enough to make one weary of any thing.

*Flip.* Now, by my conscience, you have more woman in you than all your sex together—You never know what you would have.

*Clar.* Thou mistak'st the thing quite. I always know what I lack, but I am never pleas'd with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable. 283

*Flip.* Well, I don't know what you are made of, but other women would think themselves bless'd in your case: handsome, witty, loved by every body, and of so happy a composure, to care a fig for nobody. You have no one passion but that of your pleasures, and you have in me a servant devoted to all your desires, let them be as extravagant as they will. Yet all this is nothing; you can still be out of humour.

*Clar.* Alas, I have too much cause! 292

*Flip.* Why, what have you to complain of?

*Clar.* Alas, I have more subjects for spleen than one! Is it not a most horrible thing that I should be but a scrivener's wife?—Come, don't flatter me—don't you think nature designed me for something *plus élevée*?

*Flip.* Nay, that's certain; but, on t'other side, methinks, you ought to be in some measure content, since you live like a woman of quality, though you are none. 300

*Clar.* Oh, fie! the very quintessence of it is wanting.

*Flip.* What's that?

*Clar.* Why, I dare abuse nobody: I'm afraid to affront people, though I don't like their faces; or to ruin their reputations, though they pique me to it, by taking ever so much pains to preserve them: I dare not raise a lie of a man though he neglects to make love to me; nor report a woman to be a fool, though she's handsomer than I am. In short, I dare not so much as bid my footman kick the people out of doors, though they come to ask me for what I owe them.

*Flip.* All this is very hard indeed. 311

*Clar.* Ah, Flippanta, the perquisites of quality are of an unspeakable value!

*Flip.* They are of some use, I must confess; but we must not expect to have every thing. You have wit and beauty, and a fool to your husband.—Come, come, madam, that's a good portion for one.

*Clar.* Alas! what signifies beauty and wit, when one dares neither jilt the men nor abuse the women? 'Tis a sad thing, Flippanta, when wit's confin'd, " 'tis worse than the rising " of the lights;" I have been sometimes almost chok'd with scandal, and durst not cough it up, for want of being a countess. 323

*Flip.* Poor lady?

*Clar.* Oh, liberty is a fine thing, Flippanta! it's a great help in conversation to have leave to say what one will. I have seen a woman of quality, who has not had one grain of wit, entertain a whole company the most agreeably in the world, only with her malice. But 'tis in vain to repine; I can't mend my condition till my husband dies; so I'll say

no more on't, but think of making the most of the state I am in. 332

*Flip.* That's your best way, madam; and, in order to it, pray consider how you'll get some ready money to set your basset-table a-going; for that's necessary.

*Clar.* Thou say'st true: but what trick I shall play my husband to get some I don't know: for my pretence of losing my diamond necklace has put the man into such a passion, I'm afraid he won't hear reason. 339

*Flip.* No matter; he begins to think 'tis lost in earnest: so I fancy you may venture to sell it, and raise money that way.

*Clar.* That can't be; for he has left odious notes with all the goldsmiths in town.

*Flip.* Well, we must pawn it then.

*Clar.* I'm quite tired with dealing with those pawn-brokers.

*Flip.* I'm afraid you'll continue the trade a great while for all that. [*Aside.*]

*Enter JESSAMIN.*

*Jes.* Madam, there's the woman below that sells paint and patches, iron bodice, false teeth, and all sorts of things to the ladies; I can't think of her name. 352

*Flip.* 'Tis Mrs. Amlet; she wants money.

*Clar.* Well, I ha'n't enough for myself: it's an unreasonable thing she should think I have any for her.

*Flip.* She's a troublesome jade.

*Clar.* So are all people that come a dunning.

*Flip.* What will you do with her?

*Clar.* I have just now thought on't. She's very rich: that woman is, Flippanta; I'll borrow some money of her.

*Flip.* Borrow! Sure you jest, madam. 361



*Clar.* No, I'm in earnest; I give thee commission to do it for me.

*Flip.* Me!

*Clar.* Why dost thou stare, and look so ungainly? Don't I speak to be understood?

*Flip.* Yes, I understand you well enough; but Mrs. Amlet—

*Clar.* But Mrs. Amlet must lend me some money; where shall I have any to pay her else? 370

*Flip.* That's true; I never thought of that, truly. But here she comes.

*Enter Mrs. AMLET.*

*Clar.* How do you do? How do you do, Mrs. Amlet? I ha'n't seen you these thousand years; and yet I believe I'm down in your books.

*Am.* Oh, madam, I don't come for that, alack!

*Flip.* Good-morrow, Mrs. Amlet.

*Am.* Good-morrow, Mrs. Flippanta. 378

*Clar.* How much am I indebted to you, Mrs. Amlet?

*Am.* Nay, if your ladyship desires to see your bill, I believe I may have it about me—There, madam, if it ben't too much fatigue to you to look over it.

*Clar.* Let me see it; for I hate to be in debt—where I am obliged to pay. [*Aside.*]—[*Reads.*] 'Imprimis, for bolstering out the Countess of Crump's left hip'—Oh, fie! this does not belong to me.

*Am.* I beg your ladyship's pardon: I mistook indeed; 'tis a countess's bill I have wrote out to little purpose. I furnished her two years ago with three pair of hips, and am not paid for them yet. But some are better customers than some. There's your ladyship's bill, madam. 391

*Clar.* [*Reads.*] 'For the idea of a new-invented commode.'

—Ay, this may be mine; but 'tis of a preposterous length. Do you think I can waste time to read every article, Mrs. Amlet? I'd as lief read a sermon.

*Am.* Alack-a-day, there's no need of fatiguing yourself at that rate; cast an eye only, if your honour pleases, upon the sum total.

*Clar.* 'Total, fifty-six pounds—and odd things.'

*Flip.* But six-and-fifty pounds!

400

*Am.* Nay, another body would have made it twice as much; but there's a blessing goes along with a moderate profit.

*Clar.* Flippanta, go to my cashier, let him give you six-and-fifty pounds. Make haste. Don't you hear me? Six-and-fifty pounds. Is it so difficult to be comprehended?

*Flip.* No, madam—I—I comprehend six-and-fifty pounds, but——

*Clar.* But go and fetch it, then.

409

*Flip.* What she means I don't know—but I shall, I suppose, before I bring her the money. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

*Clar.* [*Setting her hair in a pocket-glass.*] The trade you follow gives you a great deal of trouble, Mrs. Amlet?

*Am.* Alack-a-day! a world of pain, madam—and yet there's small profit, as your honour sees by your bill.

*Clar.* Poor woman!—Sometimes you have great losses, Mrs. Amlet?

*Am.* I have two thousand pounds owing me, of which I shall never get ten shillings.

419

*Clar.* Poor woman!—You have a great charge of children, Mrs. Amlet?

*Am.* Only one wicked rogue, madam, who I think will break my heart.

*Clar.* Poor woman!

*Am.* He'll be hanged, madam: that will be the end of

him. Where he gets it, Heaven knows; but he's always shaking his heels with the ladies, and his elbows with the lords. He's as fine as a prince, and as gim as the best of them. But the ungracious rogue tells all he comes near that his mother is dead, and I am but his nurse. 430

*Clar.* Poor woman!

*Am.* Alas, madam, he's like the rest of the world—Every body's for appearing to be more than they are, and that ruins all.

*Clar.* Well, Mrs. Amlet, you'll excuse me; I have a little business. Flippanta will bring you your money presently. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet. [Exit.

*Am.* I return your honour many thanks——Ah, there's a good lady! not so much as read her bill——If the rest were like her, I should soon save money enough to go as fine as Dick himself. 441

*Enter DICK.*

*Dick.* Sure Flippanta must have given my letter by this time. I long to know how it has been received. [Aside.

*Am.* Misericorde! what do I see?

*Dick.* Fiends and hags—the witch, my mother!

*Am.* Nay, 'tis he——Ah, my poor Dick, what art thou doing here?

*Dick.* What a misfortune! [Aside.

*Am.* Good lard, how thou art bravely deck'd!——But its all one; I'm thy mother still; and though thou art a wicked child, nature will speak; I love thee still——Ah, Dick! my poor Dick!

[Embracing him.

*Dick.* Blood and thunder!—will you ruin me? 453

[Breaking from her.

*Am.* Ah, the blasphemous rogue, how he swears!

*Dick.* You destroy all my hopes.

*Am.* Will your mother's kiss destroy you, varlet? Thou art an ungracious bird. Kneel down, and ask my blessing, sirrah.

*Dick.* Death and furies!

*Am.* Ah, he's a proper young man!—See what a shape he has——Ah, poor child! 461

[*Running to embrace him, he still avoiding her.*]

*Dick.* 'Oons, keep off! the woman's mad. If any body comes, my fortune's lost.

*Am.* What fortune, ha? Speak, Graceless——Ah, Dick, thou'lt be hanged, Dick.

*Dick.* Good dear mother, don't call me Dick here.

*Am.* Not call thee Dick?—Is it not thy name?—What shall I call thee?—Mr. Amlet?—Ha!—art thou not a presumptuous rascal?—Hark you, sirrah; I hear of your tricks; you disown me for your mother, and say I am but your nurse——Is not this true? 471

*Dick.* No: I love you, I respect you, [*Taking her hand.*] I am all duty. But if you discover me here, you ruin the fairest prospect that ever man had.

*Am.* What prospect?—Ha!—Come, this is a lie, now.

*Dick.* No, my honoured parent, what I say is true; I'm about a great fortune. I'll bring you home a daughter-in-law in a coach and six horses, if you'll but be quiet. I can't tell you more now.

*Am.* Is it possible? 480

*Dick.* 'Tis true, by Jupiter.

*Am.* My dear lad——

*Dick.* For Heaven's sake——

*Am.* But tell me, Dick——

*Dick.* I'll follow you home in a moment, and tell you all.

*Am.* What a shape is there!

*Dick.* Pray, mother, go.

*Am.* I must receive some money here first, which shall go for thy wedding-dinner.

*Dick.* Here's somebody coming——'Sdeath, she'll betray me!

491

*Enter FLIPPANTA.*

*[He makes signs to his mother.]*

Good-morrow, dear Flippanta, how do all the ladies within?

*Flip.* At your service, colonel; as far, at least, as my interest goes.

*Am.* Colonel!——Look you, now, how Dick's respected.

*[Aside.]*

*Dick.* Waiting for thee, Flippanta, I was making acquaintance with this old gentlewoman here.

*Am.* The pretty lad! He's as impudent as a page. *[Aside.]*

*Dick.* Who is this good woman, Flippanta?

499

*Flip.* A gin of all trades; an old daggling cheat, that hobbles about from house to house, to bubble the ladies of their money. I have a small business of yours in my pocket, colonel.

*Dick.* An answer to my letter?

*Flip.* So quick indeed! No, it's your letter itself.

*Dick.* Hast thou not given it then yet?

*Flip.* I han'n't had an opportunity; but 'twon't be long first. Won't you go in and see my lady?

*Dick.* Yes, I'll go make her a short visit. But, dear Flippanta, don't forget; my life and fortune are in your hands.

*Flip.* Never fear; I'll take care of them.

511

*Am.* How he traps them! Let Dick alone. *[Aside.]*

*Dick.* *[To his mother.]* Your servant, good madam. *[Exit:]*

*Am.* Your honour's most devoted.——A pretty, civil, well-bred gentleman this, Mrs. Flippanta——Pray whom may he be?



*Flip.* A man of great note—Colonel Shapely.

*Am.* Is it possible?—I have heard much of him, indeed, but never saw him before. One may see quality in every limb of him——He's a fine man, truly. 520

*Flip.* I think you are in love with him, Mrs. Amlet.

*Am.* Alas, those days are done with me! but if I was as fair as I was once, and had as much money as some folks, Colonel Shapely should not catch cold for want of a bed-fellow. I love your men of rank; they have something in their air does so distinguish them from the rascality.

*Flip.* People of quality, are fine things indeed, Mrs. Amlet; if they had but a little more money; but for want of that, they are forced to do things their great souls are ashamed of——For example, here's my lady——she owes you but six and-fifty pounds. 531

*Am.* Well!

*Flip.* Well, and she has it not by her to pay you.

*Am.* How can that be.

*Flip.* I don't know; her cash-keeper's out of humour; he says he has no money.

*Am.* What a presumptuous piece of vermin is a cash-keeper! Tell his lady he has no money!——Now, Mrs. Flippanta, you may see his bags are full, by his being so saucy. 540

*Flip.* If they are, there's no help for it; he'll do what he pleases, till he comes to make up his yearly accounts.

*Am.* But madam plays sometimes——so, when she has good fortune, she may pay me out of her winnings.

*Flip.* Oh, ne'er think of that, Mrs. Amlet; if she had won a thousand pounds, she'd rather die in a gaol, than pay off a farthing with it. “Play-money, Mrs. Amlet, amongst  
“people of quality, is a sacred thing, and not to be pro-  
“faned; 'tis consecrated to their pleasures; 'twould be sa-  
“cilege to pay their debts with it.” 550

*Am.* Why, what shall we do then ? For I ha'n't one penny to buy bread.

*Flip.* I'll tell you—it just now comes in my head—I know my lady has a little occasion for money at this time : so—if you lend her a hundred pounds, d'ye see—then she may pay you your six-and-fifty out of it.

*Am.* Sure, Mrs. Flippanta, you think to make a fool of me ?

*Flip.* No, the devil fetch me if I do—You shall have a diamond necklace in pawn. 560

*Am.* O ho, a pawn ! That's another case—And when must she have the money ?

*Flip.* In a quarter of an hour.

*Am.* Say no more. Bring the necklace to my house ; it shall be ready for you.

*Flip.* I'll be with you in a moment.

*Am.* Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta.

*Flip.* Adieu, Mrs. Amlet.—[*Exit Amlet.*]—So—this ready money will make us all happy—this spring will set our basset-table a-going, and that's a wheel will turn twenty others. My lady's young and handsome ; she'll have a dozen intrigues upon her hands, before she has been twice at her prayers. So much the better ; the more the grist, the richer the miller. Sure never wench got into so hopeful a place ; here's a fortune to be sold, a mistress to be debauched, and a master to be ruined. If I don't feather my nest, and get a good husband, I deserve to die both a maid and a beggar. [*Exit.*]

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ACT II. SCENE I.

*Mr. GRIPE's House. Enter CLARISSA and DICK.*

*Clarissa.*

WHAT in the name of dulness is the matter with you, colonel? You are as studious as a cracked chymist.

*Dick.* My head, madam, is full of your husband.

*Clar.* The worst furniture for a head in the universe.

*Dick.* I am thinking of his passion for your friend Araminta.

*Clar.* Passion!—Dear colonel, give it a less violent name.

*Enter BRASS.*

*Dick.* Well, sir, what want you?

9

*Brass.* The affair I told you of goes ill. [*To Dick aside.*] There's an action out.

*Dick.* The devil there is!

*Clar.* What news brings Brass?

*Dick.* Before Gad I can't tell, madam; the dog will never speak out. My Lord What-d'ye-call-him waits for me at my lodging: is not that it?

*Brass.* Yes, sir.

*Dick.* Madam, I ask your pardon.

*Clar.* Your servant, sir. [*Exeunt Dick and Brass.*] Jessamin!

[*She sits down.*]

*Enter JESSAMIN.*

*Jes.* Madam.

21

*Clar.* Where's Corinna? Call her to me, if her father ha'n't locked her up: I want her company.

*Jes.* Madam, her guitar-master is with her.

*Clar.* Pshaw! she's always taken up with her impertinent guitar-man. Flippanta stays an age with that old fool Mrs. Amlet: and Araminta, before she can come abroad, is so long a placing her coquette-patch, that I must be a year without company. How insupportable is a moment's uneasiness to a woman of spirit and pleasure!

30

*Enter FLIPPANTA.*

Oh, art thou come at last? Pr'ythee, Flippanta, learn to move a little quicker; thou knowest how impatient I am.

*Flip.* Yes, when you expect money: if you had sent me to buy a prayer-book, you'd have thought I had flown.

*Clar.* Well, hast thou brought me any after all?

*Flip.* Yes, I have brought some. There—[*Giving her a purse.*]*—*the old hag has struck off her bill, the rest is in that purse.

38

*Clar.* 'Tis well: but take care, Flippanta, my husband don't suspect any thing of this; 'twould vex him, and I don't love to make him uneasy: so I would spare him these little sort of troubles, by keeping them from his knowledge.

*Flip.* See the tenderness she has for him, and yet he's always a complaining of you.

*Clar.* 'Tis the nature of them, Flippanta; a husband is a growling animal.

*Flip.* How exactly you define them!

48

*Clar.* Oh, I know them, Flippanta: though I confess my poor wretch diverts me sometimes with his ill-humours. I wish he would quarrel with me to-day a little, to pass away the time, for I find myself in a violent spleen.

*Flip.* Why, if you please to drop yourself in his way, "six to four but he scolds one rubbers with you."

"*Clar.* Ay, but thou knowest he's as uncertain as the wind; and if, instead of quarrelling with me, he should grow fond, he'd make me as sick as a dog.

"*Flip.* If he's kind you must provoke him; if he kisses you, spit in his face. 59

"*Clar.* Alas! when men are in the kissing fit (like lap-dogs) they take that for a favour.

"*Flip.* Nay, then, I don't know what you will do with him.

"*Clar.* I'll e'en do nothing at all with him. — *Flip-*  
"panta!"

*Flip.* Madam.

*Clar.* My cardinal and gloves, and a coach to the door.

*Flip.* Why, whither are you going?

*Clar.* I can't tell yet; but I would go spend some money since I have it. 70

*Flip.* Why, you want nothing that I know of.

*Clar.* How awkward an objection now is that—as if a woman of education bought things because she wanted them! "Quality always distinguishes itself; and therefore, as the mechanic people buy things because they have occasion for them, you see women of rank always buy things because they have not occasion for them. Now there, Flippanta, you see the difference between a woman that has breeding, and one that has none. Oh, ho, here's  
"Araminta come at last." 80

*Enter ARAMINTA,*

Lard, what a tedious while you have let me expect, you! I was afraid you were not well: how do you do to-day?

*Ara.* As well as a woman can do that has not slept all night.



*Flip.* Methinks, madam, you are pretty well awake, however.

*Ara.* Oh, 'tis not a little thing will make a woman of my spirits look drowsy.

*Clar.* But, pr'ythee, what was't disturbed you? 89

*Ara.* Not your husband, don't trouble yourself; at least, I am not in love with him yet.

*Clar.* Well remembered—I had quite forgot that matter. I wish you much joy; you have made a noble conquest indeed.

*Ara.* But, now I have subdued the country, pray is it worth my keeping? You know the ground, you have tried it.

*Clar.* A barren soil, Heaven can tell. 98

*Ara.* Yet, if it were well cultivated, it would produce something, to my knowledge. Do you know, 'tis in my power to ruin this poor thing of yours? His whole estate is at my service.

*Flip.* Cods-fish, strike him, madam, and let my lady go your halves. There's no sin in plundering a husband, so his wife has share of the booty.

*Ara.* Whenever she gives me her orders, I shall be very ready to obey them.

*Clar.* Why, as odd a thing as such a project may seem, Araminta, I believe I shall have a little serious discourse with you about it. But pr'ythee tell me how you have passed the night; for I am sure your mind has been roving upon some pretty thing or other. 112

*Ara.* Why, I have been studying all the ways my brain could produce to plague my husband.

*Clar.* No wonder indeed you look so fresh this morning, after the satisfaction of such pleasing ideas all night.

*Ara.* Why, can a woman do less than study mischief,

when she has tumbled and tossed herself into a burning fever for want of sleep, "and sees a fellow lie snoring by her, "stock-still, in a fine breathing sweat?" 120

*Clar.* Now see the difference of women's tempers: if my dear would make but one nap of his whole life, and only waken to make his will, I should be the happiest wife in the universe. But we'll discourse more of these matters as we go, for I must make a tour among the shops.

*Ara.* I have a coach waits at the door—we'll talk of them as we rattle along.

*Clar.* The best place in nature—for you know a hackney-coach is a natural enemy to a husband. 129

[*Exit* *Clar.* and *Ara.*]

*Flip.* [*Sola.*] What a pretty little pair of amiable persons are there gone to hold a council of war together! Poor birds! what would they do with their time, if the plaguing their husbands did not help them to employment! Well, if idleness be the root of all evil, then matrimony's good for something—for it sets many a poor woman to work. But here comes miss. I hope I shall help her into the holy state too ere long. And when she's once there, if she don't play her part as well as the best of them, I'm mistaken. Ha'n't I lost the letter I'm to give her?—No, here 'tis: so, now we shall see how pure nature will work with her, for art she knows none yet. 141

*Enter* CORINNA.

*Cor.* What does my mother-in-law want with me, Flip-panta? They tell me, she was asking for me.

*Flip.* She's just gone out; so I suppose 'twas no great business.

*Cor.* Then I'll go into my chamber again.

*Flip.* Nay, hold a little if you please. I have some busi-

ness with you myself, of more concern than what she had to say to you.

*Cor.* Make haste then, for you know my father won't let me keep you company : he says, you'll spoil me. 151

*Flip.* I spoil you ! He's an unworthy man to give you such ill impressions of a woman of my honour.

*Cor.* Nay, never take it to heart, Flippanta ; for I don't believe a word he says. But he does so plague me with his continual scolding, I'm almost weary of my life.

*Flip.* Why, what is't he finds fault with ?

*Cor.* Nay, I don't know, for I never mind him : when he has babbled for two hours together, methinks I have heard a mill going, that's all. It does not at all change my opinion, Flippanta—it only makes my head ache. 161

*Flip.* Nay, if you can bear it so, you are not to be pitied so much as I thought.

*Cor.* Not pitied ! Why, is it not a miserable thing, such a young creature as I am should be kept in perpetual solitude, with no other company but a parcel of old fumbling masters, to teach me geography, arithmetic, philosophy, and a thousand useless things ? Fine entertainment, indeed, for a young maid at sixteen ! Methinks one's time might be better employed. 170

*Flip.* Those things will improve your wit.

*Cor.* Fiddle faddle : ha'n't I wit enough already ? My mother-in-law has learned none of this trumpery, and is not she as happy as the day is long ?

*Flip.* Then you envy her, I find.

*Cor.* And well I may. Does she not do what she has a mind to, in spite of her husband's teeth ?

*Flip.* Look you there now : [*Aside.*] if she has not already conceived that, as the supreme blessing of life ! 179

*Cor.* I'll tell you what, Flippanta : if my mother-in-law

would but stand by me a little, and encourage me, and let me keep her company, I'd rebel against my father to-morrow, and throw all my books into the fire. Why he can't touch a groat of my portion, do you know that, Flippanta?

*Flip.* So—I shall spoil her.—[*Aside.*]—Pray Heaven the girl don't debauch me. 186

*Cor.* Look you: in short, he may think what he pleases, he may think himself wise; but thoughts are free, and I may think in my turn. I'm but a girl, 'tis true, and a fool too, if you believe him; but let him know, a foolish girl may make a wise man's heart ache; so he had as good be quiet—Now its out.

*Flip.* Very well, I love to see a young woman have spirit; it's a sign she'll come to something. 194

*Cor.* Ah, Flippanta, if you would but encourage me, you'd find me quite another thing. I'm a devilish girl in the bottom; I wish you'd but let me make one amongst you.

*Flip.* That can never be till you are married.—Come, examine your strength a little. Do you think you durst venture upon a husband? 200

*Cor.* A husband! Why a—if you would but encourage me—Come, Flippanta, be a true friend now. I'll give you advice, when I have got a little more experience. Do you in your very conscience and soul, think I am old enough to be married?

*Flip.* Old enough! Why you are sixteen are you not?

*Cor.* Sixteen! I am sixteen, two months, and odd days, woman. I keep an exact account.

*Flip.* The deuce you are! 209

*Cor.* Why do you then truly and sincerely think I am old enough?

*Flip.* I do, upon my faith, child.

*Cor.* Why then, to deal as fairly with you, Flippanta, as

you do with me, I have thought so any time these three years.

*Flip.* Now I find you have more wit than ever I thought you had; and to shew you what an opinion I have of your discretion, I'll shew you a thing I thought to have thrown into the fire.

*Cor.* What is it, for Jupiter's sake? 220

*Flip.* Something will make your heart chuck within you.

*Cor.* My dear Flippanta!

*Flip.* What do you think it is?

*Cor.* I don't know, nor I don't care—but I'm mad to have it.

*Flip.* It's a four-cornered thing—*There*—

*Cor.* What, like a cardinal's cap?

*Flip.* No, 'tis worth a whole conclave of them. How do you like it?" [Shewing the letter.

*Cor.* Oh, lard, a letter! Is there ever a token in it?

*Flip.* Yes, and a precious one too. There's a handsome young gentleman's heart. 231

*Cor.* A handsome young gentleman's heart? Nay, then it's time to look grave. [Aside.

*Flip.* There.

*Cor.* I sha'n't touch it.

*Flip.* What's the matter now?

*Cor.* I shan't receive it.

*Flip.* Sure you jest.

*Cor.* You'll find I don't. I understand myself better than to take letters, when I don't know who they are from. 240

*Flip.* I'm afraid I commended your wit too soon.

*Cor.* 'Tis all one—I shan't touch it, unless I know who it comes from.

*Flip.* Hey-day! open it and you'll see.

*Cor.* Indeed I shall not.



*Flip.* Well——then I must return it where I had it——

*Cor.* That won't serve your turn, madam ; my father must have an account of this.

*Flip.* Sure you are not in earnest ?

*Cor.* You'll find I am.

250

*Flip.* So, here's fine work !——This 'tis to deal with girls before they come to know the distinction of sexes.

*Cor.* Confess who you had it from, and perhaps, for this once, I mayn't tell my father.

*Flip.* Why then, since it must out, 'twas the colonel : but why are you so scrupulous, madam ?

*Cor.* Because, if it had come from any body else—I would not have given a farthing for it.

[*Twitching it eagerly out of her band.*]

*Flip.* Ah, my dear little rogue, [*Kissing her.*] you frightened me out of my wits.

260

*Cor.* Let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, I say. Um, um, um—Cupid's—um, um, um,—Darts,—um, um, um,—Beauty,—um,—Charms,—um, um, um,—Angel,—um,—Goddess,—um,—[*Kissing the letter.*] um, um, um,—truest Lover,—um, um,—eternal Constancy, um, um, um,—Cruel, um, um, um,—Racks,—um, um, um, Tortures,—um, um,—fifty Daggers,—um, um,—bleeding Heart,—um, um,—dead Man.—Very well, a mighty civil letter, I promise you : not one smutty word in it : I'll go lock it up in my comb-box.

270

*Flip.* Well——but what does he say to you ?

*Cor.* Not a word of news, Flippanta ; 'tis all about business.

*Flip.* Does he not tell you he's in love with you ?

*Cor.* Ay, but he told me that before.

*Flip.* How so ? He never spoke to you.

*Cor.* He sent me word by his eyes.

*Flip.* Did he so? Mighty well. I thought you had been to learn that language. 279

*Cor.* Oh, but you thought wrong, Flippanta.—What, because I don't go a visiting, and see the world, you think I know nothing. But you should consider, Flippanta, that the more one's alone, the more one thinks; and 'tis thinking that improves a girl. I'll have you to know, when I was younger than I am now, by more than I'll boast of, I thought of things would have made you stare again.

*Flip.* Well, since you are so well versed in your business, I suppose I need not inform you, that if you don't write your gallant an answer, he'll die. 289

*Cor.* Nay, now, Flippanta, I confess you tell me something I did not know before. Do you speak in serious sadness? Are men given to die, if their mistresses are sour to them?

*Flip.* Um——I can't say they all die——No, I can't say they do; but truly, I believe it would go very hard with the colonel.

*Cor.* Lard, I would not have my hands in blood for thousands; and therefore, Flippanta——if you'll encourage me——

*Flip.* Oh, by all means an answer. 299

*Cor.* Well, since you say it then, I'll e'en in and do it, though I protest to you, (lest you should think me too forward now) he's the only man that wears a beard I'd ink my fingers for. May be, if I marry him, in a year or two's time I mayn't be so nice. [Aside. Exit Corinna.

*Flip.* [Sola.] Now Heaven give him joy; he's like to have a rare wife o' thee. But where there's money, a man has a plaister to his sore. They have a blessed time on't, who marry for love. See!—here comes an example——Araminta's dread lord. 309

*Enter MONEYTRAP.*

*Mon.* Ah, Flippanta! How do you do, 'good Flippanta? How do you do?

*Flip.* Thank you, sir, well, at your service.

*Mon.* And how does the good family, your master, and your fair mistress? Are they at home?

*Flip.* Neither of them; my master has been gone out these two hours, and my lady is just gone with your wife. 316

*Mon.* Well, I won't say I have lost my labour, however, as long as I have met with you, Flippanta; for I have wished a great while for an opportunity to talk with you a little. You won't take it amiss, if I should ask you a few questions?

*Flip.* Provided you leave me to my liberty in my answers. What's this Cot-quean going to pry into now! [*Aside.*

*Mon.* Pr'ythee, good Flippanta, how do your master and mistress live together?

*Flip.* Live! Why—like man and wife, generally out of humour, "quarrel often, seldom agree," complain of one another; and perhaps have both reason. In short, 'tis much the same as 'tis at your house. 328

*Mon.* Good luck! But whose side are you generally of?

*Flip.* O' the right side always, my lady's. And if you'll have me give you my opinion of these matters, sir, I do not think a husband can ever be in the right.

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* Little, peaking, creeping, sneaking, stingy, covetous, cowardly, dirty, cuckoldly things.

*Mon.* Ha!

"*Flip.* Fit for nothing but taylors and dry nurses.

"*Mon.* Ha!

"*Flip.* A dog in a manger, snarling and biting to starve gentlemen with good stomachs. 340

" Mon. Ha !

" Flip. A sentry upon pleasure, sent to be a plague on lovers, and damn poor women before their time.

" Mon. A husband is indeed——

" Flip. Sir, I say he is nothing—a beetle without wings, a windmill without sails, a ship in a calm.

" Mon. Ha !

" Flip. A quack without drugs.

" Mon. Ha !

" Flip. A lawyer without knavery.

350

" Mon. Ha !

" Flip. A courtier without flattery.

" Mon. Ha !

" Flip. A king without an army ; or, a people with one—  
" Have I drawn him, sir ?

" Mon. Why, truly, Flippanta, I can't deny but there are some general lines of resemblance. But, you know, there may be exceptions."

Flip. Hark you, sir, shall I deal plainly with you ? Had I got a husband, I would put him in mind, that he was married as well as I.

[Sings.

*For were I the thing call'd a wife,*

362

*And my fool grew too fond of his power,*

*He should look like an ass all his life,*

*For a prank that I'd play in an hour.*

Tol lol la ra tal tol, &c.—Do you observe that, sir ?

Mon. I do ; and think you would be in the right on't.—But, pr'ythee, why don't you give this advice to your mistress ?

Flip. For fear it should go round to your wife, sir ; for you know they are playfellows.

Mon. Oh, there's no danger of my wife ; she knows I'm none of those husbands.

373

*Flip.* Are you sure she knows that, sir?

*Mon.* I'm sure she ought to know it, Flippanta, for really I have but four faults in the world.

*Flip.* And pray what may they be?

*Mon.* Why, I'm a little slovenly, I shift but once a week.

*Flip.* Fough! 380

*Mon.* I am sometimes out of humour.

*Flip.* Provoking!

*Mon.* I don't give her so much money as she'd have.

*Flip.* Insolent!

*Mon.* And a——perhaps, I mayn't be quite so young as I was.

*Flip.* The devil!

*Mon.* Oh, but then consider how 'tis on her side, Flippanta. She ruins me with washing, is always out of humour, ever wanting money, and will never be older. 391

*Flip.* That last article, I must confess, is a little hard upon you.

*Mon.* Ah, Flippanta! didst thou but know the daily provocations I have, thou'dst be the first to excuse my faults. But, now I think on't—thou art none of my friend, thou dost not love me at all; no, not at all.

*Flip.* And whither is this little reproach going to lead us now?

*Mon.* You have power over your fair mistress, Flippanta.

*Flip.* Sir!

*Mon.* But what then? you hate me. 400

*Flip.* I understand you not.

*Mon.* There's not a moment's trouble her naughty husband gives her, but I feel it too.

*Flip.* I don't know what you mean.

*Mon.* If she did but know what part I take in her sufferings——



*Flip.* Mighty obscure.

*Mon.* Well, I'll say no more ; but——

*Flip.* All Hebrew.

*Mon.* If thou wouldst but tell her on't.

410

*Flip.* Still darker and darker.

*Mon.* I should not be ungrateful.

*Flip.* Ah, now I begin to understand you.

*Mon.* Flippanta——there's my purse.

*Flip.* Say no more ; now you explain, indeed——You are in love ?

*Mon.* Bitterly——and I do swear by all the gods——

*Flip.* Hold——spare them for another time, you stand in no need of them now. An usurer that parts with his purse, gives sufficient proof of his sincerity.

420

*Mon.* I hate my wife, Flippanta.

*Flip.* That we'll take upon your bare word.

*Mon.* She's the devil, Flippanta.

*Flip.* You like your neighbour's better.

*Mon.* Oh, an angel !

*Flip.* What pity it is the law don't allow trucking.

*Mon.* If it did, Flippanta !

*Flip.* But since it don't, sir——keep the reins upon your passion : don't let your flame rage too high, lest my lady should be cruel, and it should dry you up to a mummy.

*Mon.* 'Tis impossible she can be so barbarous, to let me die. Alas, Flippanta ! a very small matter would save my life.

433

*Flip.* Then y'are dead——for we women never grant any thing to a man who will be satisfied with a little.

*Mon.* Dear Flippanta, that was only my modesty ; but since you'll have it out——I am a very dragon ; and so your lady will find——if ever she thinks fit to be——Now, I hope you'll stand my friend.

*Flip.* Well, sir, as far as my credit goes, it shall be employed in your service. 441

*Mon.* My best Flippanta—tell her—I'm all hers—tell her—my body's hers—tell her—my soul's hers—and tell her—my estate's hers. Lard have mercy upon me, how I'm in love!

*Flip.* Poor man! what a sweat he's in!—But hark—I hear my master; for Heaven's sake compose yourself a little, you are in such a fit, o' my conscience he'll ~~smell~~ you out.

*Mon.* Ah, dear, I'm in such an emotion I dare not be seen; put me in this closet for a moment. 451

*Flip.* Closet, man! it's too little, your love would stifle you. Go air yourself in the garden a little, you have need on't, i'faith. [*She puts him out.*] A rare adventure, by my troth. This will be curious news to the wives. Fortune has now put their husbands into their hands, and I think they are too sharp to neglect its favours.

*Enter GRIPE.*

*Gripe.* Oh, here's the right hand; the rest of the body can't be far off. Where's my wife, housewife? 459

*Flip.* An admirable question!—Why, she gone abroad, sir.

*Gripe.* Abroad, abroad, abroad already!—Why, she uses to be stewing in her bed three hours after this time, as late as 'tis. What makes her gadding so soon?

*Flip.* Business, I suppose.

*Gripe.* Business! she has a pretty head for business truly. Oh, ho, let her change her way of living, or I'll make her change a light heart for a heavy one.

*Flip.* And why would you have her change her way of

living, sir? You see it agrees with her. She never looked better in her life. 471

*Gripe.* Don't tell me of her looks, I have done with her looks long since. But I'll make her change her life, or——

*Flip.* Indeed, sir, you won't.

*Gripe.* Why, what shall hinder me, insolence?

*Flip.* That which hinders most husbands; contradiction.

*Gripe.* Suppose I resolve I won't be contradicted?

*Flip.* Suppose she resolves you shall?

*Gripe.* A wife's resolution is not good by law.

*Flip.* Nor a husband's by custom. 480

*Gripe.* I tell thee I will not bear it.

*Flip.* I tell you, sir, you will bear it.

*Gripe.* 'Oons, I have borne it three years already.

*Flip.* By that you see it is but giving your mind to it.

*Gripe.* My mind to it! Death and the devil! My mind to it!

*Flip.* Look ye, sir, you may swear and damn, and call the furies to assist you; but till you apply the remedy to the right place, you'll never cure the disease. You fancy you have got an extravagant wife, is't not so? 490

*Gripe.* Pr'ythee, change me that word fancy, and it is so.

*Flip.* Why, there's it. Men are strangely troubled with the vapours of late. You'll wonder now if I tell you, you have the most reasonable wife in town; and that all the disorders you think you see in her are only here, here, here in your own head. [Thumping his forehead.

*Gripe.* She is then in thy opinion a reasonable woman.

*Flip.* By my faith I think so. 5

*Gripe.* I shall run mad——Name me an extravagance in the world she is not guilty of. 500

*Flip.* Name me an extravagance in the world she is guilty of.

*Gripe.* Come, then: does not she put the whole house in disorder?

*Flip.* Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

*Gripe.* 'Tis very well. Does she employ any one moment of her life in the government of her family?

*Flip.* She is so submissive a wife, she leaves it entirely to you. 510

*Gripe.* Admirable! Does not she spend more money in coach-hire and chair-hire than would maintain six children?

*Flip.* She's too nice of your credit to be seen daggling in the streets.

*Gripe.* Good! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a week together?

*Flip.* That, sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time; you keep odd hours; you are always going to bed when she's rising, and rising just when she's coming to bed. 520

*Gripe.* Yes, truly, night into day, and day into night, bawdy-house play, that's her trade; but these are trifles.—Has she not lost her diamond necklace? Answer me to that, trapes.

*Flip.* Yes; and has sent as many tears after it, as if it had been her husband.

*Gripe.* Ah!—the devil take her; but enough. 'Tis resolved, and I will put a stop to the course of her life, and so she shall know the first time I meet with her;—[*Aside.*] which, though we are man and wife, and lie under one roof, 'tis very probable may not be this fortnight. [*Exit Gripe.*]

*Flip.* [*Sola.*] Nay, thou hast a blessed time on't, that must be confessed. What a miserable devil is a husband! Insupportable to himself, and a plague to every thing about him. "Their wives do by them as children do by dogs,

"tease and provoke them, till they make them so peevish,  
 "they snarl and bite at every thing that comes in their  
 "reach. This wretch here is grown perverse to that de-  
 "gree, he's for his wife's keeping at home, and making hell  
 "of his house, so he may be the devil in it, to torment her.  
 "How niggardly soever he is of all things he possesses, he  
 "is willing to purchase her misery at the expence of his  
 "own peace." But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of  
 his aim. If I know her (which I think I do), she'll set his  
 blood in such a ferment, it shall bubble out at every pore of  
 him; whilst hers is so quiet in her veins, her pulse shall go  
 like a pendulum. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Mrs. AMLET's House. Enter DICK.*

*Dick.*

WHERE's this old woman?—A-hey. What the devil,  
 nobody at home!—Ha! her strong box!—and the key in  
 it! Tis so. Now fortune be my friend. What the deuce  
 —not a penny of money in cash!—nor a checker note!  
 —nor a bank-bill!—[*Searches the strong-box.*]—nor a  
 crooked stick!—nor a—Mum—here's something—  
 A diamond necklace, by all the gods! 'Oons, the old wo-  
 man—Zest.

[*Claps the necklace in his pocket, then runs and asks her  
 blessing.*]

*Enter Mrs. AMLET.*

—Pray, mother, pray to, &c.

*Am.* Is it possible! Dick upon his humble knee! Ah, my  
 dear child!—May Heaven be good unto thee.



*Dick.* I'm come, my dear mother, to pay my duty to you, and to ask your consent to——

*Am.* What a shape is there !

*Dick.* To ask your consent, I say, to marry a great fortune ; for what is riches in this world without a blessing ? And how can there be a blessing without respect and duty to parents.

*Am.* What a nose he has !

19

*Dick.* And therefore it being the duty of every good child not to dispose of himself in marriage without the——

*Am.* Now the Lord love thee—[*Kissing him.*—for thou art a goodly young man. Well, Dick—and how goes it with the lady ? Are her eyes open to thy charms ? Does she see what's for her own good ? Is she sensible of the blessings thou hast in store for her ? Ha ! Is all sure ? Hast thou broke a piece of money with her ? Speak, bird, do : don't be modest, and hide thy love from thy mother, for I'm an indulgent parent.

*Dick.* Nothing under Heaven can prevent my good fortune, but its being discovered I am your son.

31

*Am.* Then thou art still ashamed of thy natural mother—Graceless ! Why, I'm no whore, sirrah !

*Dick.* I know you are not—A whore ! bless us all——

*Am.* No ; my reputation's as good as the best of 'em ; and though I'm old, I'm chaste, you rascal, you.

*Dick.* Lord, that is not the thing we talk of, mother ; but——

*Am.* I think, as the world goes, they may be proud of marrying their daughter into a virtuous family.

*Dick.* 'Oons, virtue is not in the case——

40

*Am.* Where she may have a good example before her eyes.

*Dick.* Oh, Lord ! Oh, Lord ! Oh, Lord !

*Am.* I'm a woman that don't so much as encourage an incontinent look towards me.

*Dick.* I tell you, s'death, I tell you——

*Am.* If a man should make an uncivil motion to me, I'd spit in his lascivious face ; and all this you may tell them, sirrah.

*Dick.* Death and furies ! the woman's out of her——

*Am.* Don't you swear, you rascal you, don't you swear ; we shall have thee damned at last, and then I shall be disgraced.

52

*Dick.* Why then, in cold blood hear me speak to you : I tell you it's a city-fortune I'm about, she cares not a fig for your virtue, she'll hear of nothing but quality ; she has quarrelled with one of her friends for having a better complexion, and is resolved she'll marry, to take place of her.

*Am.* What a cherry lip is there !

*Dick.* Therefore, good, dear mother, now have a care and don't discover me ; for if you do, all's lost.

60

*Am.* Dear, dear, how thy fair bride will be delighted ; go, get thee gone, go : go fetch her home, go fetch her home ; I'll give her a sack posset, and a pillow of down she shall lay her head upon. Go, fetch her home, I say.

*Dick.* Take care then of the main chance, my dear mother ; remember, if you discover me——

*Am.* Go, fetch her home, I say.

*Dick.* You promise me then——

*Am.* March.

*Dick.* But swear to me——

70

*Am.* Be gone, sirrah.

*Dick.* Well, I'll rely upon you—But one kiss before I go.

[Kisses her heartily, and runs off.]

*Am.* Now the Lord love thee ; for thou art a comfortable young man.

[Exit Mrs. Amlet.]

SCENE II.

GRIPE's House. *Enter CORINNA and FLIPPANTA.*

*Cor.* But hark you, Flippanta, if you don't think he loves me dearly, don't give him my letter, after all.

*Flip.* Let me alone.

*Cor.* When he has read it, let him give it you again.

*Flip.* Don't trouble yourself.

*Cor.* And not a word of the pudding to my mother-in-law. 81

*Flip.* Enough.

*Cor.* When we come to love one another to the purpose she shall know all.

*Flip.* Ay, then 'twill be time enough.

*Cor.* But remember 'tis you make me do all this now, so if any mischief comes on't, 'tis you must answer for't.

*Flip.* I'll be your security.

*Cor.* I'm young, and know nothing of the matter ; but you have experience, so it's your business to conduct me safe.

*Flip.* Poor innocence ! 91

*Cor.* But tell me in serious sadness, Flippanta, does he love me with the very soul of him ?

*Flip.* I have told you so an hundred times, and yet you are not satisfied.

*Cor.* But, methinks, I'd fain have him tell me so himself.

*Flip.* Have patience, and it shall be done.

*Cor.* Why, patience is a virtue ; that we must all confess — But, I fancy, the sooner it's done the better, Flippanta.

*Enter JESSAMIN.*

*Jes.* Madam, yonder's your geography-master waiting for you. 101

*Cor.* Ah, how I am tired with these old fumbling fellows, Flippanta.

*Flip.* Well, don't let them break your heart, you shall be rid of them all ere long.

*Cor.* Nay, 'tis not the study I am so weary of, Flippanta, 'tis the odious thing that teaches me. Were the colonel my master, I fancy I could take pleasure in learning every thing he could shew me.

109

*Flip.* And he can shew you a great deal, I can tell you that. But get you gone in, here's somebody coming, we must not be seen together.

*Cor.* I will, I will, I will——Oh, the dear colonel !

[*Running off.*]

*Enter Mrs. AMLET.*

*Flip.* O ho, its Mrs. Amlet——What brings you so soon to us again, Mrs. Amlet ?

*Am.* Ah, my dear Mrs. Flippanta, I'm in a furious fright.

*Flip.* Why, what's come to you ?

*Am.* Ah ! mercy on us all——Madam's diamonded necklace——

*Flip.* What of that ?

120

*Am.* Are you sure you left it in my house !

*Flip.* Sure I left it ! a very pretty question, truly.

*Am.* Nay, don't be angry ; say nothing to madam of it, I beseech you : it will be found again, if it be Heaven's good will. At least, 'tis I must bear the loss on't. 'Tis my rogue of a son has laid his bird-lime fingers on't.

*Flip.* Your son, Mrs. Amlet !——Do you breed your children up to such tricks as these, then ?

*Am.* What shall I say to you, Mrs. Flippanta ?——Can I help it ? He has been a rogue from his cradle, Dick has :

But he has his deserts too. And now it comes in my head, mayhap, he may have no ill design in this, neither. 132

*Flip.* No ill design, woman ! He's a pretty fellow if he can steal a diamond necklace with a good one.

*Am.* You don't know him, Mrs. Flippanta, so well as I that bore him. Dick's a rogue, 'tis true ; but—mum——

*Flip.* What does the woman mean ?

*Am.* Hark you, Mrs. Flippanta, is not here a young gentlewoman in your house that wants a husband ?

*Flip.* Why do you ask ? 140

*Am.* By way of conversation only, it does not concern me ; but when she marries, I may chance to dance at the wedding. Remember, I tell you so ; I, who am but Mrs. Amlet.

*Flip.* You dance at her wedding !—You !

*Am.* Yes, I, I ; but don't trouble madam about her necklace ; perhaps it mayn't go out of the family.—Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta. [Exit.

*Flip.* What—what—what does the woman mean ? “ Mad ! “ what a hodge-podge of a story's here ? ”—The necklace lost—and her son Dick—and a fortune to marry—and she shall dance at the wedding—and——She does not intend, I hope, to propose a match between her son Dick and Corinna ? By my conscience I believe she does. An old beldam !

*Enter BRASS.*

*Brass.* Well, hussy, how stand our affairs ? Has miss writ us an answer yet ? My master's very impatient yonder.

*Flip.* And why the deuce does not he come himself ? Why does he send such idle fellows as thee of his errands ? Here I had her alone just now : he won't have such an opportunity again this month, I can tell him that. 159

*Brass.* So much the worse for him ; 'tis his business.—



But now, my dear, let thee and I talk a little of our own: I grow most damnably in love with thee; dost hear that?

*Flip.* Phu! thou art always timing things wrong; my head is full, at present, of more important things than love.

*Brass.* Then its full of important things indeed: dost not want a privy-counsellor?

*Flip.* I want an assistant.

*Brass.* To do what?

*Flip.* Mischief.

*Brass.* I'm thy man—touch.

169

*Flip.* But before I venture to let thee into my project, pr'ythee tell me whether thou findest a natural disposition to ruin a husband to oblige his wife?

*Brass.* Is she handsome?

*Flip.* Yes.

*Brass.* Why then my disposition's at her service.

*Flip.* She's beholden to thee.

*Brass.* Not she alone, neither—therefore don't let her grow vain upon't; for I have three or four affairs of that kind going at this time.

179

*Flip.* Well, go carry this epistle from miss to thy master; and when thou comest back I'll tell thee thy business.

*Brass.* I'll know it before I go, if you please.

*Flip.* Thy master waits for an answer.

*Brass.* I'd rather he should wait than I.

*Flip.* Why then, in short, Araminta's husband is in love with my lady.

*Brass.* Very well, child, we have a Rowland for her Oliver: thy lady's husband is in love with Araminta.

*Flip.* Who told you that, sirrah?

189

*Brass.* 'Tis a negotiation I am charged with, pert. Did not I tell thee I did business for half the town? I have ma-

naged master Gripe's little affairs for him these ten years, you slut you.

*Flip.* Hark thee, Brass, the game's in our hands, if we can but play the cards.

*Brass.* Pique and repique, you jade you, if the wives will fall into a good intelligence.

*Flip.* Let them alone; I'll answer for them they don't slip the occasion.—See, here they come. They little think what a piece of good news we have for them. 198

*Enter CLARISSA and ARAMINTA.*

*Clar.* Jessamin! Here, boy, carry up these things into my dressing-room, and break as many of them by the way as you can, be sure.—Oh, art thou there, Brass! What news?

*Brass.* Madam, I only called in as I was going by.—But some little propositions, Mrs. Flippanta has been starting, have kept me here to offer your ladyship my humble service.

*Clar.* What propositions?

*Brass.* She'll acquaint you, madam.

*Ara.* Is there any thing new, Flippanta?

*Flip.* Yes, and pretty too. 209

*Clar.* That follows of course—but let's have it quick.

*Flip.* Why, madam, you have made a conquest.

*Clar.* Hussy—But of whom? Quick.

*Flip.* Of Mr. Moneytrap, that's all.

*Ara.* My husband?

*Flip.* Yes, your husband, madam: you thought fit to corrupt ours, so now we are even with you.

*Ara.* Sure thou art in jest, Flippanta.

*Flip.* Serious as my devotions.

*Brass.* And the cross intrigue, ladies, is what our brains have been at work about. 220

*Ara.* My dear !

[To Clarissa.

*Clar.* My life !

*Ara.* My angel !

*Clar.* My soul !

[Hugging one another.

*Ara.* The stars have done this.

*Clar.* The pretty little twinklers.

*Flip.* And what will you do for them now ?

*Clar.* What grateful creatures ought ; shew them we don't despise their favours. 229

*Ara.* But is not this a wager between these two block-heads ?

*Clar.* I would not give a shilling to go the winners' halves.

*Ara.* Then 'tis the most fortunate thing that ever could have happened.

*Clar.* All your last night's ideas, Araminta, were trifles to it.

*Ara.* Brass, my dear, will be useful to us.

*Brass.* At your service, madam.

*Clar.* Flippanta will be necessary, my life.

*Flip.* She waits your commands, madam. 240

*Ara.* For my part, then, I recommend my husband to thee, Flippanta, and make it my earnest request thou won't leave him one half-crown.

*Flip.* I'll do all I can to obey you, madam.

*Brass.* [To Clar.] If your ladyship would give me the same kind orders for yours——

*Clar.* Oh, if thou spar'st him, Brass, I'm thy enemy till I die.

*Brass.* 'Tis enough, madam ; I'll be sure to give you a reasonable account of him. But how do you intend we shall proceed, ladies ! Must we storm the purse at once, or break ground in form, and carry it by little and little ?

*Clar.* Storm, dear Brass, storm : ever whilst you live, storm. 254

*Ara.* Oh, by all means.—Must it not be so, Flippanta?

*Flip.* In four-and-twenty hours, two hundred pounds a-piece, that's my sentence.

*Brass.* Very well. But, ladies, you'll give me leave to put you in mind of some little expence in favours, 'twill be necessary you are at to these honest gentlemen. 260

*Ara.* Favours, Brass!

*Brass.* Um—a—some small matters, madam, I doubt, must be.

*Clar.* Now that's a vile article, Araminta; for that thing, your husband, is so like mine——

*Flip.* Phu! there's a scruple indeed! Pray, madam, don't be so squeamish; though the meat be a little flat, we'll find you savoury sauce to it.

*Clar.* This wench is so mad——

*Flip.* Why, what, in the name of Lucifer, is it you have to do that's so terrible? 271

*Brass.* A civil look only.

*Ara.* There's no great harm in that.

*Flip.* An obliging word.

*Clar.* That one may afford them.

*Brass.* A little smile, *à propos*.

*Ara.* That's but giving one's self an air.

*Flip.* Receive a little letter, perhaps.

*Clar.* Women of quality do that from fifty odious fellows.

*Brass.* Suffer (may be) a squeeze by the hand. 280

*Ara.* One's so used to that, one does not feel it.

*Flip.* Or if a kiss would do't——

*Clar.* I'd die first.

*Brass.* Indeed, ladies, I doubt 'twill be necessary to——

*Clar.* Get their wretched money, without paying so dear for it.

*Flip.* Well, just as you please for that, my ladies——But

I suppose you'll play upon the square with your favour, and not pique yourselves upon being one more grateful than another. 290

*Brass.* And state a fair account of receipts and disbursements.

*Ara.* That, I think, should be indeed.

*Clar.* With all my heart, and Brass shall be our book-keeper. So get thee to work, man, as fast as thou canst; but not a word of all this to thy master,

*Brass.* I'll observe my order, madam. [Exit,

*Clar.* I'll have the pleasure of telling him myself; he'll be violently delighted with it. 'Tis the best man in the world, Araminta: he'll bring us rare company to-morrow; all sorts of gamesters; and then thou shalt see my husband will be such a beast to be out of humour at it. 302

*Ara.* The monster! But, hush! here's my dear approaching: pry'thee, let's leave him to Flippanta.

*Flip.* Ay, pray do: I'll bring you a good account of him, I'll warrant you.

*Clar.* Dispatch, then; for the basset-table's in haste.

[Exit Clarissa and Araminta.

*Flip.* So, now have at him. Here he comes—We'll try if we can pillage the usurer, as he does other folks.

Enter MONEYTRAP.

*Mon.* Well, my pretty Flippanta, is thy mistress come home? 311

*Flip.* Yes, sir.

*Mon.* And where is she, pr'ythee?

*Flip.* Gone abroad, sir.

*Mon.* How dost mean?

*Flip.* I meant right, sir—My lady will come home and



go abroad ten times in an hour, when she is either in very good humour, or very bad.

*Mon.* Good-lack! But I'll warrant, in general, 'tis her naughty husband that makes her home uneasy to her—  
But hast thou said a little something to her, chicken, for an expiring lover, ha?

322

*Flip.* Said!—Yes, I have said; much good may it do me!

*Mon.* Well, and how?

*Flip.* And how!—And how do you think you would have me do't? And you have such a way with you one can refuse you nothing. But I have brought myself into a fine business by it.

*Mon.* Good-lack!—But I hope, Flippanta—

*Flip.* Yes, your hopes will do much, when I am turned out of doors.

331

*Mon.* Was she then terribly angry?

*Flip.* Oh, had you seen how she flew when she saw where I was pointing! for, you must know, I went round the bush, and round the bush, before I came to the matter.

*Mon.* Nay, 'tis a ticklish point, that must be owned.

*Flip.* On my word is it—I mean, where a lady is truly virtuous; for that's our case, you must know.

*Mon.* A very dangerous case, indeed.

*Flip.* But I can tell you one thing—she has an inclination to you.

341

*Mon.* Is it possible?

*Flip.* Yes; and I told her so at last.

*Mon.* Well, and what did she answer thee?

*Flip.* Slap—and bid me bring it to you for a token.

[Giving him a slap on the face.

*Mon.* And you have lost none on't by the way, with a pox t'ye.

[Aside.

*Flip.* Now this, I think, looks the best in the world.

*Mon.* Yea; but it really feels a little oddly. 349

*Flip.* Why, you must know, ladies have different ways of expressing their kindness, according to the humour they are in. If she had been in a good one, it had been a kiss. But as long as she sent you something, your affairs go well.

*Mon.* Why, truly, I am a little ignorant in the mysterious paths of love; so I must be guided by thee. But, pr'ythee, take her in a good humour next token she sends me.

*Flip.* Ah—good humour!

*Mon.* What's the matter?

*Flip.* Poor lady!

*Mon.* Ha!

360

*Flip.* If I durst tell you all——

*Mon.* What then?

*Flip.* You would not expect to see her in one a good while.

*Mon.* Why, I pray?

*Flip.* I must own I did take an unseasonable time to talk of love-matters to her.

*Mon.* Why, what's the matter?

*Flip.* Nothing.

*Mon.* Nay, pr'ythee, tell me.

370

*Flip.* I dare not.

*Mon.* You must indeed.

*Flip.* Why, when women are in difficulties, how can they think of pleasure?

*Mon.* Why, what difficulties can she be in?

*Flip.* Nay, I do but guess after all; for she has that grandeur of soul, she'd die before she'd tell.

*Mon.* But what dost thou suspect?

*Flip.* Why, what should one suspect, where a husband loves nothing but the getting of money, and a wife nothing but spending on't?

381

*Mon.* So she wants that same then ?

*Flip.* I say no such thing ; I know nothing of the matter : pray, make no wrong interpretation of what I say ; my lady wants nothing that I know of. 'Tis true, she has had ill luck at cards of late ; I believe she has not won once this month ; but what of that ?

*Mon.* Ha !

*Flip.* 'Tis true, I know her spirit's that, she'd see her husband hanged, before she'd ask him for a farthing. 390

*Mon.* Ha !

*Flip.* And then I know him again ; he'd see her drown'd before he'd give her a farthing : but that's a help to your affair, you know.

*Mon.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*Flip.* Ah——Well, I'll say nothing ; but if she had none of these things to fret her——

*Mon.* Why, really, Flippanta——


*Flip.* I know what you are going to say now ; you are going to offer your service, but 'twont do ; you have a mind to play the gallant now, but it must not be ; you want to be shewing your liberality, but 'twon't be allowed ; you'll be pressing me to offer it, and she'll be in a rage. We shall have the devil to do. 404

*Mon.* You mistake me, Flippanta ; I was only going to say——

*Flip.* Ay, I know what you were going to say well enough ; but I tell you it will never do so. If one could find out some way now——ay——let me see——

*Mon.* Indeed I hope——

*Flip.* Pray, be quiet——No——but I'm thinking——um——she'll smoke that, though——Let us consider——If one could find out a way to——'Tis the nicest point in the world to bring about : she'll never touch it, if she knows from whence it comes. 415



*Mon.* Shall I try if I can reason her husband out of twenty pounds, to make her easy the rest of her life?

*Flip.* Twenty pounds, man! Why, you shall see her set that upon a card. Oh, she has a great soul! Besides, if her husband should oblige her, it might, in time, take off her aversion to him, and, by consequence, her inclination to you. No, no; it must never come that way.

*Mon.* What shall we do then?

*Flip.* Hold still—I have it—I'll tell you what you shall do.

425

*Mon.* Ay.

*Flip.* You shall make her a—restitution—of two hundred pounds.

*Mon.* Ha!—a restitution!

*Flip.* Yes, yes, 'tis the luckiest thought in the world. Madam often plays, you know; and folks who do so, meet now and then with sharpers. Now you shall be a sharper.

*Mon.* A sharper!

*Flip.* Ay, ay, a sharper; and having cheated her of two hundred pounds, shall be troubled in mind, and send it her back again. You comprehend me?

*Mon.* Yes—I, I comprehend; but—a—won't she suspect, if it be so much?

*Flip.* No, no; the more the better.

*Mon.* Two hundred pounds!

440

*Flip.* Yes, two hundred pounds—Or—let me see—so even a sum may look a little suspicious—ay—let it be two hundred and thirty: that odd thirty will make it look so natural, the devil won't find it out.

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* Pounds, too, look I don't know how: guineas, I fancy, were better—Ay—guineas—it shall be guineas. You are of that mind, are you not?

*Mon.* Um—a guinea, you know, Flippanta, is— 449

*Flip.* A thousand times genteeler; you are certainly in the right on't; it shall be as you say—two hundred and thirty guineas.

*Mon.* Ho—Well, if it must be guineas—Let's see—two hundred guineas——

*Flip.* And thirty; two hundred and thirty. If you mistake the sum, you spoil all. So go, put them in a purse, while it's fresh in your head, and send them to me with a penitential letter, desiring I'll do you the favour to restore them to her.

*Mon.* Two hundred and thirty pounds in a bag! 460

*Flip.* Guineas, I say, guineas.

*Mon.* Ay, guineas; that's true. But, Flippanta, if she don't know they come from me, then I give my money for nothing, you know.

*Flip.* Phu! leave that to me: I'll manage the stock for you; I'll make it produce something, I'll warrant you.

*Mon.* Well, Flippanta, 'tis a great sum, indeed; but I'll go try what I can do for her. You say, two hundred guineas in a purse?

*Flip.* And thirty, if the man's in his senses. 470

*Mon.* And thirty, 'tis true; I always forget that thirty.

[Exit.

*Flip.* So, get thee gone; thou art a rare fellow, i'faith.—Brass—it's thee, is't not!

Enter BRASS.

*Brass.* It is, huswife. How go matters? I staid till thy gentleman was gone. Hast done any thing towards our common purse?

*Flip.* I think I have; he's going to make us a restitution of two or three hundred pounds.



*Brass.* A restitution!—Good.

479

*Flip.* A new way, sirrah, to make a lady take a present without putting her to the blush.

*Brass.* 'Tis very well, mighty well indeed. Pr'ythee, where's thy master? Let me try if I can persuade him to be troubled in mind too.

*Flip.* Not so hasty; he's gone into his closet to prepare himself for a quarrel I have advised him to—with his wife.

*Brass.* What to do?

487

*Flip.* Why to make her stay at home, now she has resolved to do it before-hand. You must know, sirrah, we intend to make a merit of our basset-table, and get a good pretence for the merry companions we intend to fill his house with.

*Brass.* Very nicely spun, truly; thy husband will be a happy man.

*Flip.* Hold your tongue, you fool you—See, here comes your master.

*Brass.* He's welcome.

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* My dear Flippanta, how many thanks have I to pay thee?

*Flip.* Do you like her stile?

499

*Dick.* The kindest little rogue! there's nothing but she gives me leave to hope. I am the happiest man the world has in its care.

*Flip.* Not so happy as you think for, neither, perhaps; you have a rival, sir, I can tell you that.

*Dick.* A rival?

*Flip.* Yes, and a dangerous one too.

*Dick.* Who, in the name of terror?

*Flip.* A devilish fellow, one Mr. Amlet.

*Dick.* Amlet! I know no such man.

509

*Flip.* You know the man's mother, though; you met her here, and are in her favour, I can tell you. If he worst you in your mistress, you shall e'en marry her, and disinherit him.

*Dick.* If I have no other rival than Mr. Amlet, I believe I sha'n't be much disturbed in my amour.—But can't I see Corinna?

*Flip.* I don't know; she has always some of her masters with her. But I'll go and see if she can spare you a moment, and bring you word. [Exit.

*Dick.* I wish my old hobbling mother han't been blabbing something here she should not do. 521

*Brass.* Fear nothing; all's safe on that side yet.—But how speaks young mistress's epistle? Soft and tender?

*Dick.* As pen can write.

*Brass.* So you think all goes well there?

*Dick.* As my heart could wish.

*Brass.* You are sure on't?

*Dick.* Sure on't.

*Brass.* Why, then, ceremony aside.—[*Putting on his hat.*]  
—You and I must have a little talk, Mr. Amlet?

*Dick.* Ah, Brass, what art thou going to do? wou't ruin me? 532

*Brass.* Look you, Dick, few words. You are in a smooth way of making your fortune; I hope all will roll on. But how do you intend matters shall pass 'twixt you and me in this business?

*Dick.* Death and furies! What a time dost thou take to talk on't?

*Brass.* Good words, or I betray you. They have already heard of one Mr. Amlet in the house. 540

*Dick.* Here's a son of a whore!

[Aside.

*Brass.* In short, look smooth and be a good prince. I am

your valet, 'tis true; your footman sometimes, which I'm enraged at: but you have always had the ascendant, I must confess. When we were school-fellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-'prentices, though I was your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner, and eat all the crust. In our sins too, you still kept me under; you soared up to adultery with our mistress, while I was at humble fornication with the maid. Nay, in our punishments you still made good your post; for when once upon a time I was sentenced to be but whipped, I cannot deny but you were condemned to be hanged. So that in all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine.—However, I cannot consent that you should at once fix fortune for life, and I dwell in my humilities for the rest of my days.

*Dick.* Hark thee, Brass; if I do not most nobly by thee, I'm a dog. 560

*Brass.* And when?

*Dick.* As soon as ever I am married.

*Brass.* Ah, the pox take thee!

*Dick.* Then you mistrust me?

*Brass.* I do, by my faith. Look you, sir, some folks we mistrust, because we don't know them—others we mistrust, because we do know them—and, for one of these reasons, I desire there may be a bargain before-hand. If not, [*Raising his voice.*] look ye, Dick Amlet— 569

*Dick.* Soft, my dear friend and companion—The dog will ruin me. [*Aside.*]—Say, what is it will content thee?

*Brass.* O ho!

*Dick.* But how canst thou be such a barbarian?

*Brass.* I learned it at Algiers.

*Dick.* Come, make thy Turkish demand, then.

*Brass.* You know you gave me a bank-bill this morning to receive for you.

*Dick.* I did so, of fifty pounds; 'tis thine. So, now thou art satisfied, all's fixed.

*Brass.* It is not, indeed. There's a diamond necklace you robbed your mother of e'en now. 581

*Dick.* Ah, you Jew!

*Brass.* No words.

*Dick.* My dear Brass!

*Brass.* I insist.

*Dick.* My old friend.

*Brass.* Dick Amlet, [*Raising his voice.*] I insist.

*Dick.* Ah, the cormorant!—Well, 'tis thine: but thou'lt never thrive with it.

*Brass.* When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a wedding-suit. 591

*Dick.* Well.

*Brass.* Some good lace.

*Dick.* Thou sha't.

*Brass.* A stock of linen.

*Dick.* Enough.

*Brass.* Not yet—a silver sword.

*Dick.* Well, thou sha't have that too. Now thou hast every thing.

*Brass.* God forgive me, I forgot a ring of remembrance; I would not forget all these favours for the world. A sparkling diamond will be always playing in my eye, and put me in mind of them. 603

*Dick.* This unconscionable rogue! [*Aside.*] Well, I'll bespeak one for thee.

*Brass.* Brilliant.

*Dick.* It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all!—

*Brass.* I'm a man of honour and restore. And so, the

treaty being finished, I strike my flag of defiance, and fall into my respects again. *[Taking off his hat.*

*Enter FLIPPANTA.*

*Flip.* I have made you wait a little—but I could not help it.—Her geography-master is but just gone; he has been shewing her Prince Eugene's march into Italy.

*Dick.* Pr'ythee, let me come to her; I'd shew her a part of the world he has never shewn her yet. 615

*Flip.* So I told her, you must know; and she said she could like to travel in good company. So, if you'll slip up those back stairs, you shall try if you can agree upon the journey.

*Dick.* My dear Flippanta!

*Flip.* None of your dear acknowledgments, I beseech you; but up stairs as hard as you can drive.

*Dick.* I'm gone.

*[Exit.*

*Flip.* And do you follow him, Jack-a-dandy, and see he is not surprised. 625

*Brass.* I thought that was your post, Mrs. Useful—But if you'll come and keep me in humour, I don't care if I share the duty with you.

*Flip.* No words, sirrah, but follow him; I have somewhat else to do.

*Brass.* The jade's so absolute, there's no contesting with her. One kiss, though, to keep the sentinel warm. *[Gives her a long kiss.]* So—— *[Exit Brass.*

*Flip.* A nasty rogue. *[Wipes her mouth.]* But, let me see; what have I to do now? This restitution will be here quickly, I suppose: in the mean time, I'll go know if my lady is ready for the quarrel yet. Master, yonder, is so full on't, he's ready to burst; but we'll give him vent by-and-by with a witness. *[Exit.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

GRIPE'S House. Enter CORINNA, DICK, and BRASS.

*Brass.*

DON'T fear; I'll give you timely notice. [*Goes to the door.*]

*Dick.* Come, you must consent, you shall consent—How can you leave me thus upon the rack? A man who loves you to that excess that I do?

*Cor.* Nay, that you love me, sir, that I'm satisfied in; for you have sworn you do: and I'm so pleased with it, I'd fain have you do so as long as you live, so we must never marry.

*Dick.* Not marry, my dear! Why, what's our love good for, if we don't marry? 9

*Cor.* Ah!—I'm afraid it will be good for little if we do.

*Dick.* Why do you think so?

*Cor.* Because I hear my father and mother, and my uncle and aunt, and Araminta and her husband, and twenty other married folks, say so from morning to night.

*Dick.* Oh, that's because they are bad husbands and bad wives; but in our case there will be a good husband and a good wife: and so we shall love for ever.

*Cor.* Why, there may be something in that, truly: and I'm always willing to hear reason, as a reasonable young woman ought to do. But are you sure, sir, though we are very good now, we shall be so when we come to be better acquainted. 22

*Dick.* I can answer for myself at least.

*Cor.* I wish you could answer for me too. You see I am a plain-dealer, sir; I hope you don't like me the worse for it.

*Dick.* Oh, by no means—'tis a sign of admirable morals;

and I hope, since you practise it yourself, you'll approve of it in your lover. In one word, therefore, for 'tis in vain to mince the matter, my resolution's fixed, and the world can't stagger me: I marry—or I die. 30

*Cor.* Indeed, sir, I have much ado to believe you: the disease of love is seldom so violent.

*Dick.* Madam, I have two diseases to end my miseries; if the first don't do it, the latter shall—[*Drawing his sword.*—one's in my heart, t'other's in my scabbard.

*Cor.* Not for a diadem—[*Catching hold of him.*—Ah, put it up, put it up.

*Dick.* How absolute is your command!—[*Dropping his sword.*—A word, you see, disarms me. 39

*Cor.* What a power I have over him! [*Aside.*—The wondrous deeds of love!—Pray, sir, let me have no more of these rash doings, though—perhaps I mayn't be always in the saving humour—I'm sure if I had let him stick himself, I should have been envied by all the great ladies in the town. [*Aside.*

*Dick.* Well, madam, have I then your promise?—You'll make me the happiest of mankind.

*Cor.* I don't know what to say to you; but I believe I had as good promise; for I find I shall certainly do it. 49

*Dick.* Then let us seal the contract, thus— [*Kisses her.*

*Cor.* Um—He has almost taken away my breath—He kisses purely. [*Aside.*

*Dick.* Hark—somebody comes.

*Brass.* [*Peeping in.*] Gar there—the enemy—No, hold, y're safe; 'tis Flippanta.

*Enter FLIPPANTA.*

*Flip.* Come, have you agreed the matter? If not, you

must end it another time; for your father's in motion: so pray kiss and part.

*Cor.* That's sweet and sour, [*They kiss.*] Adieu t'ye, sir.  
[*Exeunt Dick and Corinna.*]

*Enter CLARISSA.*

*Clar.* Have you told him I'm at home, Flippanta? 60

*Flip.* Yes, madam.

*Clar.* And that I'll see him?

*Flip.* Yes, that too. But here's news for you; I have just now received the restitution.

*Clar.* That's killing pleasure. And how much has he restored me?

*Flip.* Two hundred and thirty.

*Clar.* Wretched rogue! But retreat; your master's coming to quarrel. 69

*Flip.* I'll be within call, if matters run high. [*Exit.*]

*Enter GRIPE.*

*Gripe.* O ho!—are you there, i'faith? Madam, your humble servant; I'm very glad to see you at home; I thought I should never have had that honour again.

*Clar.* Good-morrow, my dear: how d'ye do! Flippanta says you are out of humour, and that you have a mind to quarrel with me. Is it true, ha?—I have a terrible pain in my head; I give you notice on't beforehand.

*Gripe.* And how the pox should it be otherwise? It is a wonder you are not dead—as a' would you were! [*Aside.*] with the life you lead. Are you not ashamed? and do you not blush to—— 81

*Clar.* My dear child, you crack my brain. Soften the harshness of your voice: say what thou wou't, but let it be in an agreeable tone.

*Gripe.* Tone, madam! don't tell me of a tone——

*Clar.* Oh, if you will quarrel, do it with temperance; let it be all in cool blood, even and smooth, as if you were not moved with what you said; and then I'll hear you, as if I were not moved with it neither.

*Gripe.* Had ever man such need of patience! Madam, madam, I must tell you, madam—— 91

*Clar.* Another key, or I'll walk off.

*Gripe.* Don't provoke me.

*Clar.* Shall you be long, my dear, in your remonstrances?

*Gripe.* Yes, madam, and very long.

*Clar.* If you would quarrel *in abregée*, I should have a world of obligation to you.

*Gripe.* What I have to say, forsooth, is not to be expressed *in abregée*; my complaints are too numerous.

*Clar.* Complaints! of what, my dear? Have I ever given you subject of complaint, my life? 101

*Gripe.* Oh, pox! my dear, and my life! I desire none of your *tendres*.

*Clar.* How! find fault with my kindness, and my expressions of affection and respect! The world will guess by this, what the rest of your complaints may be. I must tell you, I'm scandaliz'd at your procedure. 1

*Gripe.* I must tell you, I am running mad with yours.

*Clar.* Ah, how insupportable are the humours of some husbands! so full of fancies, and so ungovernable! What have you in the world to disturb you? 111

*Gripe.* What have I to disturb me? I have you, death and the devil!

*Clar.* Ah, merciful Heaven, how he swears?—You should never accustom yourself to such words as these; indeed, my dear, you should not; your mouth's always full of them.

*Gripe.* Blood and thunder, madam——

*Clar.* Ah, he'll fetch the house down! Do you know, you make me tremble for you. Flippanta! Who's there? Flippanta!

120

*Gripe.* Here's a provoking devil for you!

*Enter FLIPPANTA.*

*Flip.* What, in the name of Jove, is the matter?—You raise the neighbourhood.

*Clar.* Why, here's your master in a most violent fuss, and no mortal soul can tell for what.

*Gripe.* Not tell for what!

*Clar.* No, my life. I have begged him to tell me his griefs, Flippanta, and then he swears; good lord, how he does swear!

129

*Gripe.* Ah, you wicked jade! Ah, you wicked jade!

*Clar.* Do you hear him, Flippanta! Do you hear him?

*Flip.* Pray, sir, let us know a little what puts you in all this fury?

*Clar.* Pr'ythee, stand near me, Flippanta; there's an odd froth about his mouth, looks as if his poor head were doing wrong; I'm afraid he'll bite.

*Gripe.* The wicked woman, Flippanta! the wicked woman!

*Clar.* Can any body wonder I shun my own house, when he treats me at this rate in it?

140

*Gripe.* At this rate! Why, in the devil's name—

*Clar.* Do you hear him again?

*Flip.* Come, a little moderation, sir, and try what that will produce.

*Gripe.* Hang her! 'tis all a pretence to justify her going abroad.

*Clar.* A pretence, a pretence! Do you hear how black a



charge he loads me with? Charges me with a pretence! Is this the return for all my downright open actions? You know, my dear, I scorn pretences: whene'er I go abroad, it is without pretence. 151

*Gripe.* Give me patience.

*Flip.* You have a great deal, sir,

*Clar.* And yet he's never content, Flippanta.

*Gripe.* What shall I do?

*Clar.* What a reasonable man would do; own yourself in the wrong, and be quiet. Here's Flippanta has understanding, and I have moderation; I'm willing to make her judge of our differences. 159

*Flip.* You do me a great deal of honour, madam: but I tell you beforehand, I shall be a little on master's side.

*Gripe.* Right; Flippanta has sense. Come, let her decide. Have I not reason to be in a passion? Tell me that.

*Clar.* You must tell her for what, my life.

*Gripe.* Why, for the trade you drive, my soul.

*Flip.* Look you, sir, pray take things right; I know madam does fret you a little now and then, that's true; but, in the main, she is the softest, sweetest, gentlest lady breathing. Let her but live entirely to her own fancy, and she'll never say a word to you from morning to night. 170

*Gripe.* 'Oons! let her but stay at home, and she shall do what she will—in reason, that is.

*Flip.* D'ye hear that, madam? Nay, now I must be on master's side: you see how he loves you; he desires only your company. Pray, give him that satisfaction, or I must pronounce against you.

*Clar.* Well, I agree. Thou knowest I don't love to grieve him: let him be always in good humour, and I'll be always at home. 179

*Flip.* Look you there, sir, what would you have more?

*Gripe.* Well, let her keep her word, and I'll have done quarrelling.

*Clar.* I must not, however, so far lose the merit of my consent, as to let you think I'm weary of going abroad, my dear: what I do is purely to oblige you; which, that I may be able to perform, without a relapse, I'll invent what ways I can to make my prison supportable to me.

*Flip.* Her prison! pretty bird! her prison! Don't that word melt you, sir?

*Gripe.* I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable. 191

*Flip.* Oh, sir, soon or late wives come into good humour: husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

*Clar.* The innocent little diversions, dear, that I shall content myself with, will be chiefly play and company.

*Gripe.* Oh, I'll find you employment, your time sha'n't lie upon your hands, though, if you have a mind now for such a companion as a——let me see——Araminta, for example; why, I sha'n't be against her being with you from morning till night. 200

*Clar.* You can't oblige me more, 'tis the best woman in the world.

*Gripe.* Is not she?

*Clar.* Then, my dear, to make our home pleasant, we'll have concerts of music sometimes.

*Gripe.* Music in my house!

*Clar.* Yes, my child, we must have music, or the house will be so dull, I shall get the spleen, and be going abroad again.

*Flip.* Nay, she has so much complaisance for you, sir, you can't dispute such things with her. 211

*Gripe.* Ay, but if I have music——

*Clar.* Ay, but, sir, I must have music——

*Flip.* Not every day, madam don't mean.

*Clar.* No, bless me, no; but three concerts a week: three days more we'll play after dinner at ombre, piquet, basset, and so forth, and close the evening with a handsome supper and a ball.

*Gripe.* A ball!

219

*Clar.* Then, my love, you know there is but one day more upon our hands, and that shall be the day of conversation; we'll read verses, talk of books, invent modes, tell lies, scandalize our friends, be pert upon religion: and, in short, employ every moment of it in some pretty witty exercise or other.

*Flip.* What order you see 'tis she purposes to live in! A most wonderful regularity!

*Gripe.* Regularity with a pox——

[*Aside.*

*Clar.* And as this kind of life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of company to partake of it, 'twill be necessary to have the decency of a porter at our door, you know.

232

*Gripe.* A porter—a scrivener have a porter, madam!

*Clar.* Positively, a porter.

*Gripe.* Why, no scrivener since Adam ever had a porter, woman!

*Clar.* You will therefore be renowned in story for having the first, my life.

*Gripe.* Flippanta!

*Flip.* Hang it, sir, never dispute a trifle; if you vex her, perhaps she'll insist upon a Swiss.

[*Aside to Gripe.*

*Gripe.* But, madam——

242

*Clar.* But, sir, a porter, positively a porter; without that the treaty's null, and I go abroad this moment.

*Flip.* Come, sir, never lose so advantageous a peace for a pitiful porter.

*Gripe.* Why, I shall be hooted at, the boys will throw

stones at my porter. Besides, where shall I have money for all this expence ?

249

*Clar.* My dear, who asks you for any ? Don't be in a fright, chicken.

*Gripe.* Don't be in a fright, madam ! But where, I say——

*Flip.* Madam plays, sir, think on that ; women that play have inexhaustible mines, and wives who receive least money from their husbands, are many times those who spend the most.

*Clar.* So, my dear, let what Flippanta says content you. Go, my life, trouble yourself with nothing, but let me do just as I please, and all will be well. I'm going into my closet, to consider of some more things to enable me to give you the pleasure of my company at home, without making it too great a misery to a yielding wife. [Exit Clarissa.

*Flip.* Mirror of goodness ! Pattern to all wives. Well, sure, sir, you are the happiest of all husbands. 264

*Gripe.* Yes—and a miserable dog for all that too, perhaps.

*Flip.* Why, what can you ask more than this matchless compliance ?

*Gripe.* I don't know what I can ask, and yet I'm not satisfied with what I have neither ; the devil mixes in it all, I think ; complaisant or perverse, it feels just as it did.

*Flip.* Why, then your uneasiness is only a disease, sir ; perhaps, a little bleeding and purging would relieve you.

*Clar.* [Within.] Flippanta !

273

*Flip.* Madam calls. I come, madam. Come, be merry, be merry, sir, you have cause, take my word for't——Poor devil. [Aside.] [Exit Flip.

*Gripe.* I don't know that, I don't know that : but this I do know, that an honest man, who has married a jade, whether she's pleased to spend her time at home or abroad, had better have lived a bachelor. 280

*Enter BRASS.*

*Brass.* Oh, sir, I am mighty glad I have found you.

*Gripe.* Why, what's the matter, pr'ythee?

*Brass.* Can nobody hear us?

*Gripe.* No, no, speak quickly.

*Brass.* You ha'n't seen Araminta, since the last letter I carried her from you?

*Gripe.* Not I; I go prudently; I don't press things like your young firebrand lovers.

*Brass.* But seriously, sir, are you very much in love with her? 290

*Gripe.* As mortal man has been.

*Brass.* I'm sorry for't.

*Gripe.* Why so, dear Brass?

*Brass.* If you were never to see her more now? Suppose such a thing, d'you think 'twould break your heart?

*Gripe.* Oh!

*Brass.* Nay, now I see you love her; would you did not.

*Gripe.* My dear friend.

*Brass.* I'm in your interest deep; you see it.

*Gripe.* I do; but speak, what miserable story hast thou for me? 301

*Brass.* I had rather the devil had, phu——flown away with you quick, than to see you so much in love as I perceive you are, since——

*Gripe.* Since what?——ho.

*Brass.* Araminta, sir——

*Gripe.* Dead?

*Brass.* No.

*Gripe.* How then?

*Brass.* Worse.

*Gripe.* Out with't. 310.



*Brass.* Broke.

*Gripe.* Broke!

*Brass.* She is, poor lady, in the most unfortunate situation of affairs. But I have said too much.

*Gripe.* No, no, 'tis very sad, but let's hear it.

*Brass.* Sir, she charged me, on my life, never to mention it to you, of all men living.

*Gripe.* Why, who shouldst thou tell it to, but to the best of her friends? 320

*Brass.* Ay, why, there's it now, it's going just as I fancied. Now will I be hanged if you are not enough in love to be engaging in this matter. But I must tell you, sir, that as much concern as I have for that most excellent, beautiful, agreeable, distressed, unfortunate lady, I'm too much your friend and servant, ever to let it be said, 'twas the means of your being ruined for a woman——by letting you know, she esteemed you more than any other man upon earth.

*Gripe.* Ruined! what dost thou mean? 329

*Brass.* Mean! Why, I mean that women always ruin those that love them, that's the rule.

*Gripe.* The rule!

*Brass.* Yes, the rule; why, would you have them ruin those that don't? How shall they bring that about?

*Gripe.* But is there a necessity then they should ruin somebody?

*Brass.* Yes, marry is there; how would you have them support their expence else? Why, sir, you can't conceive now—you can't conceive what Araminta's privy-purse requires. Only her privy-purse, sir! Why, what do you imagine now she gave me for the last letter I carried her from you? 'Tis true, 'twas from a man she liked, else, perhaps, I had had my bones broke. But what do you think she gave me? 344

*Gripe.* Why, mayhap—a shilling.

*Brass.* A guinea, sir, a guinea. You see by that how fond she was on't, by the by. But then, sir, her coach-hire, her chair-hire, her pin-money, her play-money, her china, and her charity—would consume peers: a great soul, a very great soul! but what's the end of all this? 350

*Gripe.* Ha!

*Brass.* Why, I'll tell you what the end is—a nunnery.

*Gripe.* A nunnery!

*Brass.* A nunnery—In short, she is at last reduced to that extremity, and attacked with such a battalion of duns, that rather than tell her husband (who, you know, is such a dog, he'd let her go if she did), she has e'en determined to turn Papist, and bid the world adieu for life.

*Gripe.* Oh, terrible! a Papist! 359

*Brass.* Yes, when a handsome woman has brought herself into difficulties, the devil cann't help her out of——To a nunnery, that's another rule, sir.

*Gripe.* But, but, but, pr'ythee, Brass, but——

*Brass.* But all the buts in the world, sir, won't stop her; she's a woman of a noble resolution. So, sir, your humble servant; I pity her, I pity you. Turtle and mate; but the fates will have it so, all's packed up, and I am now going to call her a coach, for she resolves to slip off without saying a word; and the next visit she receives from her friends will be through a melancholy grate, with a veil instead of a top-knot. [Going.

*Gripe.* It must not be, by the Powers, it must not; she was made for the world, and the world was made for her.

*Brass.* And yet you see, sir, how small a share she has on't. 375

*Gripe.* Poor woman! Is there no way to save her?

*Brass.* Save her! no: how can she be saved? Why, she owes above five hundred pounds.

*Gripe.* Oh!

379

*Brass.* Five hundred pounds, sir; she is like to be saved indeed!—Not but that I know them in this town would give me one of the five, if I would persuade her to accept of the other four: but she had forbid me mentioning it to any soul living; and I have disobeyed her only to you; and so—I'll go and call a coach.

*Gripe.* Hold—dost think, my poor Brass, one might not order it so, as to compound those debts for—for—twelve-pence in the pound?

388

*Brass.* Sir, d'ye hear? I have already tried them with ten shillings, and not a rogue will prick up his ear at it. Tho', after all, for three hundred pounds, all in glittering gold, I could set their chops a watering. But where's that to be had with honour? There's the thing, sir—I'll go and call a coach.

*Gripe.* Hold, once more: I have a note in my closet of two hundred, ay—and fifty, I'll go and give it her myself.

*Brass.* You will; very genteel truly. Go, slap dash, and offer a woman of her scruples money! bolt in her face; why, you might as well offer her a scorpion, and she would as soon touch it.

401

*Gripe.* Shall I carry it to her creditors then, and treat with them?

*Brass.* Ay, that's a rare thought.

*Gripe.* Is not it, Brass?

*Brass.* Only one little inconvenience by the way.

*Gripe.* As how?

*Brass.* That they are your wife's creditors as well as her's; and, perhaps, it might not be altogether so well to see you, clearing the debts of your neighbour's wife, and leaving those of your own unpaid.

411

*Gripe.* Why, that's true now.

*Brass.* I am wise you see, sir.

*Gripe.* Thou art; and I am but a young lover: but what shall we do then?

*Brass.* Why, I am thinking, that if you give me the note, do you see; and that I promise to give you an account of it——

*Gripe.* Ay, but look you, Brass—— 419

*Brass.* But look you!——Why, what d'ye think I am a pick-pocket? D'ye think I intend to run away with your note? your paltry note.

*Gripe.* I don't say so——I say only, that in case——

*Brass.* Case, sir! there's no case but the case I have put you; and since you heap cases upon cases, where there is but three hundred rascally pounds in the case——I'll go and call a coach.

*Gripe.* Pr'ythee, don't be so testy. Come, no more words, follow me to my closet, and I'll give thee the money. 429

*Brass.* A terrible effort you make indeed; you are so much in love, your wits are all upon the wing, just a going; and for three hundred pounds you put a stop to their flight. Sir, your wits are worth that, or your wits are worth nothing. Come away.

*Gripe.* Well, say more, thou shalt be satisfied. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* S't——Brass!——S't——

*Re-enter Brass.*

*Brass.* Well, sir!

*Dick.* 'Tis not well, sir, 'tis very ill, sir; we shall be all blown up. 439

*Brass.* What, with pride and plenty?

*Dick.* No, sir, with an officious slut that will spoil all. In short, Flippanta has been telling her mistress and Araminta of my passion for the young gentlewoman; and truly, to oblige me (supposed no ill match by the by), they are resolved to propose it immediately to her father.

*Brass.* That's the devil! we shall come to papers and parchments, jointures and settlements; relations meet on both sides; that's the devil. 448

*Dick.* I intended this very day to propose to Flippanta the carrying her off; and I am sure the young housewife would have tucked up her coats, and have marched.

*Brass.* Ay, with the body and the soul of her.

*Dick.* Why then, what damned luck is this?

*Brass.* 'Tis your damned luck, not mine: I have always seen it in your ugly phiz, in spite of your powdered periwig. —Pox take ye—he'll be hanged at last. Why don't you try to get her off yet?

*Dick.* I have no money, you dog; you know you have stripped me of every penny. 459

*Brass.* Come, damn it, I'll venture one cargo more upon your rotten bottom; but if ever I see one glance of your hempen fortune again, I'm off of your partnership for ever. —I shall never thrive with him.

*Dick.* An impudent rogue! but he's in possession of my estate, so I must bear with him. [Aside.]

*Brass.* Well, come, I'll raise a hundred pounds for your use, upon my wife's jewels here—[Pulling out the necklace.]—her necklace shall pawn for't.

*Dick.* Remember, though, that if things fail, I am to have the necklace again; you know you agreed to that. 470

*Brass.* Yes; and if I make it good you'll be the better for't; if not, I shall: so you see where the cause will pinch.

*Dick.* Why, you barbarous dog, you won't offer to—



*Brass.* No words now ; about your business, march. Go stay for me at the next tavern ; I'll go to Flippanta, and try what I can do for you.

*Dick.* Well, I'll go ; but don't think to—Oh, pox, sir—

[*Exit.*]

*Brass.* [*Solus.*] Will you be gone ?—A pretty title you'd have to sue me upon truly, if I should have a mind to stand upon the defensive, as perhaps I may. I have done the rascal service enough to lull my conscience upon't, I am sure : but 'tis time enough for that. Let me see—First, I'll go to Flippanta, and put a stop to this family way of match-making—then sell our necklace for what ready money 'twill produce ; and, by this time to-morrow, I hope, we shall be in possession of—t'other jewel here ; a precious jewel, as she's set in gold :—I believe, for the stone itself, we may part with it again to a friend—for a tester.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

GRIPE's House. Enter BRASS and FLIPPANTA.

*Brass.*

WELL, you agree I'm in the right, don't you ?

*Flip.* I don't know : if your master has the estate he talks of, why not do it all above-board ? Well, though I am not much of his mind, I'm much in his interest, and will therefore endeavour to serve him in his own way.

*Brass.* That's kindly said, my child, and I believe I shall reward thee, one of these days, with as pretty a fellow to thy husband for't, as——

*Flip.* Hold your prating, Jack-a-dandy, and leave me to my business.

*Brass.* I obey—adieu—[*Kisses her.*]

[*Exit.*

*Flip.* Rascal!

*Enter CORINNA.*

*Cor.* Ah, Flippanta! I'm ready to sink down; my legs tremble under me, my dear Flippy.

*Flip.* And what's the affair?

*Cor.* My father's there within, with my mother and Araminta; I never saw him in so good a humour in my life.

*Flip.* And is that it that frightens you so?

*Cor.* Ah, Flippanta! they are just going to speak to him about my marrying the colonel. 20

*Flip.* Are they so? So much the worse: they're too hasty.

*Cor.* Oh, no, not a bit; I slipped out on purpose, you must know, to give them an opportunity; would 'twere done already!

*Flip.* I tell you, no: get you in again immediately, and prevent it.

*Cor.* My dear, dear, I am not able; I never was in such a way before.

*Flip.* Never in a way to be married before, ha? Is not that it? 30

*Cor.* Ah, lord! if I am thus before I come to't, Flippanta, what shall I be upon the very spot? Do but feel with what a thumpaty thump it goes.

[*Putting her hand to her heart.*

*Flip.* Nay, it does make a filthy bustle, that's the truth on't, child. But I believe I shall make it leap another way, when I tell you, I'm cruelly afraid your father won't consent after all.

*Cor.* Why, he won't be the death of me, will he?

*Flip.* I don't know; old folks are cruel; but we'll have a trick for him. Brass and I have been consulting upon the

matter, and agreed upon a surer way of doing it, in spite of his teeth.

42

*Cor.* Ay, marry, sir, that were something.

*Flip.* But then he must not know a word of any thing towards it.

*Cor.* No, no.

*Flip.* So, get you in immediately——

*Cor.* One, two, three, and away. [Running off.]

*Flip.* And prevent your mother's speaking on't.

*Cor.* But is t'other way sure, Flippanta? 50

*Flip.* Fear nothing, 'twill only depend upon you.

*Cor.* Nay, then——Oh, ho, ho, ho, how pure that is!

[Exit Corinna,

*Flip.* [Sola.] Poor child! we may do what we will with her, as far as marrying her goes: when that's over, 'tis possible she may not prove altogether so tractable. But who's here? My sharper, I think. Yes.

Enter MONEYTRAP.

*Mon.* Well, my best friend, how go matters? Has the restitution been received, ha? Was she pleased with it?

*Flip.* Yes, truly; that is, she was pleased to see there was so honest a man in this immoral age. 60

*Mon.* Well, but a—does she know that 'twas I that—

*Flip.* Why, you must know I begun to give a little sort of a hint, and—and so—why, and so she begun to put on a sort of a severe, haughty, reserved, angry, forgiving air.—But soft; here she comes: you'll see how you stand with her presently: but don't be afraid. Courage.

*Mon.* He, hem.

Enter CLARISSA.

'Tis no small piece of good fortune, madam, to find you at home; I have often endeavoured it in vain. 69

*Clar.* 'Twas then unknown to me; for, if I could often receive the visits of so good a friend at home, I should be more reasonably blamed for being so much abroad.

*Mon.* Madam, you make me——

*Clar.* You are the man of the world whose company, I think, is most to be desired. I don't compliment you when I tell you so, I assure you.

*Mon.* Alas, madam! your poor humble servant——

*Clar.* My poor humble servant, however (with all the esteem I have for him), stands suspected with me for a vile trick I doubt he has played me——which if I could prove upon him, I'm afraid I should punish him very severely.

*Mon.* I hope, madam, you'll believe I am not capable of——

83

*Clar.* Look you, look you, you are capable of whatever you please; you have a great deal of wit, and know how to give a nice and gallant turn to every thing: but if you will have me continue your friend, you must leave me in some uncertainty in this matter.

*Mon.* I do then protest to you, madam, that——

*Clar.* Come, protest nothing about it; I am but too penetrating, as you may perceive; but we sometimes shut our eyes rather than break with our friends; for a thorough knowledge of the truth of this business would make me very seriously angry.

94

*Mon.* 'Tis very certain, madam, that——

*Clar.* Come, say no more on't, I beseech you, for I am in a good deal of heat while I but think on't: if you'll walk in, I will follow you presently.

*Mon.* Your goodness, madam, is"——

*Flip.* No fine speeches, you'll spoil all.

100

*Mon.* Thou art a most incomparable person.

*Flip.* Nay, it goes rarely; but get you in, and I'll say a little something to my lady for you, while she's warm.

*Mon.* But, s't, Flippanta, how long dost think she may hold out?

*Flip.* Phu, not a twelvemonth.

*Mon.* Boo.

*Flip.* Away, I say.

[*Pushing him out.*]

*Clar.* Is he gone? What a wretch it is! He never was quite such a beast before. 110

*Flip.* Poor mortal! his money's finely laid out truly.

*Clar.* I suppose there may have been much such another scene within, between Araminta and my dear: but I left him so insupportably brisk, 'tis impossible he can have parted with any money: I'm afraid Brass has not succeeded as thou hast done, Flippanta.

*Flip.* By my faith but he has, and better too; he presents his humble duty to Araminta, and has sent her—this.

[*Shewing the note.*]

*Clar.* A bill from my love for two hundred and fifty pounds. The monster! he would not part with ten, to save his lawful wife from everlasting torment. 121

*Flip.* Never complain of his avarice, madam, as long as you have his money.

*Clar.* But is he not a beast, Flippanta? "Methinks the restitution looked better by half."

*Flip.* Madam, the man's beast enough, that's certain; but which way will you go to receive his beastly money, for I must not appear with his note?

*Clar.* That's true: why, send for Mrs. Amlet; that's a mighty useful woman, that Mrs. Amlet. 130

*Flip.* Marry, is she; we should have been basely puzzled how to dispose of the necklace without her, 'twould have been dangerous offering it to sale.

*Clar.* It would so; for I know your master has been laying out for't amongst the goldsmiths. But I stay here too



long : I must in and coquette it a little more to my lover—  
Araminta will get ground on me else. [Exit Clarissa.

*Flip.* And I'll go send for Mrs. Amlet. [Exit Flip.

SCENE II.

*Opens, and discovers ARAMINTA, CORINNA, GRIPE, and  
MONEYTRAP, at a Tea-table, very gay and laughing. CLA-  
RISSA comes in to them.*

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, ha !

*Mon.* Mighty well ! Oh, mighty well, indeed ! 140

*Clar.* Save you, save you, good folks ; you are all in rare  
humour, methinks.

*Gripe.* Why, what should we be otherwise for, madam ?

*Clar.* Nay, I don't know, not I, my dear ; but I ha'n't  
had the happiness of seeing you so since our honey-moon  
was over, I think.

*Gripe.* Why, to tell you the truth, my dear, 'tis the joy of  
seeing you at home.—[*Kisses her.*—You see what charms  
you have, when you are pleased to make use of them.

*Ara.* Very gallant, truly. 150

*Clar.* Nay, and what's more, you must know, he's never  
to be otherwise henceforwards ; we have come to an agree-  
ment about it.

*Mon.* Why, here's my love and I have been upon just such  
another treaty too.

*Ara.* Well, sure there's some very peaceful star rules at  
present. Pray Heaven continue its reign.

*Mon.* Pray, do you continue its reign, you ladies, for 'tis  
all in your power. [Leering at Clarissa.

*Gripe.* My neighbour Moneytrap says true : at least I'll

confess frankly——[*Ogling* Araminta.]——'tis in one lady's power to make me the best humoured man on earth. 162

*Mon.* And I'll answer for another, that has the same over me. [*Ogling* Clarissa.

*Clar.* 'Tis mighty fine, gentlemen, mighty civil husbands, indeed.

*Gripe.* Nay, what I say's true, and so true, that all quarrels being now at an end, I am willing, if you please, to dispense with all that fine company we talked of to-day, be content with the friendly conversation of our two good neighbours here, and spend all my toying hours alone with my sweet wife. 172

*Mon.* Why, truly, I think now, if these good women pleased, we might make up the prettiest little neighbourly company, between our two families, and set a defiance to all the impertinent people in the world.

*Clar.* The rascals! [*Aside.*

*Ara.* Indeed I doubt you'd soon grow weary, if we grew fond.

*Gripe.* Never, never: for our wives have wit, neighbour, and that never palls. 181

*Clar.* And our husbands have generosity, Araminta, and that seldom palls.

*Gripe.* So, that's a wipe for me, now—because I did not give her a new year's gift, last time; but be good, and I'll think of some tea-cups for you—next year.

*Mon.* And perhaps I may not forget a fan, or as good a thing—hum, hussy.

*Clar.* Well, upon these encouragements, Araminta, we'll try how good we can be. 190

*Gripe.* Well, this goes most rarely. Poor Moneytrap! he little thinks what makes his wife so easy in his company.

[*Aside.*

*Mon.* I can but pity poor neighbour Gripe. Lard, lard, what a fool does his wife and I make of him! [*Aside.*]

*Clar.* Are not those two wretched rogues, Araminta?

[*Aside to Araminta.*]

*Ara.* They are, indeed.

[*Aside to Clarissa.*]

*Enter JESSAMIN.*

*Jes.* Sir, here's Mr Clip, the goldsmith, desires to speak with you.

*Gripe.* Cods so, perhaps some news of your necklace, my dear. 200

*Clar.* That would be news indeed.

*Gripe.* Let him come in.

[*Exit Jessamin.*]

*Enter Mr. CLIP.*

*Mr. Clip,* your servant, I'm glad to see you: how do you do?

*Clip.* At your service, sir, very well. Your servant, Madam Gripe.

*Clar.* Horrid fellow!

[*Aside.*]

*Gripe.* Well, Mr. Clip, no news yet of my wife's necklace?

*Clip.* If you please to let me speak with you in the next room, I have something to say to you. 211

*Gripe.* Ay, with all my heart. Shut the door after us.—

[*They come forward, and the scene shuts behind them.*]—Well, any news?

*Clip.* Look you, sir, here's a necklace brought me to sell, at least very like that you described to me.

*Gripe.* Let's see't—Victoria! the very same. Ah, my dear Mr. Clip—[*Kisses him.*]—But who brought it you?—You should have seized him. 219

*Clip.* 'Twas a young fellow that I know: I can't tell

whether he may be guilty, tho' it is like enough. But he has only left it me now, to shew a brother of our trade, and will call upon me again presently.

*Gripe.* Wheedle him hither, dear Mr. Clip. Here's my neighbour Moneytrap in the house; he's a justice, and will commit him presently.

*Clip.* 'Tis enough.

*Enter BRASS.*

*Gripe.* Oh, my friend Brass!

228

*Brass.* Hold, sir—I think that's a gentleman I am looking for. Mr. Clip—Oh, your servant—What, are you acquainted here?—I have just been at your shop.

*Clip.* I only stept here to shew Mr. Gripe the necklace you left.

*Brass.* Why, sir, do you understand jewels?—[To Gripe.]—I thought you only dealt in gold. But I smoke the matter—hark you—a word in your ear—you are going to play the gallant again, and make a purchase on't for Araminta—ha, ha!

*Gripe.* Where had you the necklace?

239

*Brass.* Look you, don't trouble yourself about that: it's in commission with me, and I can help you to a pennyworth on't.

*Gripe.* A pennyworth on't, villain?

[Strikes at him.]

*Brass.* Villain! a hey, a hey! is it you or me, Mr. Clip, he's pleased to compliment?

*Clip.* What do you think of it, sir?

*Brass.* Think of it! now the devil fetch me if I know what to think of it.

*Gripe.* You'll sell a pennyworth, rogue, of a thing you have stolen from me.

250

*Brass.* Stolen! pray, sir, what wine have you drank to-day? It has a very merry effect upon you.

*Gripe.* You villain, either give me an account how you stole it, or——

*Brass.* O ho, sir, if you please, don't carry your jest too far, I don't understand hard words—I give you warning of it: if you ha'n't a mind to buy the necklace, you may let it alone—I know how to dispose of it. What a pox——

*Gripe.* Oh, you sha'n't have that trouble, sir.——Dear Mr. Clip, you may leave the necklace here.—I'll call at your shop, and thank you for your care. 261

*Clip.* Sir, your humble servant. [Going.

*Brass.* O ho, Mr. Clip, if you please, sir, this won't do—  
[Stopping him.]—I don't understand raillery in such matters.

*Clip.* I leave it with Mr. Gripe—do you and he dispute it.  
[Exit Clip.

*Brass.* Ay, but 'tis from you, by your leave, sir, that I expect it. [Going after him.

*Gripe.* You expect, you rogue, to make your escape, do you? But I have other accounts besides this to make up with you. To be sure, the dog has cheated me of two hundred and fifty pounds.——Come, villain, give me an account of—— 272

*Brass.* Account of!——Sir, give me an account of my necklace, or I'll make such a noise in your house, I'll raise the devil in't.

*Gripe.* Well said, courage.

*Brass.* Blood and thunder, give it me, or——

*Gripe.* Come, hush, be wise, and I'll make no noise of this affair.

*Brass.* You'll make no noise; but I'll make a noise, and a damned noise too. Oh, don't think to——

*Gripe.* I tell thee, I will not hang thee. 282



*Brass.* But I tell you, I will hang you, if you don't give me my necklace. I will, rot me.

*Gripe.* Speak softly, be wise; how came it thine? Who gave it thee?

*Brass.* A gentleman, a friend of mine.

*Gripe.* What's his name?

*Brass.* His name!—I'm in such a passion I have forgot it.

*Gripe.* Ah, brazen rogue!—thou hast stole it from my wife: 'tis the same she lost six weeks ago. 291

*Brass.* This has not been in England a month.

*Gripe.* You are a son of a whore.

*Brass.* Give me my necklace.

*Gripe.* Give me my two hundred and fifty pound note.

*Brass.* Yet I offer peace: one word without passion. The case stands thus: either I'm out of my wits, or you are out of yours: now 'tis plain I am not out of my wits, *ergo*—

*Gripe.* My bill, hang dog, or I'll strangle thee.

*Brass.* Murder, murder! [*They struggle.*]

*Enter CLARISSA, ARAMINTA, CORINNA, FLIPPANTA, and MONEYTRAP.*

*Flip.* What's the matter? what's the matter here? 301

*Gripe.* I'll matter him.

*Clar.* What makes thee cry out thus, poor Brass?

*Brass.* Why, your husband, madam, he's in his altitudes here.

*Gripe.* Robber!

*Brass.* Here, he has cheated me of a diamond necklace.

*Cor.* Who, papa? Ah, dear me!

*Clar.* Pr'ythee, what's the meaning of this great emotion, my dear?

*Gripe.* The meaning is, that—I'm quite out of breath—this son of a whore has got your necklace, that's all.

*Clar.* My necklace!

311

*Gripe.* That birdlime there—stole it.

*Clar.* Impossible.

*Brass.* Madam, you see master's a little—touched, that's all. Twenty ounces of blood let loose, would set all right again.

*Gripe.* Here, call a constable presently. Neighbour Moneyttrap, you will commit him. 319

*Brass.* D'ye hear? d'ye hear? See how wild he looks: how his eyes roll in his head: tie him down, or he'll do some mischief or other.

*Gripe.* Let me come at him.

*Clar.* Hold—Pr'ythee, my dear, reduce things to a little temperance, and let us coolly into the secret of this disagreeable rupture. 326

*Gripe.* Well, then, without passion: why, you must know—(but I'll have him hanged)—you must know that he came to Mr. Clip, to Mr. Clip the dog did—with a necklace to sell: so Mr. Clip having notice before that—(can you deny it, you dog?)—that you had lost yours, brings it to me. Look at it here; do you know it again? Ay, you traitor!

[To Brass.

*Brass.* He makes me mad. Here's an appearance of something now to the company, and yet nothing in it in the bottom.

*Clar.* [Aside to Flippanta, shewing the necklace.

*Flip.* 'Tis it, faith; here's some mystery in this—we must look about us.

*Clar.* The safest way is, point blank to disown the necklace.

*Flip.* Right: stick to that. 340

*Gripe.* Well, madam, do you know your old acquaintance—ha?

*Clar.* Why, truly, my dear, though (as you may all imagine) I should be very glad to recover so valuable a thing as

my necklace, yet I must be just to all the world—this necklace is not mine.

*Brass.* Huzza—"Here, constable, do your duty."—Mr. Justice, I demand my necklace, and satisfaction of him.

*Gripe.* I'll die before I part with it—I'll keep it, and have him hanged. 350

*Clar.* But be a little calm, my dear—do, my bird—and then thou'lt be able to judge rightly of things.

*Gripe.* Oh, good lack! Oh, good lack!

*Clar.* No, but don't give way to fury and interest both; either of them are passions strong enough to lead a wise man out of the way. The necklace not being really mine, give it the man again, and come drink a dish of tea.

*Brass.* Ay, madam says right.

*Gripe.* Oons, if you with your addle head don't know your own jewels, I with my solid one do: and if I part with it, may famine be my portion. 361

*Clar.* But don't swear and curse thyself at this fearful rate; don't my dove: be temperate in your words, and just in all your actions, 'twill bring a blessing upon you and your family.

*Gripe.* Bring thunder and lightning upon me and my family, if I part with my necklace.

*Clar.* Why, you'll have the lightning burn your house about your ears, my dear, if you go on in these practices.

*Mon.* A most excellent woman this! [*Aside.*]

*Enter Mrs. AMLET.*

*Gripe.* I'll keep my necklace. 371

*Brass.* Will you so? Then here comes one has a title to it, if I ha'n't; let Dick bring himself off with her as he can. Mrs. Amlet, you are come in a very good time; you lost a necklace t'other day, and who do you think has got it?

*Am.* Marry, that I know not; I wish I did.

*Brass.* Why then here's Mr. Gripe has it, and swears 'tis his wife's.

*Gripe.* And so I do, sirrah—Look here, mistress, do you pretend this is yours? 381

*Am.* Not for the round world I would not say it; I only kept it to do madam a small courtesy, that's all.

*Clar.* Ah, Flippanta, all will out now. [*Aside to Flip.*

*Gripe.* Courtesy! what courtesy?

*Am.* A little money only that madam had present need of: please to pay me that, and I demand no more.

*Brass.* So, here's fresh game: I have started a new hare, I find. [*Aside.*

*Gripe.* How, forsooth! is this true? [*To Clarissa.*

*Clar.* You are in a humour at present, love, to believe any thing: so I wont take the pains to contradict it. 392

*Brass.* This damned necklace will spoil all our affairs: this is Dick's luck again. [*Aside.*

*Gripe.* Are you not ashamed of these ways? Do you see how you are exposed before your best friends here? Don't you blush at it?

*Clar.* I do blush, my dear—but 'tis for you—that here it should appear to the world, you keep me so bare of money, I'm forced to pawn my jewels. 400

*Gripe.* Impudent housewife! [*Raising his hand to strike her.*

*Clar.* Softly, chicken; you might have prevented all this, by giving me the two hundred and fifty pounds you sent to Araminta e'en now.

*Brass.* You see, sir, I delivered your note: how I have been abused to-day!

*Gripe.* I am betrayed—Judas on both sides, I see that.

[*Aside.*

*Mon.* But, madam, madam, is this true that I hear? Have you taken a present of two hundred and fifty pounds?—

Pray, what were you to return for these pounds, madam,  
ha ? 411

*Ara.* Nothing, my dear ; I only took them to reimburse  
you of about the same sum you sent to Clarissa.

*Mon.* Hum, hum, hum.

*Gripe.* How, gentlewoman, did you receive money from  
him ?

*Clar.* Oh, my dear, it was only in jest ; I knew you'd  
give it again to his wife.

*Am.* But, amongst all this bustle I don't hear a word of  
my hundred pounds. Is it madam will pay me or master ?

*Gripe.* I pay ? The devil shall pay. 421

*Clar.* Look you, my dear ; malice apart, pay Mrs. Amlet  
her money, and I'll forgive you the wrong you intended my  
bed with Araminta. Am not I a good wife, now ?

*Gripe.* I burst with rage, and will get rid of this noose,  
though I tuck myself up in another.

*Mon.* Nay, pray e'en tuck me up with you.

[*Exeunt Moneytrap and Gripe.*]

*Clar. and Ara.* B'ye, dearies.

*Enter Dick.*

*Cor.* Look, look, Flippanta, here's the colonel come at  
last. 430

*Dick.* Ladies, I ask your pardon I have stayed so long,  
but——

*Am.* Ah, rogue's face, have I got thee ! old Good-for-  
nought ? Sirrah, sirrah, do you think to amuse me with  
your marriages, and your great fortunes ? Thou hast played  
me a rare prank o' my conscience. Why, you ungracious  
rascal, what do you think will be the end of all this ? Now  
Heaven forgive me, but I have a great mind to hang thee  
for't.

*Cor.* She talks to him very familiarly, Flippanta. 440



*Flip.* So methinks, by my faith.

*Brass.* Now the rogue's star is making an end of him. [*Aside.*

*Dick.* What shall I do with her?

*Am.* Do but look at him, my dames; he has the countenance of a cherubim, but he's a rogue in his heart.

*Clar.* What is the meaning of all this, Mrs. Amlet?

*Am.* The meaning, good lack!—Why, this all-to-be-powdered rascal here is my son, an't please you. Ha, graceless?—Now I'll make you own your mother, vermin.

*Clar.* What, the colonel your son?

450

*Am.* 'Tis Dick, madam, that rogue Dick, I have so often told you of, with tears trickling down my old cheeks.

*Ara.* The woman's mad, it can never be.

*Am.* Speak, rogue, am I not thy mother, ha? Did I not bring thee forth? Say then?

*Dick.* What will you have me say? You had a mind to ruin me, and you have done it: would you do any more?

*Clar.* Then, sir, you are son to good Mrs. Amlet?

*Ara.* And have had the assurance to put upon us all this while?

460

*Flip.* And the confidence to think of marrying Corinna?

*Brass.* And the impudence to hire me for your servant, who am as well born as yourself?

*Clar.* Indeed I think he should be corrected.

*Ara.* Indeed I think he deserves to be cudgelled.

*Flip.* Indeed I think he might be pumped.

*Brass.* Indeed I think he will be hanged.

*Am.* Good lack-a-day, good lack-a-day! there's no need to be so smart upon him neither: if he is not a gentleman, he's a gentleman's fellow. Come hither, Dick, they shan't run thee down neither: cock up thy hat, Dick, and tell them, though Mrs. Amlet is thy mother, she can make thee amends, with ten thousand good pounds to buy thee some lands, and build thee a house in the midst on't.

474

*Omnes.* How!

*Clar.* Ten thousand pounds, Mrs. Amlet?

*Am.* Yes, forsooth, though I should lose the hundred you pawned your necklace for. Tell them of that, Dick.

*Cor.* Look you, Flippanta, I can hold no longer, and I hate to see the young man abused. And so, sir, if you please, I'm your friend and servant, and what's mine is yours; and when our estates are put together, I don't doubt but we shall do as well as the best of them. 483

*Dick.* Sayest thou so, my little queen? Why then, if dear mother will give us her blessing, the parson shall give us a tack: we'll get her a score of grand-children, and a merry house we'll make her. [*They kneel to Mrs. Amlet.*

*Am.* Ah—ha, ha, ha, ha—the pretty pair, the pretty pair!—Rise, my chickens, rise, rise, and face the proudest of them. And if madam does not deign to give her consent, a fig for her, Dick—Why, how now? 491

*Clar.* Pray, Mrs. Amlet, don't be in a passion; the girl is my husband's girl, and if you can have his consent, upon my word you shall have mine, for any thing that belongs to him.

*Flip.* Then all's peace again, but we have been more lucky than wise.

*Ara.* And I suppose, for us, Clarissa, we are to go on with our dears as we used to do. 499

*Clar.* Just in the same track, for this late treaty of agreement with them was so unnatural, you see, it could not hold. But 'tis just as well with us, as if it had. Well, 'tis a strange fate, good folks. But, while you live, every thing gets well out of a broil, but a husband. [*Exeunt omnes.*

---

## EPILOGUE.

---

*I'VE heard wise men in politics lay down  
What feats by little England might be done,  
Were all agreed, and all would act as one.  
Ye wive, a useful hint from this might take,  
The heavy, old, despotic kingdom shake,  
And make your matrimonial monsieurs quake.  
Our heads are feeble, and we're cramp'd by laws;  
Our hands are weak, and not too strong our cause.  
Yet would these heads and hands, such as they are,  
In firm confederacy resolve on war,  
You'd find your tyrants—what I've found my dear.  
What only two united can produce,  
You've seen to-night, a sample for your use.  
Single, we found we nothing could obtain;  
We join our force—and we subdu'd our men.  
Believe me, my dear sex, they are not brave;  
Try each your man, you'll quickly find your slave.  
I know they'll make campaigns, risk blood and life;  
But this is a more terrifying strife;  
They'll stand a shot, who'll tremble at a wife.  
Beat then your drums, and your shrill trumpets sound,  
Let all your visits of your seats resound,  
And deeds of war in cups of tea go round.  
The stars are with you—fate is in your hand,  
In two've month's time you've vanquish'd half the land;  
Be wise, and keep them under good command.  
This year will to your glory long be known,  
And deathless ballads hand your triumphs down;  
Your late achievements ever will remain,  
For though you cannot boast of many slain,  
Your pris'ners shew, you've made a brave campaign.*

---

7 JUL 52

8

7 JU 52

Act III.

THE DRUMMER.

Scene II.



*Do you like it?*

*Thoroughly, indeed.*

**MR. QUICK.** *VELLUM.*

*Mr. Migai!—I have a Trifle about me  
which I would make you a present of*

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*E.F. Barry del.*

*R. Rhodes sculp.*

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7 JUL 52

THE  
*DRUMMER;*  
OR,  
THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

---

A  
COMEDY.

---

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

---

ADAPTED FOR  
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,  
AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRES-ROYAL DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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M DCC XCII.

THE  
DREUMER;  
OF  
THE HAZARD HOUSE

CONRAD

ST. JOSEPH LONDON



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OF THE

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## PREFACE.

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HAvING recommended this Play to the town, and delivered the copy of it to the bookseller, I think myself obliged to give some account of it.

It had been some years in the hands of the author, and falling under my perusal, I thought so well of it, that I persuaded him to make some additions and alterations to it, and let it appear upon the stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and liked it the better, for the want of those studied similies and repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our Plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that has prevailed for many years in the British Theatre. I believe the Author would have condescended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he, before the writing of it, been often present at theatrical representations. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the Play, by the opinion of better judges, to whom it was communicated, who observed, that the scenes were drawn after Moliere's manner, and that an easy and natural vein of humour ran through the whole.

I do not question but the reader will discover this, and see many beauties that escaped the audience; the touches being too delicate for every taste in a popular assembly. My brother sharers were of opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not strong enough to appear at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity, in several of its parts, for as just and good action as ever I saw on the stage.

The reader will consider that I speak here, not as the author, but as the patentee; which is, perhaps, the reason why I am not diffuse in the praises of the Play, lest I should seem like a man who cries up his own wares, only to draw in customers.

RICHARD STEELE.

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## THE DRUMMER.

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ABOUT this Play there has been a deal of unnecessary mystery—so much, that it has been suggested to be the work of another than the ostensible Author.—One might even argue from the mystery that the Play was ADDISON'S—The temper, both of this great man and his antagonist POPE, led them too frequently into petty intrigue; and their very instruments or second means were illustrious.

What light STEELE could throw upon this business he did.—TICKLE having omitted the Play in his Collection of ADDISON'S Works, Sir RICHARD reprobated him in a republication of it—affirming it to be ADDISON'S, or written by *some one* under his direction. The person may be complaining for his own credit.

The audience liked it little enough—Its own merit, or the fame of the Author, has procured it every praise but that of frequent performance. It is a natural and strong picture of life—there is nothing like wit about it—scene therefore is heard after scene, with little pleasure and less applause.

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PROLOGUE.

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*IN this grave age, when Comedies are few,  
We crave your patronage for one that's new;  
Tho' 'twere poor stuff, yet bid the Author fair,  
And let the scarceness recommend the ware.  
Long have your ears been fill'd with tragic parts,  
Blood and blank-verse have harden'd all your hearts;  
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party strokes,  
Round-heads and wooden-shoes are standing jokes;  
The same conceit gives claps and hisses birth,  
You're grown such politicians in your mirth!  
For once we try (though 'tis I own unsafe)  
To please ye all, and make both parties laugh.  
Our Author, anxious for his fame to-night,  
And bashful in his first attempt to write,  
Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,  
Like ancient actors in a mask conceal'd.  
Censure, when no man knows who writes the Play,  
Were much good malice merely thrown away.  
The mighty Critics will not blast, for shame,  
A raw young thing, who dares not tell his name:  
Good-natur'd judges will th' unknown defend,  
And fear to blame, lest they should hurt a friend;  
Each wit may praise it for his own dear sake,  
And hint he writ it, if the thing should take:  
But if you're rough, and use him like a dog,  
Depend upon it—he'll remain incog.  
If you should hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,  
And, like a culprit, raise the hue and cry.*

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*If cruel men are still averse to spare  
These scenes, they fly for refuge to the fair.  
Tho' with a ghost our Comedy be heighten'd,  
Ladies, upon my word, you sha'n't be frighten'd :  
Oh, 'tis a ghost that scorns to be uncivil,  
A well-spread, lusty, jointure-hunting devil :  
An am'rous ghost, that's faithful, fond, and true,  
Made up of flesh and blood—as much as you.  
Then, ev'ry evening, come in flocks, undaunted ;  
We never think this house is too much haunted.*

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THE  
[Faint text, possibly a title or subtitle]

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**Dramatis Personæ.**

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**DRURY-LANE.**

*Men.*

|                                      |   |   |               |
|--------------------------------------|---|---|---------------|
| Sir GEORGE TRUMAN,                   | - | - | Mr. Aickin.   |
| TINSEL,                              | - | - | Mr. Dodd.     |
| FANTOME, the Drummer                 | - | - | Mr. Packer.   |
| VELLUM, Sir GEORGE TRUMAN's Steward, | - | - | Mr. Parsons.  |
| BUTLER,                              | - | - | Mr. Baddeley. |
| COACHMAN,                            | - | - | Mr. Moody.    |
| GARDENER,                            | - | - | Mr. Baker.    |

*Women.*

|              |   |   |               |
|--------------|---|---|---------------|
| Lady TRUMAN, | - | - | Mrs. Hopkins. |
| ABIGAIL,     | - | - | Miss Pope.    |

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## THE DRUMMER.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

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*A great Hall. Enter Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.*

*Butler.*

THERE came another coach to town last night, that brought a gentleman to inquire about this strange noise we hear in the house. This spirit will bring a power of custom to the George.—If so be, he continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, and set up the sign of the drum.

*Coach.* I'll give madam warning, that's flat—I've always lived in sober families—I'll not disparage myself to be a servant in a house that is haunted.

*Gard.* I'll e'en marry Nell, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave madam; not but that madam's a very good woman, if Mrs. Abigail did not spoil her.—Come, here's her health.

*But.* 'Tis a very hard thing to be a butler in a house that is disturbed.—He made such a racket in the cellar, last night, that I am afraid he'll sour all the beer in my barrels.

*Coach.* Why then, John, we ought to take it off as fast as we can—Here's to you—He rattled so loud under the tiles, last night, that I verily thought the house would have fallen over our heads.—I durst not go up into the cock-loft this

morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me. 21

*Gard.* I thought I heard him in one of my bed-posts. I marvel, John, how he gets into the house, when all the gates are shut.

*But.* Why, look ye, Peter, your spirit will creep you into an augre-hole—he'll whisk you through a key-hole, without so much as justling against one of the wards.

*Coach.* Poor madam is mainly frightened, that's certain; and verily believes it is my master, that was killed in the last campaign: 30

*But.* Out of all manner of question, Robin—'tis Sir George. Mrs. Abigail is of opinion, it can be none but his honour. He always loved the wars; and, you know, was mightily pleased, from a child, with the music of a drum.

*Gard.* I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

*But.* Found! Why, ye fool, is not his body here about the house? Dost thou think he can beat his drum, without hands and arms? 39

*Coach.* 'Tis master, as sure as I stand here alive; and I verily believe I saw him last night in the town-close.

*Gard.* Ay!—How did he appear?

*Coach.* Like a white horse.

*But.* Phoo, Robin!—I tell ye, he has never appeared yet, but in the shape of the sound of a drum.

*Coach.* This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable 'tother night, without my lanthorn, I fell across a beam that lay in my way; and faith my heart was in my mouth, I thought I had stumbled over a spirit. 50

*But.* Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw. Why, a spirit is such a little thing, that I have heard a man,

who was a great scholar, say, that he will dance you a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle. As I sat in the pantry, last night, counting my spoons, the candle, methought, burnt blue, and the spay'd bitch looked as if she saw something.

*Coach.* Ay, poor cur, she's almost frightened out of her wits. 59

*Gard.* Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him, many a time and often, when we don't.

*But.* My lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

*Gard.* I fancy, when one goes to market, one might hear of somebody that can make a spell.

*Coach.* Why, may not the parson of our parish lay him?

*But.* No, no, no; our parson cannot lay him.

*Coach.* Why not he, as well as another man?

*But.* Why, ye fool he is not qualified. He has not taken the oaths. 70

*Gard.* Why, d'ye think, John, that the spirit would take the law of him? Faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

*Coach.* How's that?

*Gard.* I'll tell you, immediately. [*Drinks.*—I fancy Mrs. Abigail might scold him out of the house.

*Coach.* Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing could. 78

*But.* Pugh, this is all froth; you understand nothing of the matter. The next time it makes a noise, I'll tell you what ought to be done—I would have the steward speak Latin to it.

*Coach.* Ay, that would do, if the steward had but courage.

*Gard.* There you have it. He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghost, I'd tell him his

own. But, alack! what can one of us poor men do with a spirit that can neither write nor read?

*But.* Thou art always cracking and boasting, Peter; thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a silly dog as thee should offer to speak to it. For aught I know, he might flea thee alive, and make parchment of thy skin to cover his drum with. 92

*Gard.* A fiddlestick! tell not me—I fear nothing, not I; I never did harm in my life; I never committed murder.

*But.* I verily believe thee. Keep thy temper, Peter; after supper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

*Gard.* Why, that's well said, John—An honest man, that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear—Here's to ye—Why, now if he should come this minute, here would I stand—Ha! What noise is that? 101

*But. and Coacb.* Ha! where?

*Gard.* The devil! the devil!—Oh, no; 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

*But.* Ay, faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. Abigail! A good mistake; 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

*Enter ABIGAIL.*

*Ab.* Here are your drunken sots for you! Is this a time to be guzzling, when gentry are come to the house? Why don't you lay your cloth? How come you out of the stables? Why are you not at work in your garden? 109

*Gard.* Why, yonder's the fine Londoner and madam fetching a walk together; and, methought, they looked as if they should say they had rather have my room than my company.

*But.* And so, forsooth, being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this same Drummer out of our heads.

*Gard.* For you must know, Mrs. Abigail, we are all of opinion that one cannot be a match for him, unless one be as drunk as a drum. 119

*Coach.* I am resolved to give madam warning to hire herself another coachman; for I came to serve my master, d'ye see, while he was alive! but do suppose that he has no further occasion for a coach, now he walks.

*But.* Truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after all, to fright madam, and his old servants at this rate.

*Gard.* And truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, I served my master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living (that is, no man that is not living) without double wages. 130

*Ab.* Ay, 'tis such cowards as you that go about with idle stories, to disgrace the house, and bring so many strangers about it: you first frighten yourselves, and then your neighbours.

*Gard.* Frightened! — I scorn your words: — frightened, quoth-a!

*Ab.* What, you sot, are you grown pot-valiant?

*Gard.* Frightened with a drum! that's a good one! — It will do us no harm, I'll answer for it: it will bring no bloodshed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a train-band drum as ever I heard in my life. 141

*But.* Pr'ythee, Peter, don't be so presumptuous.

*Ab.* Well, these drunken rogues take it as I could wish.

[*Aside.*

*Gard.* I scorn to be frightened, now I am in for't; if old dub-a-dub should come into the room, I would take him —

*But.* Pr'ythee hold thy tongue.

*Gard.* I would take him —

[*The drum beats: the Gardener endeavours to get off, and falls.*



*But. and Coach.* Speak to it, Mrs. Abigail.

*Gard.* Spare my life, and take all have. 149

*Coach.* Make off, make off, good butler, and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar. [*They all run off.*]

*Ab.* So, now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my drummer—But first let me shut the door, lest we be surprised. Mr. Fantome! Mr. Fantome! [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out: the enemy's fled—I must speak with you immediately—Don't stay to beat a parley.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers Fantome with a drum.*]

*Fan.* Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast managed this thing so well, that I could take thee in my arms and kiss thee—if my drum did not stand in my way. 160

*Ab.* Well, o' my conscience, you are the merriest ghost! and the very picture of Sir George Truman.

*Fan.* There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigail: Sir George had that freshness in his looks, that we men of the town can not come up to.

*Ab.* Oh, death may have altered you, you know—Besides you must consider, you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

*Fan.* Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this cut cross my forehead will keep me in countenance. 170

*Ab.* 'Tis just such a one as my master received from a cursed French trooper, as my lady's letter informed her.

*Fan.* It happens luckily that this suit of clothes of Sir George's fits me so well—I think I can't fail hitting the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

*Ab.* You are the very man—I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

*Fan.* But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible? 178

*Ab.* Pray, what good did your being visible do you? The fair Mr. Fantome thought no woman could withstand him. But when you were seen by my lady in your proper person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could say, she very civilly dismissed you for the sake of this empty noisy creature, Tinsel. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight. 185

*Fan.* Why, really, I love thy lady so well, that though I had no hopes of gaining her for myself, I could not bear to see her given to another, especially such a wretch as Tinsel.

*Ab.* Well, tell me truly, Mr. Fantome, have not you a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear lady, that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner for less than a thousand pounds? 192

*Fan.* Thou art always reminding me of my promise— Thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring our project to bear: dost not know, that stories of ghosts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money.

*Ab.* Why, truly now, Mr. Fantome, I should think myself a very bad woman, if I had done what I do for a farthing less.

*Fan.* Dear Abigail, how I admire thy virtue! 200

*Ab.* No, no, Mr. Fantome, I defy the worst of my enemies to say I love mishief for mischief's sake.

*Fan.* But is thy lady persuaded that I'm the ghost of her deceased husband?

*Ab.* I endeavour to make her believe so: and tell her, every time your drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

*Fan.* Pr'ythee, make use of all thy art: for I'm tired to death with strolling round this wide old house, like a rat behind the wainscot. 210

*Ab.* Did not I tell you 'twas the purest place in the world

for you to play your tricks in? There's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it, besides myself.

*Fan.* Ah, Mrs. Abigail! you have had your intrigues—

*Ab.* For you must know, when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of hide and seek.

*Fan.* I believe by this time, I am as well acquainted with the house as yourself. 218

*Ab.* You are very much mistaken, Mr. Fantome: but no matter for that; here is to be your station to-night. This place is unknown to any one living besides myself, since the death of the joiner, who, you must understand, being a lover of mine, contrived the wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I designed it for a wardrobe for my lady's cast clothes. Oh, the stomachers, stays, petticoats, commodes, laced shoes, and good things that I have had in it!—Pray, take care you don't break the cherry brandy bottle that stands up in the corner.

*Fan.* Well, Mrs. Abigail, I hire your closet of you but for this one night—A thousand pounds, you know, is a very good rent. 231

*Ab.* Well, get you gone: you have such a way with you, there's no denying you any thing.

*Fan.* I am thinking how Tinsel will stare, when he sees me come out of the wall; for I am resolved to make my appearance to-night.

*Ab.* Get you in, get you in, my lady's at the door.

*Fan.* Pray, take care she does not keep me up so late as she did last night, or depend upon it I'll beat the tattoo.

*Ab.* I'm undone, I'm undone!—[*As he is going in.*] Mr. Fantome! Mr. Fantome! have you put the thousand pound bond into my brother's hand. 243

*Fan.* Thou shalt have it; I tell thee thou shalt have it.

[*Fan goes in.*]

*Ab.* No more words—Vanish, vanish!

*Enter Lady TRUMAN.*

*Ab.* [*Opening the door.*] Oh, dear madam, was it you that made such a knocking? My heart does so beat—I vow you have frightened me to death—I thought verily it had been the drummer. 248

*L. Tru.* I have been shewing the garden to Mr. Tinsel: he's most insufferably witty upon us about this story of the drum.

*Ab.* Indeed, madam, he's a very loose man: I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor master from resting in his grave.

*L. Tru.* Well, an infidel is such a novelty in the country, that I am resolved to divert myself a day or two at least with the oddness of his conversation.

*Ab.* Ah, madam, the drum began to beat in the house as soon as ever that creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. Fantome paid his addresses to you, there was not a mouse stirring in the family more than used to be—

*L. Tru.* This baggage has some design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [*Aside.*]—Mr. Fantome was always thy favourite. 263

*Ab.* Ay, and should have been yours too, by my consent. Mr. Fantome was not such a slight fantastic thing as this is—Mr. Fantome was the best built man one should see in a summer's day! Mr. Fantome was a man of honour, and loved you. Poor soul, how has he sighed, when he has talked to me of my hard-hearted lady.—Well, I had as lief as a thousand pounds you would marry Mr. Fantome. 270

*L. Tru.* To tell thee truly, I loved him well enough till I found he loved me so much. But Mr. Tinsel makes his court to me with so much neglect and indifference, and with such an agreeable sauciness—Not that I say I'll marry him.

*Ab.* Marry him, quoth-a ! No—If you should, you'll be awakened sooner than married couples generally are—You'll quickly have a drum at your window.

*L. Tru.* I'll hide my contempt of Tinsel for once, if it be but to see what this wench drives at. [*Aside.*

*Ab.* Why, suppose your husband, after this fair warning he has given you, should sound you an alarm at midnight ; then open you curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, what dost thou do in bed with this spindle-shanked fellow ? 284

*L. Tru.* Why wilt thou needs have it to be my husband ? He never had any reason to be offended at me. I always loved him while he was living ; and should prefer him to any were he so still. Mr. Tinsel is indeed very idle in his talk : but I fancy, Abigail, a discreet woman might reform him. 290

*Ab.* That's a likely matter indeed ! Did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man when she was his wife, that had none while she was his mistress ? Oh, there's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaisance like marriage.

*L. Tru.* He is, indeed, at present, too familiar in his conversation.

*Ab.* Familiar, madam ! in troth, he's downright rude.

*L. Tru.* But that, you know, Abigail, shews he has no dissimulation in him—Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave subjects. 301

*Ab.* Grave subjects ! he jests upon the church.

“ *L. Tru.* But that, you know, Abigail, may be only to shew his wit—Then it must be owned he's extremely talkative.

“ *Ab.* Talkative, do you call it ! he's downright impertinent.



*L. Tru.* But that, you know, Abigail, is a sign he has  
“been used to good company—Then indeed he is very  
“positive. 310

*Ab.* Positive! why, he contradicts you in every thing  
“you say.

*L. Tru.* But then, you know, Abigail, he has been edu-  
“cated at the inns of court.

*Ab.* A blessed education, indeed! It has made him forget  
“his catechism.”

*L. Tru.* You talk as if you hated him.

*Ab.* You talk as if you loved him.

*L. Tru.* Hold your tongue; here he comes.

*Enter TINSEL.*

*Tin.* My dear widow! 320

*Ab.* My dear widow! marry come up. [*Aside.*

*L. Tru.* Let him alone, Abigail; so long as he does not  
call me my dear wife, there's no harm done.

*Tin.* I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left  
you—Your servants have made a convert of my booby: his  
head is so filled with this foolish story of a drummer, that I  
expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a message  
by moon-light.

*L. Tru.* Ay, Mr. Tinsel, what a loss of Billet-doux would  
that be to many a fine lady! 330

*Ab.* Then you still believe this to be a foolish story? I  
thought my lady had told you, that she had heard it herself.

*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Why, you would not persuade us out of our senses?

*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* There's manners for you, madam. [*Aside.*

*L. Tru.* Admirably rally'd! that laugh is unanswerable!  
Now I'll be hanged if you could forbear being witty upon

me, if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last night. 340

*Tin.* Fancy!

*L. Tru.* But what if I should tell you my maid was with me.

*Tin.* Vapours! vapours! Pray, my dear widow, will you answer me one question?—Had you ever this noise of a drum in your head, all the while your husband was living?

*L. Tru.* And, pray, Mr. Tinsel, will you let me ask you another question? Do you think we can hear in the country, as well as you do in town?"

*Tin.* Believe me, madam, I could prescribe you a cure for these imaginations. 350

*Ab.* Don't tell my lady of imaginations, sir, I have heard it myself.

*Tin.* Hark thee, child—art thou not an old maid?

*Ab.* Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.

*Tin.* Whims! freaks! megrims! indeed, Mrs. Abigail.

*Ab.* Marry, sir, by your talk, one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

*L. Tru.* Why, truly, I don't very well understand what you meant by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by chance. 360

*Ab.* A very pretty subject indeed for a lover to divert his mistress with.

*L. Tru.* But, I suppose, that was only a taste of the conversation you would entertain me with after marriage.

*Tin.* Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced, in less than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

*L. Tru.* You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was made by chance! 571

"*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain.

"*L. Tru.* Pray, Mr. Tinsel, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

"*Tin.* Ah, widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking."

*L. Tru.* Though you give no credit to stories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as spirits.

*Tin.* Simplicity!

380

*Ab.* I fancy you don't believe women have souls, d'ye, sir?

*Tin.* Foolish enough.

"*L. Tru.* I vow, Mr. Tinsel, I'm afraid malicious people will say I'm in love with an atheist.

"*Tin.* Oh, my dear, that's an old fashioned word—I'm a free-thinker, child.

"*Ab.* I'm sure you are a free-speaker!

"*L. Tru.* Really, Mr. Tinsel, considering that you are so fine a gentleman, I'm amazed where you got all this learning! I wonder it has not spoiled your breeding. 391

"*Tin.* To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into these dry matters myself, but I am convinced by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a coffee-house I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses; that the world has been in error for some thousands of years; and that all the people upon earth, excepting those two or three worthy gentlemen, are imposed upon, cheated, bubbled, abused, bamboozled——

"*Ab.* Madam, how can you hear such a profligate? he talks like the London prodigal. 401

"*L. Tru.* Why, really, I'm thinking, if there be no such things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying—  
"She need not be afraid to lie by herself."

*Tin.* Ah, my dear! are husbands good for nothing but  
 “to frighten away spirits? Dost thou think I could not in-  
 “struct thee in several other comforts of matrimony?

*L. Tru.* Ah, but you are a man of so much knowledge,  
 “that you would always be laughing at my ignorance—You  
 “learned men are so apt to despise one. 410

*Tin.* No, child! I’ll teach thee my principles—thou  
 “should’st be as wise as I am, in a week’s time.

*L. Tru.* Do you think your principles would make a wo-  
 “man the better wife?

*Tin.* Pr’ythee, widow, don’t be queer.

*L. Tru.* I love a gay temper, but I would not have you  
 “rally things that are serious.

*Tin.* Well enough, faith! where’s the jest of rallying  
 “any thing else? 419

*Ab.* Ah, madam, did you ever hear Mr. Fantome talk at  
 “this rate? [Aside.]

*Tin.* But where’s this ghost? this son of a whore of a  
 drummer? I’d fain hear him, methinks.

*Ab.* Pray, madam, don’t suffer him to give the ghost such  
 ill language, especially when you have reason to believe it is  
 my master.

*Tin.* That’s well enough, faith, Nab: dost think thy  
 master so unreasonable, as to continue his claim to his relief  
 after his bones are laid? Pray, widow, remember the words  
 of your contract, you have fulfilled them to a tittle—Did  
 not you marry Sir George to the tune of ‘till death do us  
 part?’ 432

*L. Tru.* I must not hear Sir George’s memory treated in  
 so slight a manner.—“This fellow must have been at  
 “some pains to make himself such a finished coxcomb!

[Aside.]

*Tin.* Give me but possession of your person, and I’ll whirl

you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once: "Oh, I  
"have known many a country lady come to London with  
"frightful stories of the hall-house being haunted, of fairies,  
"spirits, and witches: that by the time she had seen a co-  
"medy, played at an assembly, and ambled in a ball or two,  
"has been so little afraid of bug-bears, that she has ventured  
"home in a chair at all hours of the night. 443

*Ab.* Hum—sauce-box.

[*Aside.*

*Tin.* "'Tis the solitude of the country that creates these  
"whimsies; there was never such a thing as a ghost heard  
"of at London, except in 'the play-house."—Oh, we'd pass  
all our time in London. 'Tis the scene of pleasure and diver-  
sions, where there's something to amuse you every hour of the  
day. Life's not life in the country. 450

*L. Tru.* Well then you have an opportunity of shewing the  
sincerity of that love to me which you profess. You may  
give a proof that you have an affection to my person, not my  
jointure.

*Tin.* Your jointure! How can you thing me such a dog?  
But, child, won't your jointure be the same thing in London,  
as in the country?

*L. Tru.* No, you're deceived! You must know it is settled  
on me by marriage-articles, on condition that I live in this  
old mansion-house, and keep it up in repair. 460

*Tin.* How!

*Ab.* That's well put, madam.

*Tin.* Why, faith, I have been looking upon this house, and  
think it is the prettiest habitation I ever saw in my life.

*L. Tru.* Ay, but then this cruel drum!

*Tin.* Something so venerable in it!

*L. Tru.* Ay, but the drum!

*Tin.* For my part, I like this Gothic way of building better



than any of your new orders—it would be a thousand pities it should fall to ruin. 470

*L. Tru.* Ay, but the drum!

*Tin.* How pleasantly we two could pass our time in this delicious situation. Our lives would be a continued dream of happiness. Come, faith, widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

*L. Tru.* Ay, but the drum! the drum!

*Tin.* My dear, take my word for it, 'tis all fancy: besides, should he drum in thy very bed-chamber, I should only hug thee the closer.

*Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,*

480

*And all my joys, though thunder shook the room.*

[Exeunt.]

### ACT II. SCENE I.

*Opens, and discovers VELLUM in his Office, with a Letter in his Hand.*

*Vellum.*

THIS letter astonisheth! may I believe my own eyes—or rather my spectacles.—To Humphrey Vellum, Esq. steward to the Lady Truman.

‘VELLUM,

‘I doubt not but you will be glad to hear your master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being slain in the Netherlands, has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the George Inn. If an old man with a grey beard, in a black cloak, in-

quires after you, give him admittance. He passes for a conjurer, but is really

11

‘ Your faithful friend,

G. TRUMAN.

‘ P. S. Let this be a secret, and you shall find your account in it.’

This amazeth me ! and yet the reasons why I should believe he is still living are manifold—First, because this has often been the case of other military adventurers.—Secondly, because this news of his death was first published in Dyer’s Letter.—Thirdly, because this letter can be written by none but himself—I know his hand and manner of spelling.  
—Fourthly—

22

*Enter Butler.*

*But.* Sir, here’s a strange old gentleman that asks for you; he says he’s a conjurer, but he looks very suspicious; I wish he ben’t a Jesuit.

*Vel.* Admit him immediately.

*But.* I wish he ben’t a Jesuit; but he says he’s nothing but a conjurer.

*Vel.* He says right—He is no more than a conjurer. Bring him in and withdraw. [*Exit Butler.*]—And fourthly, as I was saying, because—

31

*Enter Butler, with Sir GEORGE.*

*But.* Sir, here is the conjurer.—What a devilish long beard he has ! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years.

[*Aside and exit.*]

*Sir Geo.* Dear Vellum, you have received my letter : but before we proceed, lock the door.

*Vel.* It is his voice?

[*Shuts the door.*

*Sir Geo.* In the next place, help me off with this cumbersome cloak.

*Vel.* It is his shape.

40

*Sir Geo.* So; now lay my beard upon the table.

*Vel.* [*After having looked on Sir Geo. through his spectacles.*] It is his face, every lineament!

*Sir Geo.* Well, now I have put off the conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

*Vel.* Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was in all the newspapers in the list of those that were slain.

49

*Sir Geo.* We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee, in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement several months. Upon my release, I was resolved to surprise my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, Vellum, you are a person of so much penetration, that I need not use any further arguments to convince you that I am so.

*Vel.* I am—and moreover, I question not but your good lady will likewise be convinced of it. Her honour is a discerning lady.

59

*Sir Geo.* I am only afraid she should be convinced of it to her sorrow. Is she not pleased with her imaginary widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

*Vel.* Sorely.

*Sir Geo.* How long did her grief last?

*Vel.* Longer than I have known any widow's—at least three days.

*Sir Geo.* Three days, say'st thou? Three whole days? I'm afraid thou flatterest me—Oh, woman, woman!

*Vel.* Grief is twofold—

70

*Sir Geo.* This blockhead is as methodical as ever—but I know he is honest.

[*Aside.*

*Vel.* There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief; she was drowned in tears till such time as the taylor had made her widow's weeds—Indeed they became her.

*Sir Geo.* Became her! and was that her comfort? Truly, a most seasonable consolation.

*Vel.* I must needs say she paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw company.

80

*Sir Geo.* That was kind, indeed! I find she grieved with a great deal of good breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

*Vel.* Her jointure is considerable.

*Sir Geo.* How this fool torments me?

[*Aside.*

*Vel.* Her person is amiable.

*Sir Geo.* Death!

[*Aside.*

*Vel.* But her character is unblemished. She has been as virtuous in your absence as a Penelope—

*Sir Geo.* And has had as many suitors.

90

*Vel.* Several have made their overtures.

*Sir Geo.* Several!

*Vel.* But she has rejected all.

*Sir Geo.* There thou revivest me. But what means this Tinsel? Are his visits acceptable?

*Vel.* He is young.

*Sir Geo.* Does she listen to him?

*Vel.* He is gay.

*Sir Geo.* Sure she could never entertain a thought of marrying such a coxcomb!

100

*Vel.* He is not ill made.

*Sir Geo.* Are the vows and protestations that passed be-

tween us come to this? I can't bear the thought of it! Is Tinsel the man designed for my worthy successor?

*Vel.* You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months——

*Sir Geo.* Was there ever such a dog. [*Aside.*

*Vel.* And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir George Truman—meaning your ho—nour. 110

*Sir Geo.* I think she loved me! but I must search into this story of the drummer, before I discover myself to her. I have put on this habit of a conjurer, in order to introduce myself. It must be your business to recommend me as a most profound person, that, by my great knowledge in the curious arts, can silence the drummer, and dispossess the house.

*Vel.* I am going to lay my accounts before my lady; and I will endeavour to prevail upon her ho—nour to admit the trial of your art. 120

*Sir Geo.* I have scarce heard of any of these stories, that did not arise from a love-intrigue. Amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your ho—nour who troubles the house.

*Sir Geo.* That convinces me 'tis a cheat; for I think, Vellum, I may be pretty well assured it is not me.

*Vel.* I am apt to think so, truly. Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Geo.* Abigail had always an ascendant over her lady; and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it, she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hanged if this ghost be not one of Abigail's familiars. 132

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail has of late been very mysterious.

*Sir Geo.* I fancy, Vellum, thou couldst worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.



*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail hath her allurements; and she knows I have pick'd up a competency in your ho—nour's service.

*Sir Geo.* If thou hast, all I ask of thee, in return, is, that thou wouldst immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue, Vellum, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a woman, that she'll like you the better for giving her the pleasure of telling a secret. In short, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the advice which you give me. 144

*Vel.* Mrs Abigail was never deaf to me, when I talked upon that subject. I will take an opportunity of addressing myself to her in the most pathetic manner.

*Sir Geo.* In the mean time, lock me up in your office, and bring me word what success you have—Well, sure I'm the first that ever was employed to lay himself. 150

*Vel.* You act, indeed, a threefold part in this house; you are a ghost, a conjurer, and my ho—noured master, Sir George Truman; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

*Sir Geo.* Oh, Mr. Vellum, with all my heart! You know I love you men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou dost thy business. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, Vellum, your commission is twofold, first, to gain admission for me to your lady, and secondly, to get the secret out of Abigail. 160

*Vel.* It sufficeth.

[*The Scene shuts.*]

*Enter Lady TRUMAN.*

*L. Tru.* Women who have been happy in a first marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But, for my part, I had a husband so every way suited to my inclinations, that I must entirely forget him before I can like another man. I have now been a widow but fourteen months, and have

had twice as many lovers, all of them professed admirers of my person, but passionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my sex, to make an example of this worthless tribe of fellows, "who grow impudent, "dress themselves fine, and fancy we are obliged to provide "for them. But of all my captives, Mr. Tinsel is the most "extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diversion I give "myself with him is unblameable, I'm sure 'tis necessary to "turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear man, "who has been the greatest happiness and affliction of my "life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did "not find these innocent methods of relieving it." But here comes Abigail; I must tease the baggage; for I find she has taken it into her head, that I'm entirely at her disposal.

181

*Enter ABIGAIL.*

*Ab.* Madam, madam, yonder's Mr. Tinsel has as good as taken possession of your house. Marry, he says, he must have Sir George's apartment enlarged; for, truly, says he, I hate to be straitened. Nay, he was so impudent as to shew me the chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

*L. Tru.* Well, he's a wild fellow.

*Ab.* Indeed, he's a very sad man, madam.

189

*L. Tru.* He's young, Abigail; 'tis a thousand pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

*Ab.* Reform him! marry, hang him!

*L. Tru.* Has he not a great deal of life?

*Ab.* Ay, enough to make your heart ache.

*L. Tru.* I dare say thou thinkest him a very agreeable fellow.

*Ab.* He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

*L. Tru.* He's very good-natured.

*Ab.* He ought to be so ; for he's very silly.

*L. Tru.* Dost thou think he loves me ?

209

*Ab.* Mr. Fantome did, I'm sure.

*L. Tru.* With what raptures he talk'd !

*Ab.* Yes ; but 'twas in praise of your jointure-house.

*L. Tru.* He has kept bad company.

*Ab.* They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

*L. Tru.* I have a strong fancy a good woman might reform him.

209

*Ab.* It would be a fine experiment if it should not succeed.

*L. Tru.* Well, Abigail, we'll talk of that another time. Here comes the steward. I have no further occasion for you at present.

[Exit Ab.]

*Enter VELLUM.*

*Vel.* Madam is your ho—nour at leisure to look into the accounts of last week ? They rise very high. Housekeeping is chargeable in a house that is haunted.

216

*L. Tru.* How comes that to pass ? I hope the drum neither eats nor drinks. But read your account, Vellum.

*Vel.* [Putting on and off his spectacles in this scene.] A hogs-head and a half of ale.—It is not for the ghost's drinking ; but your ho—nour's servants say, they must have something to keep up their courage against this strange noise. They tell me, they expect a double quantity of malt in their small beer, so long as the house continues in this condition.

*L. Tru.* At this rate, they'll take care to be frightened all the year round, I'll answer for them. But, go on.

*Vel.* Item, Two sheep, and a—Where is the ox ?—Oh, here I have him—and an ox—Your ho—nour must always

have a piece of cold beef in the house, for the entertainment of so many strangers, who come from all parts to hear this drum. *Item*, Bread, ten peck loaves—They cannot eat beef without bread. *Item*, Three barrels of table beer—They must have drink with their meat. 233

*L. Tru.* Sure no woman in England has a steward that makes such ingenious comments on his works! [*Aside.*]

*Vel. Item*, To Mr. Tinsel's servants five bottles of port wine—It was by your ho—nour's order. *Item*, Three bottles of sack, for the use of Mrs. Abigail.

*L. Tru.* I suppose that was by your own order. 239

*Vel.* We have been long friends; we are your ho—nour's ancient servants. Sack is an innocent cordial, and gives her spirit to chide the servants, when they are tardy in their business; he, he, he! Pardon me, for being jocular.

*L. True.* Well, I see you'll come together at last.

*Vel. Item*, A dozen pound of watch-lights, for the use of the servants.

*L. Tru.* For the use of the servants! What, are the rogues afraid of sleeping in the dark! What an unfortunate woman am I! This is such a particular distress, it puts me to my wit's end. Vellum, what would you advise me to do? 250

*Vel.* Madam, your ho—nour has two points to consider. *Imprimis*, To retrench these extravagant expences, which bring so many strangers upon you—Secondly, To clear the house of this invisible drummer.

*L. Tru.* This learned division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two points to bear?

*Vel.* I beseech your ho—nour to give me the hearing.

*L. Tru.* I do. But, pr'ythee, take pity on me, and be not tedious. 259

*Vel.* I will be concise. There is a certain person arrived this morning, an aged man, of a venerable aspect, and of a

long, hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white-witch, a conjurer, a cunning-man, a necromancer, a——

*L. Tru.* No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

*Vel.* Give me the hearing, good my lady. He pretends to great skill in the occult sciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this drum. If one may believe him, he knows the secret of laying ghosts, or of quieting houses that are haunted.

270

*L. Tru.* Pho! these are idle stories to amuse the country people: this can do us no good.

*Vel.* It can do us no harm, my lady.

*L. Tru.* I dare say, thou dost not believe there is any thing in it thyself.

*Vel.* I cannot say I do; there is no danger, however, in the experiment. Let him try his skill; if it should succeed, we are rid of the drum; if it should not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means, at least, get out of this expensive way of living; so that it must turn to your advantage, one way or another.

281

*L. Tru.* I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man? I would fain see him. He must be a curiosity.

*Vel.* I have already discoursed with him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains till he has done his work—No cure, no money.

*L. Tru.* That circumstance, I must confess, would make one believe there is more in his art than one would imagine. Pray, Vellum, go and fetch him hither immediately.

*Vel.* I am gone. He shall be forthcoming forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.*

*But.* Rare news, my lads! rare news!



*Gard.* What's the matter? Hast thou got any more vails for us?

*But.* No, 'tis better than that.

*Coach.* Is there another stranger come to the house?

*But.* Ay, such a stranger, as will make all our lives easy.

*Gard.* What, is he a lord?

*But.* A lord! No, nothing like it—he's a conjurer. 298

*Coach.* A conjurer! What, is he come a wooing to my lady?

*But.* No, no, you fool, he's come a purpose to lay the spirit.

*Coach.* Ay, marry, that's good news indeed. But where is he?

*But.* He is locked up with the steward in his office. They are laying their heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a figure.

*Gard.* Pr'ythee, John, what sort of a creature is a conjurer?

*But.* Why, he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard.

*Coach.* Look ye, Peter, it stands with reason that a conjurer should have a long grey beard; for, did ye ever know a witch that was not an old woman? 311

*Gard.* Why, I remember a conjurer once at a fair, that, to my thinking, was a very smock-faced man, and yet he spewed out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, John, if thou'dst get him into the pantry, and give him a cup of ale, he'd shew us a few tricks. Dost think we could not persuade him to swallow one of thy case-knives for our diversion? He'll certainly bring it up again.

*But.* Peter, thou art such a wiseacre!—Thou dost not know the difference between a conjurer and a juggler. This man must be a very great master of his trade. His beard is at least half a yard long; he's dressed in a strange dark cloak, as black as a coal. Your conjurer always goes in mourning. 324

*Gard.* Is he a gentleman? Had he a sword by his side?

*But.* No, no, he's too grave a man for that; a conjurer is as grave as a judge. But he had a long white wand in his hand.

*Coach.* You may be sure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand—I fancy 'tis made out of witch-elm. 330

*Gard.* I warrant you, if the ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drum-stick out of his hand.

*But.* No, the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him; let him get out again, if he can. A circle, you must know, is a conjurer's trap.

*Coach.* But what will he do with him, when he has him there? 339

*But.* Why, then he'll overpower him with his learning.

*Gard.* If he can once compass him, and get him in lob's-pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thousand years.

*Coach.* Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave again, with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

*But.* No, no, I would advise madam to spare no cost. If the conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the Red Sea—and then he's laid for ever. 350

*Coach.* Ay, marry, that would spoil his drum for him.

*Gard.* Why, John, there must be a power of spirits in that same Red Sea—I warrant ye, they are as plenty as fish.

*Coach.* Well, I wish, after all, that he may not be too hard for the conjurer. I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

*Gard.* I wish the spirit may not carry a corner of the house off with him.

*But.* As for that, Peter, you may be sure that the steward has made his bargain with the cunning-man beforehand, that he shall stand to all costs and damages.—But, hark! yonder's Mrs. Abigail; we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

*Gard.* Ay, lads, if we could get Mrs. Abigail well laid too, we should lead merry lives.

*For, to a man, like me, that's stout and bold,  
A ghost is not so dreadful as a scold.*

365  
[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Opens, and discovers Sir GEORGE in VELLUM's Office.*

*Sir George.*

I WONDER I don't hear of Vellum yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly. This fellow has been so used to form in business, that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it

*Enter VELLUM.*

Well, Vellum, I'm impatient to hear your success.

*Vel.* First, let me lock the door.

*Sir Geo.* Will your lady admit me?

*Vel.* If this lock be not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

11

*Sir Geo.* Pr'ythee, let the lock alone at present, and answer me.

*Vel.* Delays in business are dangerous—I must send for the smith next week; and, in the mean time, will take a minute of it.

*Sir Geo.* But what says your lady?

*Vel.* This pen is naught, and wants mending—My lady, did you say?

*Sir Geo.* Does she admit me?

20

*Vel.* I have gained admission for you as a conjurer.

*Sir Geo.* That's enough—I'll gain admission for myself as a husband. Does she believe there's any thing in my art?

*Vel.* It is hard to know what a woman believes.

*Sir Geo.* Did she ask no questions about me?

*Vel.* Sundry—She desires to talk with you herself, before you enter upon your business.

*Sir Geo.* But when?

*Vel.* Immediately—this instant.

29

*Sir Geo.* Pugh! what hast thou been doing all this while? Why didst not tell me so? Give me my cloak.—Have you yet met with Abigail?

*Vel.* I have not yet had an opportunity of talking with her; but we have interchanged some languishing glances.

*Sir Geo.* Let thee alone for that, Vellum. I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy spectacles.—Well, this is a most venerable cloak. After the business of this day is over, I'll make thee a present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

39

*Vel.* He, he, he!—Would you make a conjurer of your steward?

*Sir Geo.* Pr'ythee don't be jocular; I'm in haste. Help me on with my beard.

*Vel.* And what will your ho—nour do with your cast beard?

*Sir Geo.* Why, faith, thy gravity wants only such a beard to it. If thou would'st wear it with the cloak, thou would'st make a most complete heathen philosopher. But where's my wand?

49

*Vel.* A fine taper stick—It is well chosen. I will keep this 'till you are sheriff of the county. It is not my custom to let any thing be lost.

*Sir Geo.* Come, Vellum, lead the way. You must introduce me to your lady. Thou art the fittest fellow in the world to be master of the ceremonies to a conjurer. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ABIGAIL, crossing the Stage, TINSEL following.*

*Tin.* Nabby, Nabby, whither so fast, child?

*Ab.* Keep your hands to yourself. I'm going to call the steward to my lady. 58

*Tin.* What, Goodman Twofold? I met him walking with a strange old fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the family too. He looks very antique. He must be some of the furniture of this old mansion house.

*Ab.* What does the man mean? Don't think to palm me as you do my lady.

*Tin.* Pr'ythee, Nabby, tell me one thing—What's the reason thou art my enemy?

*Ab.* Marry, because I am a friend to my lady.

*Tin.* Dost thou see any thing about me thou dost not like?—Come hither, hussy—Give me a kiss. Don't be ill-natured? 70

*Ab.* Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kisses her.*] This rogue will carry of my lady, if I don't take care. [*Aside.*]

*Tin.* Thy lips are as soft as velvet, Abigail. I must get thee a husband.

*Ab.* Ay, now you don't speak idly—I can talk to you.

*Tin.* I have one in my eye for thee.—Dost thou love a young lusty son of a whore?

*Ab.* Lud, how you talk!

*Tin.* This is a thundering dog.

*Ab.* What is he? 80



*Tin.* A private gentleman.

*Ab.* Ay!—Where does he live?

*Tin.* In the Horse-Guards.—But he has one fault I must tell thee of; if thou canst bear with that, he's a man for thy purpose.

*Ab.* Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what may that be?

*Tin.* He's but five-and-twenty years old.

*Ab.* 'Tis no matter for his age, if he has been well educated. 89

*Tin.* No man better, child; he'll tie a wig, toss a die, make a pass, and swear with such a grace, as would make thy heart leap to hear him.

*Ab.* Half these accomplishments will do, provided he has an estate.—Pray what has he?

*Tin.* Not a farthing.

*Ab.* Pox on him! what do I give him the hearing for?

[*Aside.*]

*Tin.* But as for that I would make it up to him.

*Ab.* How? 98

*Tin.* Why, look ye, child, as soon as I have married thy lady, I design to discard this old prig of a steward, and to put this honest gentleman I am speaking of into his place.

*Ab.* [*Aside.*] This fellow's a fool—I'll have no more to say to him.—Hark! my lady's a coming.

*Tin.* Depend upon it, Nab, I'll remember my promise.

*Ab.* Ay, and so will I too, to your cost. [*Aside and exit.*]

*Tin.* My dear is purely fitted up with a maid—But I shall rid the house of her. 107

*Enter Lady TRUMAN.*

*L. Tru.* Oh, Mr. Tinsel, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an entertainment that won't be disagreeable to a man of wit and pleasure of the town.—There may be

something diverting in a conversation between a conjurer, and this conceited ass.

[*Aside.*

*Tin.* She loves me to distraction, I see that.—[*Aside.*]—Pr'ythee, widow, explain thyself.

*L. Tru.* You must know, here is a strange sort of a man come to town, who undertakes to free the house from this disturbance. The steward believes him a conjurer.

*Tin.* Ay, thy steward is a deep one.

*L. Tru.* He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a man.

121

*Tin.* Oh, I warrant you, he has studied the black art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an Oxford scholar?—Widow, thy house is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in Christendom. I think thy four chief domestics are, a withered Abigail, a superannuated steward, a ghost, and a conjurer.

*L. Tru.* [*Mimicking Tinsel.*] And you would have it inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary person than any of all these four.

129

*Tin.* 'Tis a sure sign a woman loves you, when she imitates your manner. [*Aside.*] Thou'rt very smart, my dear. But see, smoke the doctor.

*Enter VELLUM and Sir GEORGE, in his Conjurer's Habit.*

*Vel.* I will introduce this profound person to your ladyship, and then leave him with you—Sir, this is her ho—nour.

*Sir Geo.* I know it well.

[*Exit Vel.*

[*Aside, walking in a musing posture.*] That dear woman! the sight of her unmans me. I could weep for tenderness, did not I, at the same time, feel an indignation rise in me to see that wretch with her. And yet, I cannot but smile to see her in the company of her first and second husband at the same time.

141

*L. Tru.* Mr. Tinsel, do you speak to him ; you are used to the company of men of learning.

*Tin.* Old gentleman, thou dost not look like an inhabitant of this world ; I suppose thou art lately come down from the stars. Pray, what news is stirring in the Zodiac ?

*Sir Geo.* News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. Mars is now entering into the first house, and will shortly appear in all his domal dignities—— 149

*Tin.* Mars !—Pr'ythee, father Grey-beard, explain thyself.

*Sir Geo.* The entrance of Mars into his house, portends the entrance of a master into this family—and that soon.

*Tin.* D'ye hear that, widow ? The stars have cut me out for thy husband. This house is to have a master, and that soon.—Hark thee, old Gadbury : Is not Mars very like a young fellow called Tom Tinsel ?

*Sir Geo.* Not so much as Venus is like this lady.

*Tin.* A word in your ear, doctor ; these two planets will be in conjunction by and bye ; I can tell you that. 160

*Sir Geo.* [*Aside, walking disturbed.*]—Curse on this impertinent fop ! I shall scarce forbear discovering myself !—Madam, I am told that your house is visited with strange noises.

*L. Tru.* And I am told that you can quiet them. I must confess I had a curiosity to see the person I had heard so much of : and indeed your aspect shews that you have had much experience in the world. You must be a very aged man.

*Sir Geo.* My aspect deceives you : what do you think is my real age ? 171

*Tin.* I should guess thee within three years of Methusalah. Pr'ythee, tell me, wast not thou born before the flood ?

*L. Tru.* Truly, I should guess you to be in your second or

third century. "I warrant you, you have great grand-children with beards a foot long."

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha, ha! If there be truth in man, I was but five and thirty last August. Oh, the study of the occult sciences makes a man's beard grow faster than you would imagine. 180

*L. Tru.* What an escape you have had, Mr. Tinsel, that you were not bred a scholar.

*Tin.* And so I fancy, doctor, thou thinkest me an illiterate fellow, because I have a smooth chin?

*Sir Geo.* Hark ye, sir, a word in your ear. You are a coxcomb, by all the rules of physiognomy: but let that be a secret between you and me. [Aside to Tin.

*L. Tru.* Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what is it the doctor whispers?

*Tin.* Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it. 190

*L. Tru.* Pray, doctor, examine this gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

*Sir Geo.* If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or—than you do, fair lady.

*Tin.* Widows I hope now thou'rt convinced he's a cheat.

*L. Tru.* For my part I believe he's a witch—Go on, doctor.

*Sir Geo.* He will be crossed in love; and that soon.

*Tin.* Pr'ythee, doctor, tell us the truth. Dost not thou live in Moorfields?

*Sir Geo.* Take my word for it, thou shalt never live in my Lady Truman's mansion-house. 201

*Tin.* Pray, old gentleman, hast thou never been plucked by the beard when thou wert saucy?

*L. Tru.* Nay, Mr. Tinsel, you are angry: do you think I would marry a man that dares not have his fortune told?

*Sir Geo.* Let him be angry—I matter not—He is but short lived. He will soon die of—

*Tin.* Come, come, speak out, old hocus, he, he, he ! This fellow makes me burst with laughing. [*Forces a laugh.*]

*Sir Geo.* He will soon die of a fright—or of the—let me see your nose—Ay,—’tis so !

*Tin.* You son of a whore ! I’ll run you through the body. I never yet made the sun shine through a conjurer.

*L. Tru.* Oh, fie, Mr. Tinsel ! you will not kill an old man ?

*Tin.* An old man ! the dog says he’s but five and thirty.

*L. Tru.* Oh, fie, Mr. Tinsel, I did not think you could have been so passionate, I hate a passionate man. Put up your sword, or I must never see you again. 219

*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha ! I was but in jest, my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the doctor’s body. I would but have drilled a little eyelet hole in it, and have seen whether he had art enough to close it up again.

*Sir Geo.* Courage is but ill shewn before a lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this arm can wield other weapons besides this wand.

*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha !

*L. Tru.* Well, learned sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or if you will shew your courage, let it be at nine o’clock—for that is the time the noise is generally heard. 231

*Tin.* And look ye, old gentleman, if thou dost not do thy business well, I can tell thee by the little skill I have, that thou wilt be tossed in a blanket before ten. We’ll do our endeavour to send thee back to the stars again.

*Sir Geo.* I’ll go and prepare myself for the ceremonies—And, lady, as you expect they should succeed to your wishes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deserves. [*Exit.*]

*Tin.* The sauciest dog I ever talked with in my whole life ! 240



*L. Tru.* Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may see he's no fool.

*Tin.* No fool! Ay, but thou dost not take him for a conjurer.

*L. Tru.* Truly, I don't know what to take him for; I am resolved to employ him however. When a sickness is desperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

*Enter ABIGAIL.*

*Ab.* Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour as you ordered.

*L. Tru.* Come, Mr. Tinsel, we may there talk of the subject more at leisure. *[Exeunt L. Tru. and Tin.]*

*Ab.* Sure never any lady had such servants as mine has! Well, if I get this thousand pounds, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight girl—just such as I was ten years ago (I'm afraid I may say twenty) she shall dress me and flatter me—for I will be flattered, that's pos! My lady's cast suits will serve her after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a thousand pounds, I shall certainly carry off the steward—Madam Vellum—how prettily that will sound! here, bring out Madam Vellum's chaise—Nay, I do not know but it may be a chariot—It will break the attorney's wife's heart—for I shall take place of every body in the parish but my lady. If I have a son, he shall be called Fantome. But see, Mr. Vellum, as I could wish. I know his humour, and will do my utmost to gain his heart. 265

*Enter VELLUM, with a Pint of Sack.*

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail, don't I break in upon you unseasonably?

*Ab.* Oh, no, Mr. Vellum, your visits are always seasonable.

*Vel.* I have brought with me a taste of fresh canary, which I think is delicious. 270

*Ab.* Pray set it down—I have a dram glass just by—  
[*Brings in a Rummer.*] I'll pledge you; my lady's good health.

*Vel.* And your own with it—sweet Mrs. Abigail.

*Ab.* Pray, good Mr. Vellum, buy me a little parcel of this sack, and put it under the article of tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

*Vel.* Mrs Abigail, your name seldom appears in my bills—and yet—if you will allow me a merry expression—you have been always in my books, Mrs. Abigail. Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Vellum, you are such a dry jesting man! 282

*Vel.* Why, truly, Mrs. Abigail, I have been looking over my papers—and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

*Ab.* Your debtor! For what, Mr. Vellum?

*Vel.* For my heart, Mrs. Abigail—And our accounts will not be balanced between us till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Ha, ha, ha! You are the most gallant dun, Mr. Vellum. 291

*Vel.* But I am not used to be paid by words only, Mrs. Abigail; when will you be out of my debt?

*Ab.* Oh, Mr. Vellum, you make one blush—My humble service to you.

*Vel.* I must answer you, Mrs. Abigail, in the country phrase.—Your love is sufficient. Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own I love a merry man!

*Vel.* Let me see how long it is, Mrs. Abigail, since I first broke my mind to you—"It was, I think, *undecimo Guli-elmi.*"—We have conversed together these fifteen years

—and yet, Mrs. Abigail, I must drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he!—Mrs. Abigail, you know I am naturally jocose.

*Ab.* Ah! you men love to make sport with us silly creatures.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail, I have a trifle about me, which I would willingly make you a present of. It is indeed but a little toy.

*Ab.* You are always exceedingly obliging. 309

*Vel.* It is but a little toy—scarce worth your acceptance.

*Ab.* Pray don't keep me in suspense; what is it, Mr. Vellum?

*Vel.* A silver thimble.

*Ab.* I always said Mr. Vellum was a generous lover.

*Vel.* But I must put it on myself, Mrs. Abigail—You have the prettiest tip of a finger—I must take the freedom to salute it.

“*Ab.* Oh, fie! you make me ashamed, Mr. Vellum; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a confusion—

[*A feigned struggle.*”

*Vel.* “This finger is not the finger of idleness; it bears ‘the honourable scars of the needle.’—But why are you so cruel as not to pair your nails? 322

*Ab.* Oh, I vow you press it so hard! pray give me my finger again.

*Vel.* This middle finger, Mrs. Abigail, has a pretty neighbour.—A wedding ring would become it mightily.—He, he, he!

*Ab.* You're so full of your jokes. Ay, but where must I find one for it? 329

*Vel.* I design this thimble only as the forerunner of it, they will set off each other, and are—indeed, a twofold emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good housewife, and the other of being a good wife. Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Yes, yes, I see you laugh at me.

*Vel.* Indeed I am serious.

*Ab.* I thought you had quite forsaken me—I'm sure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promises you formerly made me.

*Vel.* I should as soon forget the multiplication table.

*Ab.* I have always taken your part before my lady. 340

*Vel.* You have so, and I have *itemed* it in my memory.

*Ab.* For I have always looked upon your interest as my own.

*Vel.* It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being so.

*Ab.* I must strike while the iron's hot. [*Aside.*—Well, Mr. Vellum, there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching tongue!

*Vel.* How? Speak that again!

*Ab.* Why then, in plain English, I love you. 350

*Vel.* I am overjoy'd!

*Ab.* I must own my passion for you.

*Vel.* I'm transported! [*Catching her in his arms.*

*Ab.* Dear, charming man!

*Vel.* Thou sum total of all my happiness! I shall grow extravagant! I can't forbear!—to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of sack. Your lady must make haste, my duck, or we shall provide a young steward to the estate, before she has an heir to it.—Pr'ythee, my dear, does she intend to marry Mr. Tinsel? 360

*Ab.* Marry him, my love! No, no; we must take care of that! there would be no staying in the house for us if she did. That young rake-hell would send all the old servants a grazing. You and I should be discarded before the honeymoon was at an end.

*Vel.* Pr'ythee, sweet one, does not this drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head ?

*Ab.* This drum, my dear, if it be well managed, will be no less than a thousand pounds in our way.

*Vel.* Ay, say'st thou so, my turtle ? 370

*Ab.* Since we are now as good as man and wife—I mean, almost as good as man and wife—I ought to conceal nothing from you.

*Vel.* Certainly, my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy help-mate, thy own flesh and blood !

*Ab.* Hush ! I hear Mr. Tinsel's laugh ; my lady and he are coming this way ; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

*Vel.* Give me your hand, chicken.

*Ab.* Here, take it, you have my heart already. 380

*Vel.* We shall have much issue. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter VELLUM and BUTLER.*

*Vellum.*

JOHN, I have certain orders to give you—and therefore be attentive.

*But.* Attentive ! Ay, let me alone for that—I suppose he means being sober. [Aside.]

*Vel.* You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business ; I would have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plate and glasses laid in a method.

*But.* Ay, master Vellum ! you are such a sweet-spoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders. 10



*Vel.* Method, John, makes business easy ; it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of families.

*But.* How he talks ! I could hear him all day.

*Vel.* And now, John, let me know whether your table-linen, your side-board, your cellar, and every thing else within your province, are properly and methodically disposed for an entertainment this evening.

*But.* Master Vellum, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, sir, is this entertainment to be made for the conjurer ? 20

*Vel.* It is, John, for the conjurer, and yet it is not for the conjurer.

*But.* Why, look you, Master Vellum, if it is for the conjurer, the cook-maid should have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

*Vel.* This conjurer, John, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a twofold nature—But he eats and drinks like other men. 29

*But.* Marry, Master Vellum, he should eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

*Vel.* Thy conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double man ; ha, ha, ha !

*But.* Ha ! I understand you ; he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call them.

*Vel.* He is married, and he is not married—He hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

*But.* How charmingly he talks ! I fancy, Master Vellum, you could make a riddle. The same man old and young !  
\* How do you make that out, Master Vellum ? 40

*Vel.* Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

*But.* Nay, 'tis no wonder a conjurer should be like a serpent.

*Vel.* When he has thrown aside the old conjurer's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

*But.* Does he intend to sup in his slough?

*Vel.* That time will shew.

49

*But.* Well, I have not a head for these things. Indeed, Mr. Vellum, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

*Vel.* I did not intend thou shouldst—But to our business—Let there be a table spread in the great hall. Let your pots and glasses be washed, and in readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the servants be in their best liveries.

*But.* Ay, now I understand every word you say. But I would rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

59

*Vel.* I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by—Bid Susan lay two pillows upon your lady's bed.

*But.* Two pillows! Madam won't sleep upon them both! She is not a double woman too?

*Vel.* She will sleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. Abigail, I think I hear her chiding the cook-maid.

*But.* Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next: she, I am sure, speaks plain English, one may easily understand every word she says.

[Exit.

*Vel.* Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them.—But see, Mrs. Abigail! she has a bewitching countenance; I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

73

Enter ABIGAIL.

*Ab.* Ha! Mr. Vellum.

*Vel.* What brings my sweet one hither?

*Ab.* I am coming to speak to my friend behind the wainscot. It is fit, child, he should have an account of this conjurer, that he may not be surprised.

*Vel.* That would be as much as thy thousand pounds is worth. 80

*Ab.* I'll speak low——Walls have ears.

[*Pointing at the wainscot.*]

*Vel.* But hark you, duckling! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the secret.

*Ab.* That's a good one indeed ~~was~~ as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

*Vel.* No, no, my child, that must not be! he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

*Ab.* You will always be waggish.

*Vel.* Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

*Ab.* How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an age till I see you again. 91

*Vel.* Adieu, my pretty one.

*Ab.* Adieu, sweet Mr. Vellum.

*Vel.* My pretty one——

[*As he is going off.*]

*Ab.* Dear Mr. Vellum.

*Vel.* My pretty one.

[*Exit.*]

*Ab.* I have him——If I can but get this thousand pounds.

[*Fan. gives three raps upon his drum, behind the wainscot.*]

Ha! Three raps upon the drum! the signal Mr. Fantome and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to speak with me.

[*Fantome raps again.*] Very well, I hear you: come, fox, come out of your hole. 101

SCENE II.

*Opens, and FANTOME comes out.*

*Ab.* You may leave your drum in the wardrobe, till you have occasion for it.

*Fan.* Well, Mrs. Abigail, I want to hear what's doing in the world.

*Ab.* You are a very inquisitive spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening. 108

*Fan.* I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the doctor—I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about Tinsel. When a lady's in the case, I'm more afraid of one fop than twenty conjurers.

*Ab.* To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my lady in two days, than you did in two months.

*Fan.* I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover so keen, as being kept up in the dark. 118

*Ab.* Pray, no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments——Really, Mr. Fantome, you're only fit to make love across a tea-table.

*Fan.* My dear girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

*Ab.* Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my lady?

*Fan.* Child, I always thought your lady loved to be treated with respect. 127

*Ab.* Believe me, Mr. Fantome, there is not so great a difference between woman and woman, as you imagine. You see Tinsel has nothing but his sauciness to recommend him.

*Fan.* Tinsel is too great a coxcomb to be capable of love—  
And let me tell thee, Abigail, a man, who is sincere in his  
passion, makes but a very awkward profession of it—But  
I'll mend my manners.

*Ab.* Ay, or you'll never gain a widow—Come, I must  
tutor you a little; suppose me to be my lady, and let me see  
how you'll behave yourself. 137

*Fan.* I'm afraid, child, we ha'n't time for such a piece of  
mummery.

*Ab.* Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

*Fan.* Why then, dear Mrs. Ab—I mean, my Lady Truman.

*Ab.* Ay, but you ha'n't saluted me.

*Fan.* That's right; faith, I forgot that circumstance.  
[Kisses her.] Nectar and Ambrosia!

*Ab.* That's very well—

*Fan.* How long must I be condemned to languish! when  
shall my sufferings have an end! My life, my happiness, my  
all is wound up in you—

*Ab.* Well! why don't you squeeze my hand.

*Fan.* What, thus? 150

*Ab.* Thus, ay!—now throw your arm about my middle:  
hug me closer.—You are not afraid of hurting me! Now  
pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsense till you are out  
of breath.

*Fan.* Transport and ecstasy! where am I!—my life, my  
bliss!—I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die!

*Ab.* Go on, go on.

*Fan.* Flames and darts—Bear me to the gloomy shade,  
rocks, and grottos—Flowers, zephyrs, and purling streams.

*Ab.* Oh, Mr. Fantome, you have a tongue would undo a  
vestal! You were born for the ruin of our sex. 162

*Fan.* This will do then, Abigail?

*Ab.* Ay, this is talking like a lover; though I only repre-



sent my lady, I take pleasure in hearing you. Well, o'my conscience, when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate and the thousand pounds is as good as in my pocket.

*Fan.* I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson into practice. 170

*Ab.* You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time. Mr. Tinsel will be here with my lady at eight, and at nine the conjurer is to take you in hand.

*Fan.* Let me alone with both of them.

*Ab.* Well! forewarn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your favour.

[*Fantome goes in. Exit Abigail.*]

*Enter VELLUM.*

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail is withdrawn—I was in hopes to have heard what passed between her and her invisible correspondent.

*Enter TINSEL.*

*Tin.* Vellum! Vellum! 179

*Vel.* [*Aside.*] Vellum! We are, methinks, very familiar! I am not used to be called so by any but their ho—nours—What would you, Mr. Tinsel?

*Tin.* Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

*Vel.* What is that, good sir?

*Tin.* Pr'ythee run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy lady's estate.

*Vel.* The rent-roll!

*Tin.* The rent-roll! Ay, the rent-roll! Dost not understand what that means?

*Vel.* Why, have you thoughts of purchasing of it? 190

*Tin.* Thou hast hit it, old boy; that is my very intention.

*Vel.* The purchase will be considerable.

*Tin.* And for that reason, I have bid thy lady very high—  
She is to have no less for it than this entire person of mine.

*Vel.* Is your whole estate personal, Mr. Tinsel?—He,  
he, he!

*Tin.* Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jest,  
d'ye? Look ye, Vellum, if you think of being continued my  
steward, you must learn to walk with your toes out.

*Vel.* [*Aside.*] An insolent companion! 200

*Tin.* Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that dangling of  
thy arms.

*Vel.* [*Aside.*] An ungracious bird!

*Tin.* Thou shalt lend me a couple of thousand pounds.

*Vel.* [*Aside.*] A very profligate!

*Tin.* Look ye, Vellum, I intend to be kind to you—I'll  
borrow some money of you.

*Vel.* I cannot but smile to consider the disappointment this  
young fellow will meet with; I will make myself merry with  
him. [*Aside.*]—And so, Mr. Tinsel, you promise you will  
be a very kind master to me. [*Stifling a laugh.*]

*Tin.* What will you give for a life in the house you live in?

*Vel.* What do you think of five hundred pounds?—Ha,  
ha, ha!

*Tin.* That's too little. 215

*Vel.* And yet it is more than I shall give you—And I will  
offer you two reasons for it.

*Tin.* Pr'ythee, what are they?

*Vel.* First, because the tenement is not in your disposal;  
and, secondly, because it never will be in your disposal, and  
so fare you well, good Mr. Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha! You will  
pardon me for being jocular. [*Exit.*]

*Tin.* This rogue is as saucy as the conjurer? I'll be hanged  
if they are not a-kin. 224

*Enter Lady TRUMAN.*

*L. Tru.* Mr. Tinsel! what, all alone? You free-thinkers are great admirers of solitude.

*Tin.* No, faith, I have been talking with thy steward; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, "the very picture of one of our benchers!" How can you bear his conversation?

*L. Tru.* I keep him for my steward, not my companion.—  
He's a sober man. 231

*Tin.* Yes, yes, he looks like a put, a queer old dog, as ever I saw in my life: we must turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

*L. Tru.* Indeed you're mistaken; he has always had the reputation of being a very honest man.

*Tin.* What, I suppose he goes to church!

*L. Tru.* Goes to church! so do you too, I hope.

*Tin.* I would for once, widow, to make sure of you.

*L. Tru.* Ah, Mr. Tinsel! a husband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promises he made there. 242

*Tin.* Faith, very innocent, and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, widow, thou would'st not for the world marry a sabbath-breaker.

*L. Tru.* Truly, they generally come to a bad end. I remember the conjurer told you, you were short-liv'd.

*Tin.* The conjurer! Ha, ha, ha!

*L. Tru.* Indeed you are very witty!

"*Tin.* Indeed you are very handsome! [*Kisses her hand.*]"

"*L. Tru.* I wish the fool does not love me. [*Aside.*]"

*Tin.* Thou art the idol I adore: here must I pay my devotion—Pr'ythee, widow, hast thou any timber upon thy estate? 254

*L. Tru.* The most impudent fellow I ever met with.

[*Aside.*

*Tin.* I take notice thou hast a great deal of old plate here in the house, widow.

*L. Tru.* Mr. Tinsel, you are a very observing man. 258

*Tin.* Thy large silver cistern would make a very good coach : and half a dozen salvers that I saw on the sideboard, might be turned into six as pretty horses as any that appear in the ring.

*L. Tru.* You have a very good fancy, Mr. Tinsel.—What pretty transformations you could make in my house.—But I'll see where 'twill end. [ *Aside.*

*Tin.* Then, I observe, child, you have two or three services of gilt plate ; we'd eat always in china, my dear.

*L. Tru.* I perceive you are an excellent manager—How quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods ! 269

*Tin.* Now, hark ye, widow, to shew you the love that I have for you——

*L. Tru.* Very well ; let me hear.

*Tin.* You have an old fashioned gold caudle-cup, with a figure of a saint upon the lid on't.

*L. Tru.* I have :—what then ?

*Tin.* Why, look ye, I would sell the caudle-cup with the old saint, for as much money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a present of it. 279

*L. Tru.* Oh, you are generous to an extravagance. But, pray, Mr. Tinsel, don't dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

*Tin.* My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

*L. Tru.* I see you do, sir ; you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

*Tin.* Pho, phò, my dear, we are growing serious; and let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull. "Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with." 289

*L. Tru.* Believe me, sir, whatever you think, marriage is a serious subject.

*Tin.* For that very reason, my dear, let us run over it as fast as we can.

"*L. Tru.* I should be very much in haste for a husband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir George's decease."

"*Tin.* Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question: dost not thou think that Sir George is as dead at present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a twelvemonth hence?" 300

"*L. Tru.* Yes, but decency; Mr. Tinsel——"

"*Tin.* Or dost thou think thou'lt be more a widow then, than thou art now?"

"*L. Tru.* The world would say, I never loved my first husband."

"*Tin.* Ah, my dear, they would say you loved your second; and they would own I deserved it, for I shall love thee most inordinately."

"*L. Tru.* But what would people think?" 309

"*Tin.* Think! why, they would think thee the mirror of widowhood——That a woman should live fourteen whole months, after the decease of her spouse, without having engaged herself. Why, about town, we know many a woman of quality's second husband several years before the death of the first."

"*L. Tru.* Ay, I know you wits have your common-place jests upon us poor widows."

*Tin.* I'll tell you a story, widow;—I know a certain lady, who, considering the craziness of her husband, had, in case



of mortality, engaged herself to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her, while her husband was alive, that one of them pinked the other in a duel. But the good lady was no sooner a widow, but what did my dowager do? Why, faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

*L. Tru.* And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

*Tin.* Every tittle, as I hope to be married, or never believe Tom Tinsel. 330

*L. Tru.* Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you call this talking like a wit, or like a rake?

*Tin.* Innocent enough! He, he, he! Why, where's the "difference, my dear?

*L. Tru.* Yes, Mr. Tinsel, the only man I ever loved in "my life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the "other in him."

*Tin.* Nay, now, you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hearest the drum by and bye. 339

*L. Tru.* If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

*Tin.* About this time, sayest thou! Come, faith, for humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

*L. Tru.* I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

*Tin.* Serious! never fear me, child; ha, ha, ha!—Dost not hear him?

*L. Tru.* You break your word already. "Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you laugh to shew your wit, or your teeth?

*Tin.* Why, both, my dear.—I'm glad, however, that she "has taken notice of my teeth. [*Aside.*] But you look serious, child; I fancy thou hearest the drum—dost not?

*L. Tru.* Don't talk so rashly!"

*Tin.* Why, my dear, you could not look more frightened if you had Lucifer's drum-major in your house.

"*L. Tru.* Mr. Tinsel, I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

"*Tin.* Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of tea but just now.—There is no such thing, I give thee my word.

"*L. Tru.* Oh, Mr. Tinsel, your authority must be of great weight to those that know you. 361

"*Tin.* For my part, child, I have made myself easy in those points. <

"*L. Tru.* Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but his ignorance. [Aside.

"*Tin.*" I'll tell thee what, now, widow—I would engage, by the help of a white sheet, and a penny worth of link, in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their senses, and the vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what noise is that? Heaven defend us! this is more than fancy. 371

*L. Tru.* It beats more terrible than ever.

*Tin.* 'Tis very dreadful! What a dog have I been, to speak against my conscience only to shew my parts?

*L. Tru.* It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not angered it, by your foolish discourse.

*Tin.* Indeed, madam, I did not speak from my heart. I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmless raillery.

*L. Tru.* Harmless, d'ye call it? It beats hard by us, as if it would break through the wall. 380

*Tin.* What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?

[*Scene opens, and discovers Fantome.*

Mercy on us, it appears!

*L. Tru.* Oh, 'tis he! 'tis he himself! 'tis Sir George! 'tis my husband! [She faints.

*Tin.* Now, would I give ten thousand pounds that I were in town. [*Fantome advances to him drumming.*] I beg ten thousand pardons; I'll never talk at this rate any more. [*Fantome still advances drumming.*] By my soul, Sir George, I was not in earnest. [*Falls on his knees.*] Have compassion on my youth, and consider I'm but a coxcomb. [*Fantome points to the door.*] But see, he waves me off.—Ay, with all my heart.—What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?

[*He steals off the stage, mending his pace as the drum beats.*]

*Fan.* The scoundrel is gone, and has left his mistress behind him. I'm mistaken if he makes love in this house any more.—I have now only the conjurer to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his reverence scamper as fast as the lover! and then the day's my own. But the servants are coming; I must get into my cupboard. [*He goes in.*]

*Enter ABIGAIL and Servants.*

*Ab.* Oh, my poor lady! This wicked drum has frightened Mr. Tinsel out of his wits, and my lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward—She revives—Here, carry her into the fresh air, and she'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my lady; but 'tis all for her good: and I know her so well, that she would not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her friends should blame me for it hereafter,

*I'll clap my hand upon my purse, and tell 'em,*

*'Twas for a thousand pounds, and Mr. Vellum.*

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[Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Sir GEORGE in his Conjurer's Habit; the Butler marching before him, with two large Candles; and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little Table, and another a Chair.*

*Butler.*

AN'T please your worship, Mr. Conjurer, the steward has given all of us orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect as if you were our master.

*Sir Geo.* Thou say'st well.

*Gard.* An't please your conjurership's worship, shall I set the table down here?

*Sir Geo.* Here, Peter.

*Gard.* Peter!—He knows my name by his learning. [*Aside.*

*Coach.* I have brought you, reverend sir, the largest elbow chair in the house; 'tis that the steward sits in when he holds a court.

11

*Sir Geo.* Place it there.

*But.* Sir, will you please to want any thing else?

*Sir Geo.* Paper, and pen and ink.

*But.* Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose; my lady's mourning paper, that is blacked at the edges. Would you choose to write with a crow-quill?

*Sir Geo.* There is none better.

*But.* Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlour.

20

*Coach.* [*To Gard.*] Peter, pr'ythee, do thou go along with me—I'm afraid—You know I went with you last night into the garden, when the cook-maid wanted a handful of parsley.

*But.* Why, you don't think I'll stay with the conjurer by myself?

*Gard.* Come, we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [Exeunt Servants.]

*Sir Geo.* There's nothing I see makes such strong alliances as fear. These fellows are all entered into a confederacy against the ghost. There must be abundance of business done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple-alliance. Who could have thought these three rogues could have found each of them an employment in fetching a pen and ink? 35

*Enter Gardener with a sheet of Paper, Coachman with a Standish, and Butler with a Pen.*

*Gard.* Sir, there is your paper.

*Coach.* Sir, there is your standish.

*But.* Sir, there is your crow-quill pen.—I'm glad I have got rid on't. [Aside.]

*Gard.* [Aside.] He forgets that he's to make a circle—  
Doctor, shall I help you to a bit of chalk? 41

*Sir Geo.* It is no matter.

*But.* Look ye, sir, I shewed you the spot where he's heard oftenest. If your worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in the next room—

*Sir Geo.* We shall try.

*Gard.* That's right, John. His worship must let fly all his learning at the old wall.

*But.* Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I would have a bottle of good October by me. Shall I set a cup of old stingo at your elbow? 51

*Sir Geo.* I thank thee—we shall do without it.

*Gard.* John, he seems a very good-natured man, for a conjurer



*But.* I'll take this opportunity of enquiring after a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

*Sir Geo.* What wouldst thou?

*But.* Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my silver spoons last week. 61

*Sir Geo.* Marked with a swan's neck—

*But.* My lady's crest! He knows every thing. [*Aside.*]  
—How would your worship advise me to recover it again?

*Sir Geo.* Hum—

*But.* What must I do to come at it?

*Sir Geo.* Drink nothing but small beer for a fortnight—

*But.* Small beer! rot gut!

*Sir Geo.* If thou drink'st a single drop of ale before fifteen days are expired—it is as much—as thy spoon—is worth. 71

*But.* I shall never recover it that way—I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aside.*

*Coach.* D'ye mind how they whisper?

*Gard.* I'll be hanged if he be not asking him something about Nell—

*Coach.* I'll take this opportunity of putting a question to him about poor Dobbin. I fancy he could give me better counsel than the farrier.

*But.* [*To Gard.*] A prodigious man! he knows every thing. Now is the time to find out thy pick-ax.

*Gard.* I have nothing to give him. Does not he expect to have his hand cross'd with silver?

*Coach.* [*To Sir Geo.*] Sir, may a man ask you a question?

*Sir Geo.* Ask it, 85

*Coach.* I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitched—

*Sir Geo.* A bay gelding.

*Coach.* How could he know that? [*Aside.*

*Sir Geo.* Bought at Banbury.

*Coach.* Whew! so it was, on my conscience. [*Whistles.*

*Sir Geo.* Six years old, last Lammas. 91

*Coach.* To a day. [*Aside.*] Now, sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitched by Goody Crouch, or Goody Fly.

*Sir Geo.* Neither.

*Coach.* Then it must be Goody Gurton; for she is the next oldest woman in the parish.

*Gard.* Hast thou done, Robin?

*Coach.* [*To Guard.*] He can tell thee any thing.

*Gard.* [*To Sir Geo.*] Sir, I would beg to take you a little further out of hearing. 101

*Sir Geo.* Speak.

*Gard.* The butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love, at the same time, with a certain person.

*Sir Geo.* A woman.

*Gard.* How could he know that? [*Aside.*

*Sir Geo.* Go on.

*Gard.* This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

*Sir Geo.* Twins.

*Gard.* Prodigious! Where could he hear that? [*Aside.*

*Sir Geo.* Proceed. 111

*Gard.* Now, because I used to meet her sometimes in the garden, she has laid them both——

*Sir Geo.* To thee.

*Gard.* What a power of learning he must have! he knows every thing. [*Aside.*

*Sir Geo.* Hast thou done?

*Gard.* I would desire to know whether I am really father to them both?

*Sir Geo.* Stand before me ; let me survey thee round. 120

[*Lays his wand upon his head, and makes him turn about.*

*Coach.* Look yonder, John, the silly dog is turning about under the conjurer's wand. If he has been saucy to him, we shall see him puffed up in a whirl-wind immediately.

*Sir Geo.* Twins, dost thou say ? [Still turning him.

*Gard.* Ay, are they both mine, d'ye think ?

*Sir Geo.* Own but one of them.

*Gard.* Ay, but Mrs. Abigail will have me take care of them both—she's always for the butler.—If my poor master, Sir George, had been alive, he would have made him go halves with me. 130

*Sir Geo.* What, was Sir George a kind master ?

*Gard.* Was he ! Ay, ~~my~~ fellow-servants will bear me witness.

*Sir Geo.* Did ye love Sir George ?

*But.* Every body loved him.

*Coach.* There was not a dry eye in the parish at the news of his death——

*Gard.* He was the best neighbour——

*But.* The kindest husband——

*Coach.* The truest friend to the poor—— 140

*But.* My lady took on mightily ; we all thought it would have been the death of her——

*Sir Geo.* I protest these fellows melt me—I think the time long till I am their master again, that I may be kind to them.

[*Aside.*

*Enter VELLUM.*

*Vel.* Have you provided the doctor every thing he has occasion for?—If so—you may depart. [*Exeunt Servants.*

*Sir Geo.* I can, as yet, see no hurt in my wife's behaviour ; but still have some certain pangs and doubts, that are natural

to the heart of a fond man. "I must take the advantage of  
"my disguise, to be thoroughly satisfied. It would neither  
"be for her happiness, nor mine, to make myself known to  
"her till I am so." [*Aside.*] Dear Vellum, I am impatient  
to hear some news of my wife. How does she, after her  
fright?

*Vel.* It is a saying somewhere in my Lord Coke, that a  
widow——

*Sir Geo.* I ask of my wife, and thou talk'st to me of my  
Lord Coke—Pr'ythee, tell me how she does; for I am in  
pain for her.

*Vel.* She is pretty well recovered. Mrs. Abigail has put  
her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from  
your skill.

*Sir Geo.* That, I think, cannot fail, since thou hast got  
this secret out of Abigail. But I could not have thought my  
friend Fantome would have served me thus.

*Vel.* You will still fancy you are a living man.

*Sir Geo.* That he should endeavour to ensnare my wife——

*Vel.* You have no right in her after your demise. Death  
extinguishes all property—*Quoad hanc*—It is a maxim in the  
law.

*Sir Geo.* A pox on your learning! Well, but what has be-  
come of Tinsel?

*Vel.* He rushed out of the house, called for his horse,  
clapped spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time  
than I can tell ten.

*Sir Geo.* This is whimsical enough. My wife will have a  
quick succession of lovers in one day. Fantome has driven  
out Tinsel, and I shall drive out Fantome.

*Vel.* Even as one wedge driveth out another—He, he, he!  
You must pardon me for being jocular.

*Sir Geo.* Was there ever such a provoking blockhead? But

he means me well—"Well, I must have satisfaction of this "traitor, Fantome; and cannot take a more proper one, than "by turning him out of my house, in a manner that shall "throw shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long "as he lives."—You must remember, Vellum, you have abundance of business upon your hands; and I have but just time to tell it you over. All I require of you is dispatch; therefore, hear me.

*Vel.* There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch—— 191

*Sir Geo.* Then hear me.

*Vel.* It is, indeed, the life of business——

*Sir Geo.* Hear me then, I say.

*Vel.* And, as one hath rightly observed, the benefit that attends it is four-fold. First——

*Sir Geo.* There is no bearing this. Thou art going to describe dispatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

*Vel.* But your ho—nour will not give me the hearing——

*Sir Geo.* Thou wilt not give me the hearing. [*Angrily.*]

*Vel.* I am still.

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*Sir Geo.* In the first place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and sword ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet coats. You know how Abigail has described the ghost to you.

*Vel.* It shall be done.

*Sir Geo.* Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this ghost, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real husband. Tell her the whole story, and do it with all the art you are master of, that the surprise may not be too great for her.

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*Vel.* It shall be done. But since her ho—nour has seen this apparition, she desires to see you once more, before you encounter it.

*Sir Geo.* I shall expect her impatiently; for now I can talk



to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue, Tinsel. I hope thou hast not told Abigail any thing of the secret.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail is a woman; there are many reasons why she should not be acquainted with it: I shall only mention six——

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*Sir Geo.* Hush, here she comes! Oh, my heart!

*Enter Lady TRUMAN and ABIGAIL.*

*Sir Geo.* [*Aside, while Vellum talks in dumb show to L. Tru.*] Oh, that lov'd woman! How I long to take her in my arms! If I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed. But I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character. [*Walks at a distance in a pensive posture, waving his wand.*]

*L. Tru.* [*To Vellum.*] This is surprising indeed! So all the servants tell me; they say he knows every thing that has happened in the family.

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*Ab.* [*Aside.*] A parcel of credulous fools; they first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit Vel. exchanging fond looks with Ab.*]

*L. Tru.* Learned sir, may I have some conversation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

*Sir Geo.* Speak—but hold—First, let me feel your pulse.

*L. Tru.* What can you learn from that?

*Sir Geo.* I have already learned a secret from it, that will astonish you.

*L. Tru.* Pray, what is it?

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*Sir Geo.* You will have a husband within this half hour.

*Ab.* [*Aside.*] I am glad to hear that—He must mean Mr. Fantome. I begin to think there's a good deal of truth in his art.

*L. Tru.* Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir George's apparition a second time.

*Sir Geo.* Have courage; you shall see the apparition no more. The husband I mention, shall be as much alive as I am.

*Ab.* Mr. Fantome, to be sure. [*Aside.*

*L. Tru.* Impossible; I loved my first too well. 251

*Sir Geo.* You could not love the first better than you will love the second.

*"Ab. [Aside.]* I'll be hanged if my dear steward has not instructed him. He means Mr. Fantome, to be sure. The "thousand pounds is our own."

*L. Tru.* Alas, you did not know Sir George!

*Sir Geo.* As well as I do myself—I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. Hawthorn, on her return from London.

*L. Tru.* This is astonishing! 262

*Sir Geo.* You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what ecstasy did Sir George kiss your hand, when you told him you should always follow the advice of your mamma.

*L. Tru.* Every circumstance to a tittle!

*Sir Geo.* Then, lady, the wedding-night! I saw you in your white satten night-gown. You would not come out of your dressing-room, till Sir George took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand—You struggled—but he was too strong for you—You blushed; he—— 273

*L. Tru.* Oh, stop there! go no further—He knows every thing. [*Aside.*

*Ab.* Truly, Mr. Conjurer, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

*Sir Geo.* Mrs. Abigail, you know what your good word cost Sir George; a purse of broad pieces, Mrs. Abigail.

*Ab.* The devil's in him. [*Aside.*] Pray, sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my lady, that I refused to take them.

*Sir Geo.* 'Tis true, child, he was forced to thrust them into your bosom.

*Ab.* This rogue will mention the thousand pounds, if I don't take care. [*Aside.*] Pray, sir, though you are a conjurer, methinks you need not be a blab.

*L. Tru.* Sir, since I have now no reason to doubt of your art, I must beseech you to treat this apparition gently. It has the resemblance of my deceased husband. If there be any undiscovered secret, any thing that trouble his rest, learn it of him. 291

*Sir Geo.* I must, to that end, be sincerely informed by you, whether your heart be engaged to another.—Have not you received the addresses of many lovers since his death?

*L. Tru.* I have been obliged to receive more visits than have been agreeable.

*Sir Geo.* Was not Tinsel welcome? I'm afraid to hear an answer to my own question. [*Aside.*

*L. Tru.* He was well recommended. 299

*Sir Geo.* Racks! [*Aside.*

*L. Tru.* Of a good family.

*Sir Geo.* Tortures! [*Aside.*

*L. Tru.* Heir to a considerable estate.

*Sir Geo.* Death! [*Aside.*] And you still love him?—I'm distracted! [*Aside.*

*L. Tru.* No, I despise him. I found he had a design upon my fortune; was base, profligate, cowardly, and every thing that could be expected from a man of the vilest principles.

*Sir Geo.* I'm recovered. [*Aside.*

*Ab.* Oh, madam, had you seen how like a scoundrel he

looked, when he left your ladyship in a swoon! Where have you left my lady? says I. In an elbow chair, child, says he. And where are you going? says I. To town, child, says he; for, to tell thee truly, child, says he, I don't care for living under the same roof with the devil, says he.

*Sir Geo.* Well, lady, I see nothing in all this, that may hinder Sir George's spirit from being at rest. 317

*L. Tru.* If he knows any thing of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfied of that fondness which I bear to his memory. My sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest—Tears will not let me go on—

*Sir Geo.* This quite overpowers me!—I shall discover myself before my time. [*Aside.*] Madam, you may now retire, and leave me to myself.

*L. Tru.* Success attend you.

*Ab.* I wish Mr. Fantome gets well off from this old Don—I know he'll be with him immediately. 328

[*Exeunt Lady Truman and Abigail.*]

*Sir Geo.* My heart is now at ease!—she is the same dear woman I left her. Now for my revenge upon Fantome. I shall cut the ceremonies short—A few words will do his business. Now, let me seat myself in form—A good easy chair for a conjurer this—Now for a few mathematical scratches—A good lucky scrawl that—Faith, I think it looks very astrological.—These two or three magical pot-hooks about it, make it a complete conjurer's scheme.—[*Drum beats.*]—Ha, ha, ha! Sir, are you there? Enter Drummer.—Now must I pore upon my paper. 338

*Enter FANTOME, beating his Drum.*

Pr'ythee, don't make a noise, I'm busy. [*Fantome beats.*]  
A pretty march! pr'ythee, beat that over again. [*He beats*]

and advances.] [*Rising.*] Ha! you're very perfect in the step of a ghost. You stalk it majestically. [*Fantome advances.*] How the rogue stares! He acts it to admiration! I'll be hanged if he has not been practising this half-hour in Mrs. Abigail's wardrobe. [*Fantome starts, gives a rap with his drum.*] Pr'ythee, don't play the fool. [*Fantome beats.*] Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. Fantome.

*Fan.* [*Aside.*] Death! I am discovered. This jade, Abigail, has betrayed me. 349

*Sir Geo.* Mr. Fantome, upon the word of an astrologer, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my Lady Truman.

*Fan.* 'Tis plain, she has told him all. [*Aside.*

*Sir Geo.* Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. Ghost will have his bones broke.

*Fan.* [*To Sir Geo.*] Look ye, old gentleman, I perceive you have learned this secret from Mrs. Abigail.

*Sir Geo.* I have learned it from my art.

*Fan.* Thy art! pr'ythee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces. 361

*Sir Geo.* I am not mercenary. Young man, I scorn thy gold.

*Fan.* I'll make them up twenty.—

*Sir Geo.* Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an apparition as shall—

*Fan.* An apparition, old gentleman! you mistake your man; I'm not to be frightened with bugbears!—

*Sir Geo.* Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my art— 370

*Fan.* Why, if thou hast any *bocus-pocus* tricks to play, why can'st thou not do them here?

*Sir Geo.* The raising of a spirit requires certain secret



mysteries to be performed, and words to be muttered in private—— 375

*Fan.* Well, if I see through your trick, will you promise to be my friend?

*Sir Geo.* I will.——Attend and tremble! [Exit.

*Fan.* A very solemn old ass! but I smoke him——he has a mind to raise his price upon me.——I could not think this slut would have used me thus.——I begin to grow horribly tired of my drum. I wish I was well rid of it. However, I have got this by it, that it has driven off Tinsel for good and all: I sha'n't have the mortification to see my mistress carried off by such a rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this old fellow's mouth; I must not be sparing in hush-money.——But here he comes. 387

*Enter Sir GEORGE in his own Habit.*

Ha! what's that! Sir George Truman! This can be no counterfeit. His dress, his shape, his face, the very wound of which he died! Nay, then 'tis time to decamp! [Runs off.

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good Sir George.—The enemy has left me master of the field; here are the marks of my victory. This drum will I hang up in my great hall, as the trophy of the day.

*Enter ABIGAIL.*

*Sir GEORGE stands with his Hand before his Face, in a musing Posture.*

*Ab.* Yonder he is. 'O my conscience, he has driven off the conjurer. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand pounds now? Why does not the man speak? 398

[Pulls him by the sleeve.

*Sir Geo.* Ha ! [Taking his hand from his face.

*Ab.* Oh, 'tis my master ! [Scrieks.

[Running away, he catches her.

*Sir Geo.* Good Mrs. Abigail, not so fast.

*Ab.* Are you alive, sir ?—He has given my shoulder such a cursed tweak ! they must be real fingers, I feel them, I'm sure.

*Sir Geo.* What dost thou think ?

*Ab.* Think, sir ! think !—Troth I don't know what to think.—Pray, sir, how——

*Sir Geo.* No questions, good Abigail ; thy curiosity shall be satisfied in due time.—Where's your lady ?

*Ab.* Oh, I'm so frighted——and so glad—— 410

*Sir Geo.* Where's your lady, I ask you ?——

*Ab.* Marry, I don't know where I am myself—I cannot forbear weeping for joy——

*Sir Geo.* Your lady ? I say, your lady ?—I must bring you to yourself with one pinch more.

*Ab.* Oh, she has been talking a good while with the steward.

*Sir Geo.* Then he has opened the whole story to her. I'm glad he has prepared her. Oh, here she comes.

*Enter Lady TRUMAN, followed by VELLUM.*

*L. Tru.* Where is he ? Let me fly into his arms ! my life ! my soul ! my husband ! 421

*Sir Geo.* Oh, let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women !

*L. Tru.* Are you then still alive, and are you here ? I can scarce believe my senses ! Now am I happy indeed !

*Sir Geo.* My heart is too full to answer thee.

*L. Tru.* How could you be so cruel to defer giving me  
“ that joy which you knew I must receive from your pre-

"sence? You have robbed my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it. 430

"*Sir Geo.* It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmixed: there will be now no doubts to dish it.—  
"What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a  
"variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials to talk of.

"*L. Tru.* I am now satisfied that it is not in the power of  
"absence to lessen your love towards me.

"*Sir Geo.* And I am satisfied that it is not in the power of  
"death to destroy that love which makes me the happiest of  
"men." 440

*L. Tru.* Was ever woman so blessed! to find again the  
darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to  
enter into a kind of second marriage with the only man  
whom she was ever capable of loving!

*Sir Geo.* May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more!  
Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports  
of joy and tenderness, which are every moment rising in my  
heart whilst I speak to thee,

*Enter Servants.*

*But.* Just as the steward told us, lads!—Look you there,  
if he ben't with my lady already? 450

*Gard.* He, he, he! what a joyful night will this be for  
madam.

*Coach.* As I was coming in at the gate, a strange gentleman  
whisked by me; but he took to his heels, and made  
away to the George. If I did not see master before me,  
I should have sworn it had been his honour!

*Gard.* Hast thou given orders for the bells to be set a  
ringing?

*Coach.* Never trouble thy head about that, it is done. 459

*Sir Geo.* [*To L. Tru.*] My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding-day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor neighbours and my servants shall rejoice with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

*But.* Ah, bless your honour, may you never die again!

*Coach.* The same good man that ever he was!

*Gard.* Whurra!

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*Sir Geo.* Vellum, thou hast done me much service to-day. I know thou lovest Abigail; but she's disappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a thousand pounds with her. It is not fit there should be one sad heart in my house to-night.

"*L. Tru.* What you do for Abigail, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new instance of your love."

*Ab.* Mr. Vellum, you are a well-spoken man: pray do you thank my master and my lady.

*Sir Geo.* Vellum, I hope you are not displeased with the gift I make you.

*Vel.* *The gift is two-fold. I receive from you*

*A virtuous partner, and a portion two;*

*For which, in humble wise, I thank the donors:*

*And so we bid good-night to both your be—nours.*

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[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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## EPILOGUE.

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SPOKEN BY LADY TRUMAN.

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*To-night, the poet's advocate I stand ;  
And he deserves the favour at my hand,  
Who, in my equipage, their cause debating,  
Has plac'd two lovers, and a third in waiting :  
If both the first should from their duty swerve,  
There's one behind the wainscot in reserve.  
In his next play, if I would take this trouble,  
He promis'd me to make the number double :  
In troth, 'twas spoke like an obliging creature,  
For though 'tis simple, yet it shews good-nature.  
My help thus ask'd, I could not choose but grant it,  
And really I thought the play would want it.  
Void, as it is, of all the usual arts  
To warm your fancies, and to steal your hearts :  
No court-intrigue, nor city cuckoldom,  
No song, no dance, no music—but a drum——  
No smutty thought in doubtful phrase exprest,  
And, gentlemen, if so, pray where's the jest ?  
When we would raise your mirth, you hardly know  
Whether, in striñess, you should laugh or no ;  
But turn upon the ladies in the Pit,  
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis wit.  
Protect him then, ye fair ones ; for the fair  
Of all conditions are his equal care.  
He draws a widow, who, of blameless carriage,  
True to her jointure, hates a second marriage ;  
And, to improve a virtuous wife's delights,  
Out of one man, contrives two wedding nights ;*



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*Nay, to oblige the sex in ev'ry state,  
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.  
Too long has marriage, in this tasteless age,  
With ill-bred raillery supply'd the stage:  
No little scribbler is of wit so bare,  
But has his sting at the poor wedded pair.  
Our author deals not in conceits so stale:  
For should the examples of his play prevail,  
No man need blush, though true to marriage-vows,  
Nor be a jest, though he should love his spouse.  
Thus has he done you British consorts right,  
Whose husbands, should they pry like mine to-night,  
Would never find you in your conduct slipping,  
Though they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.*

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